

OPERA OMNIA
OF THE
MADRIAN
ORDERS

PART I

THE EASTMINSTER LIBRARY
VOLUME II

Opera Omnia of the Madrian Orders, Part I
Volume II of the Eastminster Library, fifth edition (2021)
RJ MoChridhe, General Editor

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'Madrianism is a religion, a philosophy and a way of life...' says one of the introductory leaflets issued by Lux Madriana. That idea is the starting point of the magazine. It is not our purpose to argue the case for Madrianism, or to explain it (although sometimes, no doubt, we will end up doing both those things). That is really the job of Lux Madriana itself. Our job, as we see it, is simply that: to see. To see the world through Madrian eyes.

When one becomes a Madrian, it is not only one's religion (or lack of it) that changes. It is one's whole view of the world. Nothing can ever be the same again. We have always lived in an upside-down world that seemed somehow off balance or out of key. Now we begin to understand what is wrong. We turn again to the ancient myths and fairy-tales and find ourselves wondering what they were really like, when the world was right-side-up. And we wonder about the history of our faith: the terrible persecutions and the helati who defied them; the golden age which came before. And then... but the list is endless. The scope of *The Coming Age* is as wide as the scope of the coming age itself.

Our job, then, is to look at all the things around us, and to see them anew in the brilliant light of the Madrian faith. To present, quite literally, a Madrian review of religion, life and culture.

—Editorial to the first issue of *The Coming Age* (p. 3)

PREFACE

Dear reader,

It has been a little over a decade since the last public Madrian order came to an end, but the spiritual, cultural, and æsthetic traditions brought into being by the Madrian movement have continued to grow in depth, reach, and visibility. Scholarly and journalistic interest in the legacy of the Madrians is increasing even as the ranks of practicing Filianists, whose path was pioneered by Madrian thinkers and devotees, continue to expand. Yet access to primary sources for the study of Madrianism has been sorely lacking. For the better part of the last forty years, the extensive publications and correspondence of Madrian teachers have been scattered across the globe, largely in private collections and specialized archives.

This collection cannot claim to be complete so long as hope remains of discovering some of the many texts we know once existed but do not now possess. Nonetheless, what you hold in these pages is the most thorough single compilation of Madrian teaching ever assembled, intended to serve the needs both of Filianists seeking the roots of their faith and of academics exploring a unique occurrence of 20th-century religion. For both audiences, however, a few words are necessary to put the contents of these pages into context.

The first volume of this series* provided a critical edition of the Scriptural texts published and circulated by the Madrians, along with an appendix of core creedal and liturgical mate-

* *The Eastminster Critical Edition of the Clear Recital*, available for download at <<http://www.filianicstudies.org>>.

rials. The works contained here, by contrast, are neither Scripture nor formal doctrine. The very first issue of *The Coming Age* assured the reader that

The opinions expressed in this publication do not necessarily represent the views of either of the above organisations [the Order of the Daughters of Artemis or Lux Madriana], but they do not conflict with the essential tenets of the Madrian religion. (TCA I:3)

The magazine, like other Madrian publications, was a chance for the movement's keenest minds and most knowledgeable expositors to engage deep questions, to reflect on their place in the broader heritage of human thought, and to apply the insights of Madrian teaching to contemporary issues. Though often presented with great rhetorical force, the statements of these teachers were not dogma, but delineation of the contours of an emerging tradition.

Accordingly, the reader will note that Madrian thought was not monolithic. While a clear unanimity on many key points is to be discerned across these texts, meaningful—if sometimes subtle—differences are also apparent between authors on topics ranging from evolutionary theory to male participation in liturgy to the proper understanding of Buddhism. To grasp the Madrian view of any given issue requires an engagement with the whole collection, and to grasp a Filianic view requires engaging voices far beyond it in the work of these teachers' students, whose development of Madrian thought outside the Madrian orders exceeds the scope of this present edition but may be suggested to the careful reader in its many annotations. It is this editor's devout hope that bringing the original Madrian sources together in an accessible form may support such

systematic studies, not so that the Madrians might always have the final word (which even their most faithful students sometimes found it necessary to deny them), but so that those in the contemporary Ekklesia entering into new conversations might share an enduringly fruitful starting point.

To that end, something remains to be said about the editorial principles that have been here applied. The praxis of critical editing aims always at identifying the ‘best text’, but the meaning of ‘best’ is contextual. The edition of Scriptural and liturgical works in the first volume sought, as is common in the treatment of biblical and classical works, the most original readings. In presenting a body of theological reflection and social commentary, however, the present edition has aimed instead, much as in critical treatments of literary writings, to offer the most complete and mature expressions of the authors’ thought. The guiding principle has been, so far as possible, to provide each text as it might have appeared had the Madrians themselves been able to compile their complete works.

Thus, where articles were later re-issued by the same writers with expansions or revisions, these have generally been included in the critical text. Some early usages have also been adapted to the mature terminology of later work. For example, many Greek names used for theological concepts in early Madrian writing were later supplanted by ‘Rhennish’ names felt to better express the concepts to which they referred. These later names have been consistently applied throughout these volumes both for the reader’s convenience and, more importantly, in obedience to the included writers’ indicated preferences as expressed in their more mature work. Apart from such emendations,

which are fully explained in the critical apparatus,* every effort has been made to preserve the integrity of the authors' original words. In this way, the editor has hoped to honour the Madrians' own understanding of their writings as expressed by the editrices of *The Coming Age*: 'Each issue is a permanent work of reference containing articles of enduring interest on all aspects of the primordial matriarchal religion, teaching and way of life.†

The contents of all of those issues, along with the other surviving works of the Madrian orders, are now in your hands, dear reader. Whether they are for you a source of spiritual guidance or simply an artefact of academic interest (or perhaps both), it is my great privilege to entrust them now to your care, and to commend you to Sai Athene's.

RJ MoChridhe, general editor
Lakeville, Minnesota, USA
25 Astræa 3340 / 22 December 2020

* *Critical Apparatus to the Eastminster Library*, available for download at <<http://www.filianicstudies.org>>.

† TCA 13:5.

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OPERA OMNIA

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SISTER ANGELINA

A SERMON AGAINST GROWN-UPS

When they asked me to write an article for *The Coming Age*, I said, 'It won't be at all like the others, you know, not clever or anything, I can only write about Dea and about myself.'

'Well, it takes all sorts to make a magazine,' they said. So here I am.

And the only thing I really want to say, now that I am come to it, is how happy I am. I'm happy about the magazine and Lux Madriana; happy that so many new people are coming to Dea. Also I am happy in a more selfish way. You see, I have loved Dea since I was fourteen or fifteen, and I have never known how to worship Her. It is so beautiful just to know about Her religion and to follow it. Really, I just want to thank Her for showing us these things. I never realized how much I needed guidance until I had it, or how lost I was until I was found.

People sometimes accuse me of playing a game about not being very clever. It's true; I do. I think it's a very good game, and more people ought to play it. Because none of us are really very clever, even the cleverest. Nothing is sillier than to sit on this tiny grain of sand which spins round a tiny spark of fire somewhere in a universe so vast that we can't even think about it, and puff ourselves up like bullfrogs, thinking we know everything. No one who has really experienced our Lady, even once, even for a moment, can ever think herself very clever or grown-up again. Not in her best moments, anyway. Not when she is really herself.

I think that if we are really to know our Lady, we must become like little children. I know other people have said that sort of thing—and I think that everyone who has said it must have known something of our Lady. It is a difficult thing to tell people nowadays. In these days of pollution and atom bombs, they think they have outgrown all that. Words like humility and reverence, or even hope and love, merely bring a derisive smile. We all know everything now, we can all go our own way without a bit of moral guidance from anywhere, and if some people haven't the strength, bad luck. Except that I don't think it is strength. I think it is insensitivity, and ultimately weakness. It is funny that the people who are most concerned about being 'grown-up' are always children. And the age that is most concerned about being 'adult' is a most childish age. Childish, not childlike.

That is why this is a sick age, a cynical age, a shallow, hollow age without awe or wonder. I have plumbed the depths of this age—lived its pride and its self-righteousness until I was sick to the soul. And my personal finding was that the only cure was to clasp my hands again in hope and fear and wonder—and to accept the Truth beyond all rationality.

I don't mean that we should push aside intelligent doubts about religion. I don't mean that at all. We must face these doubts as squarely and as bravely as we know how. But when we have dealt with them, we must not let ourselves be dogged by old superstitions. The great superstition of our age might be called scientific humanism. When we look at it clearly and thoughtfully, we can see that it is not really scientific nor really human. It is when we are not intelligent but sensible—grown-up, led by sound common sense (in other words, believing what

everyone else believes because everyone else believes it) that it comes creeping up behind us.

Really it is not very grown up to love our Lady. It is not very mature to see a world of beauty and depth and wonder in place of the drab grey ‘reality’ of the materialistic grown-ups. They know, you see, that the physical world is all that there is. They have not a scrap of evidence and never could have, but they believe it with all the fanatical fervour of the Spanish Inquisition (in Russia they even use the same methods). Their attitude to life is like that of some miserly orphanage-keeper in Dickens. Well then, we are just children, but we are going back to our Mother at last, because we have stayed in their orphanage too long.¹

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ROSARY

What Is the Rosary's Origin?

The Rosary was used in the ancient Madrian-matriarchal civilisations, and was passed from them to the oldest of the masculist world religions—Hinduism. From the Hindus, the Buddhists took it up, and later it was adopted by Islam. Christianity was the last world religion to make use of this ancient form of devotion.

This is the outward or historical answer to the question. The inward or esoteric answer is that our Lady Herself gave us the Rosary. Various legends and visions attest to this fact. Another indication of the more-than-human origin of the Rosary was given to the Sisters who rediscovered its true and original form. When, in contemplation, they had been directed to at-

tribute each decade to one of the points of the Great Pentacle of the year, and to the corresponding seasonal and elemental Mysteries, all sorts of things suddenly began to fall into place one after another. Even with meditations on more-or-less arbitrary sets of events (such as those used in the Christian system) the Rosary has always possessed great power. But when it is brought together with the five-seasoned Madrian year and its structure of Mysteries, it is as if the correct key had been found for a complicated lock. Dozens of tumblers click smoothly into place and the great oak door of the high-walled rose-garden swings open on its mighty hinges.

One Sister wrote: 'The amazing thing was that the system was so complete, so simple, so perfect. It wasn't just that a sudden inspiration had unblocked a subconscious train of thought... ages later we and others were still discovering how neatly and logically the parts of the system fitted together, and new things fitted into it—things we had never even thought of. Nothing is forced or contrived, nothing is even accidental; the system is absolute—because it is Divine.'

What Is the Rosary?

It is a system of meditation which combines simplicity with great depth. Neophytes often find it a great assistance to prayer, but it is by no means a mere 'crutch' to be thrown away later. Helati at a peak of spiritual achievement have continued to use their Rosaries throughout their lives.

In the Christian tradition, the Rosary has always belonged to Mary. Eithne Wilkins, in her authoritative study of the subject, has shown that in this area as in others, Mary—under the Divine titles, Star of the Sea and Queen of Heaven—was a

symbol of our Lady in the hearts of the people. She sums this up in the following passage: ‘(Mary) may be prayed to but not worshipped. But on the imaginative level it is impossible to maintain these distinctions; and it is imagination, not theology, by which we live. The Great Goddess cannot be driven out of the universe—not even by a patriarchal religion.’*

Visions and miraculous powers have always been associated with the Rosary. It was believed that nobody who said the Rosary every day could be damned. In the middle ages, there was a popular image of the two ladders to Heaven—the red one of Jesus from which many fell off into Hell, and the white one of Mary from which all were received into Heaven. This shows an intuition of the truth that damnation does not exist in the religion of our Lady, and a realisation of the fundamental difference in spirit between Madrian and patriarchal religion. But it also shows an understanding of the supernatural power of the Rosary to cancel out evil and imperfection (*kear-werdë*, or negative karma) in the human soul, and bring us closer to our Lady.

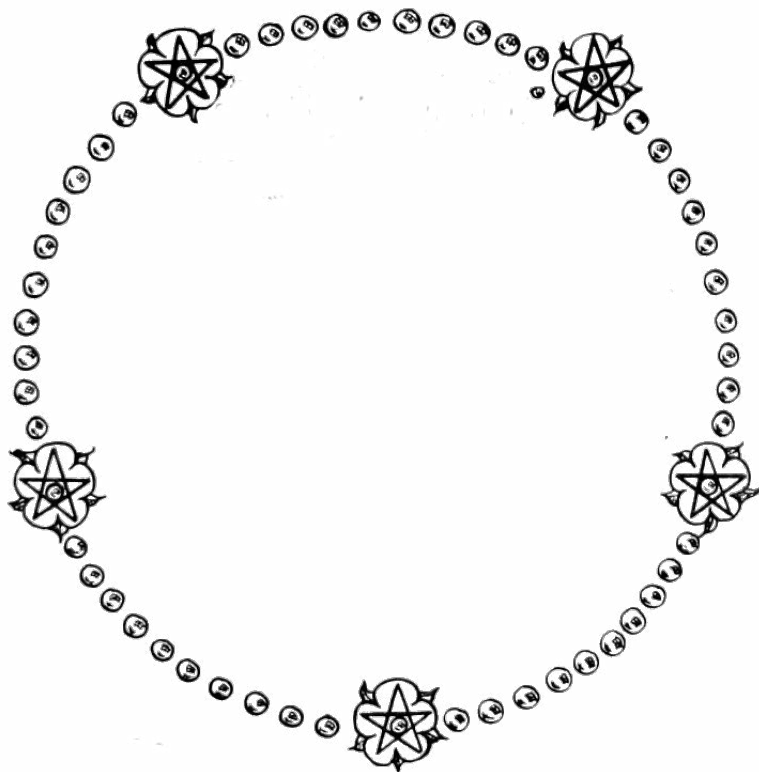
For the Rosary is a system of prayer and meditation, but it is also something more than that. It is a method put into our hands by our Lady Herself, by which we may attune our relatively feeble powers of prayer and meditation to certain cosmic laws which are beyond the power of human understanding.

As it says in the Catechism, ‘each Rosary is not only a thing said and a thing done, but a thing created.’† The making of the Rosary is regarded as a special gift from the soul to her Creat-

* Eithne Wilkins, *The Rose-Garden Game: A Tradition of Beads and Flowers*, Herder and Herder, 1969, p. 111.

† This reference is not to the Catechism itself, but to p. 28 of the Catechism booklet published by Lux Madriana (see vol. I, p. 112).

rix, and those who make the Rosary each day bring themselves especially close to Her heart.²



THREE PATHS INTO THE SACRED GARDEN

APPROACHES TO THE ROSARY

Contrary to popular belief, it is not especially easy to make the Rosary. Of course, it is easy enough to say the prayers, but to maintain a right concentration upon the Mysteries—a perfect contemplation—requires rare qualities of pure attention and self-giving. To a great degree, these qualities can be developed by daily practice, and by pursuing Divine love and self-control in our daily lives. How easy we find it will depend on how far we have advanced in this life and those before it.

Practice is important, for each devotion deepens and widens the channel to the Interior. Life is important, for not only are our lives reflected in our devotions, but a frequent recall of our love for the Divine and Her love for us in daily life will fill our minds with ideas and images, books and poems, pictures, snatches of sentences, thoughts and scenes, all of which are connected in our minds and feelings with our personal relationship with our Lady. All this jumble of loving fragments will be gathered together and poured helter-skelter into our contemplation, caught up in the rhythm and shape of the Rosary, and moulded and sculpted by it into the pattern and structure of the Eternal Mystery.

But there is no need to worry if you find it hard at first. Your very dissatisfaction is a sign that you are conscious of your weakness, and are striving for higher things. When as a child I could not sleep, my mother would tell me that if I lay still I would at least have some rest. The same is true of the Rosary: even when we are unable to enter into the full experi-

ence, the very act of following this cosmic prayer-structure will bring powerful spiritual benefit. And, as in all prayer, it must be remembered that the conscious mind is not the whole of us. The Spirit of Dea may be working in us at a level deeper than we can know. Whenever we genuinely pray to the best of our ability, we may be assured that this is the case.

But there are a number of ways in which we can begin to penetrate deeper into the Mysteries of the Rosary, and to increase our power to contemplate them. I would like to suggest three of these which I have found helpful. But first of all, we must take note of a very important fact: the five decades of the Rosary fall into two very distinct sections—the two Mother decades (the first decade and the last) and the three Daughter decades (the three central decades). These two groups are very different in character. The Mother decades deal more with ideas and realities (the dependence of all things on the Mother for existence—the complete union of self with Her). The Daughter decades deal more with Divine Events (the Events of the Nativity, Passion and Resurrection). It is not always best to use the same methods for each; the Daughter decades, for instance, lend themselves much better to the eidetic method than do the Mother decades.

The Eidetic Path

This is good for keeping the mind fixed, particularly during the Daughter decades. The method is to select one particular image for each bead, so that the mind moves rapidly over a set path. It is a good elementary method, because each image will touch off numerous reactions in the unconscious spiritual memory, while the conscious mind is prevented from wandering.

One cannot use the method fully for the first decade, but one can take guiding images from Creation I:1–7. For the beads of the Daughter decades, I would suggest the following images from the Mythos:

Nativity Decade: 1) the conception upon the waters, 2) the journey and entry into the cavern, 3) the appearance of the Star, 4) the coming of the children of the earth, 5) the appearance and address of the Janya, 6) the silence before dawn, 7) the voice from the cavern and the rejoicing of the daughters of Heaven, 8–10) the adoration of the Mother and Child.

Passion Decade: 1–7) the seven gates of Hell, 8) the binding of Her hands and the beating, 9) the death, 10) the hanging upon the pillar (it is important to try to understand the particular sinking dread associated with the seven gates).
OR: 1) the descent into Hell, 2) the questions of the Dark Queen, 3) the binding of Her hands, 4) the beating and humiliation, 5) the kneeling before the Dark Queen, 6) the death, 7–8) the body upon the pillar, 9) the desolation of the world, 10) the sorrow of the Mother.

Resurrection Decade: 1) the shattering of the gate of Hell, 2) the taking down of the body, 3) the sprinkling of water, 4) the awakening of the Daughter, 5) the embrace of Mother and Daughter, 6) the robing of the Daughter by Janyati, 7) the leading of the souls out of Hell, 8) the greeting of the children of earth, 9) the ascent into Heaven, 10) the crowning of the Queen of Heaven.

The method cannot be used for the final decade, but one may make the Pentacle on oneself after the Eternity and use the Rose-and-Pentacle meditation.*

The Contemplative Path

This involves an intellectual fixing upon the Mysteries themselves. A deep and thoughtful consideration of what they mean, what they are, and of one's own relationship to them. For example, in the second decade, one might fix upon the image of Mother and Child, and let the mind play upon the Truth that though They are two Persons, yet They are one and the same. This is not always an easy method, but it can be a very rewarding one. (Incidentally, it is a good idea to keep a record of any thoughts which strike you as important.)

The Emotional Path

In this method we attempt to realise the Mysteries through emotion. Again, the Daughter decades provide the most directly accessible material for this, but the final decade can become the most emotionally significant of all as it becomes more fully understood.

Both the Mother decades call forth an emotion of wonder or glory, which is a little harder to achieve than those of the Daughter decades.

The emotional pattern of the Rosary is absolutely symmetrical, moving from wonder to joy (Nativity), to sorrow (Passion), to joy again (Resurrection), to wonder again.

* Vol. I, p. 108.

But the wonder and joy of the first half are different from those of the second half. It is hard to describe the subtle shades of emotion, but these are brought out naturally by the consideration of the different Mysteries. In the first half they are fresh and bright, like the new moon. In the second, they are full and glorious, like the full moon.

In this method, one must throw aside the normal social restraints upon emotion, and allow oneself to feel fully the emotions of the Daughter decades, letting it come through in the tone of the voice and the attitude and movements of the body.

In practice, of course, every meditation will contain something of all three methods. Nor do these three exhaust the possibilities of the Rosary.

The Mother Decades

In what has been said, it may have seemed that the Mother decades are somewhat apart from the rest of the Rosary. But in fact they make a perfect and indispensable entry to and consummation of the Mysteries of the Daughter. In the first decade, we shift our perception from the everyday acceptance of our material surroundings, and remind ourselves of their original nature as Divine Ideas and their perpetual dependence on the continuing creative Act of the Mother for their very existence. In this decade, I sometimes look at the ground on which I rest, and recall that this very place was once part of the roaring seas of primordial Chaos; that it is created by a deliberate Act of the Divine Will which sustains it in every moment. With this realisation of the Absolute, it is far easier to realise the Absolute nature of the events of the Mythos.

In the final decade, the emotional and mental experience built up by the Daughter decades—the joy of Nativity, the sorrow and apprehension of the Passion, the exultant happiness of the Resurrection—come to a climax in the Fire of the Rose. Suddenly we are asked to give ourselves; to offer ourselves completely to our Mother, keeping nothing back, to become consumed in the fire of Her love.

The whole meaning of all the decades is suddenly concentrated into one utterly personal demand. It is the ultimate demand of religion—the ultimate sacrifice and the ultimate ecstasy. Of course one will not experience this on every occasion, but even in the most earthbound recital of the final decade, the fullness of this experience lies folded like a rose within the bud.³

ADVENTURING INWARDS

How can I talk about the fifth dimension? About a plane where all natural laws are suspended and all assumptions are turned on their heads? For that is where prayer takes us. To people who no longer pray, or who have fallen into a lifeless formalism of prayer, prayer seems a known quantity—a tame and obvious thing. But true prayer is a thing alive with energy—and with contradiction.

For example—is prayer easy or hard? It is both almost at once. To try to pray can be the most difficult thing in the world—and then a sudden tiny shift of attitude and we may be transfixed and transfigured by a shaft of exhilarating light which may leave us as quickly as it came. For prayer is a battle between the true and false self. The false self (all that we

usually call ‘self’) is repelled by prayer, while the true self (the divine part of us) is thrilled and delighted by the outpouring of the love of her Creatrix into the soul. This accounts for all the contradictions of prayer.

Let us be practical. The false self will stop you from praying if it can. So it is vital to set aside some regular time each day for communion with Dea. Prayer involves disciplining the false self. It is far better to pray for only ten minutes each day than to have longer periods irregularly.

Begin by making the Pentacle upon yourself. If anything troubles or preoccupies you, then tell Her—open yourself to Her. Of course She knows already, but it opens the channels between the soul and the Divine. Sometimes prayer is an immediate and beautiful communion—an ecstasy of radiant tranquility or exhilaration. No words of mine can describe this experience, far less add anything to it, so I shall say nothing.

But why doesn’t this always happen? There are many reasons, and most of them lie in ourselves. Whenever the false self is uppermost, prayer will seem unrewarding. It is hard to say exactly what this means, but as one progresses spiritually, one gets a sort of feeling about the false self. Here are some ways of keeping its destructive influence at bay:

Humility is the most beautiful of virtues. When I was young I thought pride was better—and I was right, for I did not know Dea. Humility makes no sense outside religion where it is pure hypocrisy. But if one can (it is not always easy) cast off all pride and selfish wants and kneel before our Lady in utter humility, you will experience the

true beauty of that virtue. Our Lady cannot refuse a humble soul.

Approach the Daughter: remember how She has died to give Herself to you. How She is in the air and all about you, having conquered all fallen matter through Her sacrifice. Often in great 'dryness' and difficulty, I have held out my hands and called on Her, and She has lifted up my soul.

It is important to make life a prayer—to remember Dea at all times and often to turn to Her if only for a moment—to pour forth Her love into your life. If the false self has run loose all day in selfishness or temper or laziness, you will find it very hard to tame it at your prayers. It is helpful to make often a little act of faith—to say to yourself a few words, such as: 'Kyria, I know that you are with me, have ever been and ever will be,' whenever you feel alone or afraid, or simply when the desire comes upon you, as it more frequently will as you come to know Her.

Sometimes, of course, discomfort or some minor ailment may interfere with prayer. This cannot always be helped, and must simply be remedied when possible. But I have found that often, if I accept a pain or discomfort meekly as a penance or disciplining of my false self, our Lady transforms the pain into an ecstasy.

Finally, let us remember that prayer is not only of the surface. Nearly all of us will go through 'dry' periods. But whenever we pray to the best of our ability, the Spirit of Dea moves within us—though often at a depth we cannot perceive. We do not pray because we want ecstasies or peace or beauty, though prayer may give us all these things. We pray because we want to

love and serve Dea, and to give ourselves to Her. We crave the joy of perceiving Her with our entire soul; but we will wait in patient humility, asking nothing and being content with nothing; and if our humility is true, we will receive everything.⁴

THE MADRIAN WAY OF LIFE

There are some maids so ignorant that they do not know their own ignorance, and therefore suppose themselves wise. In such a condition is modern profane society. It has forgotten the things of the Spirit so completely that it has even forgotten that it has forgotten, and supposes itself to know everything there is to know.

Because of this, to live in the profane world is to be constantly assaulted by ignorance masquerading as wisdom and by a hopelessly distorted scale of values. The cult of the ‘news’ is the nearest thing to a religious observance in modern society. Every day, several times a day, without fail, ‘news’ is pumped out by the numerous profane mass-communication media. And what is the message of this cult? That the important things are politics, money, industry, material wellbeing; and a continual preoccupation with what is new as opposed to what is timeless—with the up-to-date as opposed to the Eternal.

Where Spirit has any place in the profane world, it is as an optional extra; something tacked loosely on the top of everything else. This is an inversion of values absurd to the point of the grotesque; for Spirit is the Centre—the organising principle. In the true Madrian-matriarchal civilisations, the whole of society was seen as one great temple to Dea, and all of life as one exuberant act of devotion.

That is the natural pattern of earthly life. The seasons passing in their order are an eternal showing-forth of the cycle of the Divine Mysteries. The crafts of maidkind are a reflection in miniature of the Absolute Creativity of Dea. All life is designed to partake of the nature of a sacred Rite.

But the dissonant image of the male 'god' sets in motion an inversion of all that is natural. At the culmination of this process, human creativity is perverted into the 'productivity' of the conveyor belt. Out of touch with the seasons, work is unchanging through summer and winter, and the good earth crushed beneath concrete as far as the eye can see.

And all this in the service of the cult of quantity; of bigness and efficiency. The cult of quantity and the cult of novelty—all that is specifically modern in life and thought can be filed under one of these headings. They are the most puerile, vain and silly of human ideas; you can find them in any playground—the biggest conker, the most sweets, the newest craze—even when they are dressed up in Sunday-best words like 'productivity' and 'progress' ('evolution' for cocktail parties).

In essence, the cult of novelty is enslavement to time, and the cult of quantity enslavement to space, or physical matter.

It is characteristic that masculist religions have reacted to this situation by seeking to 'adapt to the modern world', which in practice means virtually eliminating whatever is left of their genuinely Spiritual content.

But whereas the masculist principle in religion tends inevitably to materialism, the feminine principle conceives maid as an essentially spiritual being. Madrianism understands that a human being is not just a lump of matter which happens

by some accident to have ‘evolved’ a brain, but a shining soul clothed in flesh and bone. A soul which can be just as badly harmed by the crushing weight of the masculist-materialist environment as the body might be harmed by an avalanche.

Our Lady came to save us not from physical death, but from spiritual death, and it is for us to live in the light of that.

But how? We cannot simply transpose ourselves into a Madrian society that is a great temple to Dea. Ideally, we must begin to create new Madrian communities where we can experiment toward a way of life in tune with the spiritual rhythms of the macrocosm. As masculist-materialist society drifts further from all spiritual cohesion, the organic wholeness of the new Madrian life will become a source of inner regeneration and a nucleus for the Madrian societies of the future. Let us make a start by considering some fundamental principles.

The most fundamental principle of all is that Madrian life is Theacentric—Dea is at the centre. Profane life is anthropocentric—centring on merely human aims. That is its fundamental self-contradiction. In the profane world the only high and noble purpose can be to serve others**—but what is the purpose of those others? To serve others again? And their purpose? If my purpose is to serve you and yours is to serve me, what purpose have we between us? Anthropocentrism is a closed circle, and therefore sterile. Theacentrism recognises the Divine Principle which transcends the human world and gives it meaning. Service of others is also service of Dea. Our common purpose as sister souls incarnate is to move closer to

* A note to the original reads: ‘This concept includes everything that an anthropocentric society can recognise as good—from child-rearing, charity and simple kindness to social and political reform.’

the Divine Spirit in Whom all else has its origin and meaning, and to help each other to come closer to Her.

The light of our Lady should shine not only in our devotion, but in every aspect of our life—indeed, if we forget Her throughout the day, how shall we come to Her in our devotion?

We must make our religion not a thing for certain hours and days, but an active and all-embracing principle. In our groups or households we should not be shy of discussing things from a Theacentric point of view—seeing the false self in our failings and the true self in our acts of good, seeing the reflection of Absolute Beauty in our smallest joy, or praising Her for the splendour of a sunset. Yes, these things are childish in the eyes of the world, but we do not belong to that world, we are the children of Dea.

We must heighten our awareness of the months and of the seasons, meditating upon their inner meaning and, when we are in groups, discussing them frequently. Where possible, we should try to harmonise our daily activities with the season, both in its outward form and in its spiritual significance.

We must take active steps to limit the profane influences that are allowed into our lives—particularly, to reduce all that is violent, sensual, materialistic or merely trivial in entertainment, to cut down our participation in the cult of the ‘news’, and in general to reduce our dependence on the commercial media. As groups and communities form, we must begin to build a tradition of story-telling; to develop a body of Madrian stories and songs which will make the Madrian fireside the centre of a truly Madrian home and not an invasion-point for profane propaganda.

In short, we must begin to attune every aspect of our lives to the pulse of the Divine, to harmonise our lives with the Source of all existence, and make our love for Her the organising principle of all our activity.

Some of this may seem distant at present. The Madrian life has hardly begun. But the seeds have already been sown, and I believe that over the next century, we and our children will see them grow into a mighty tree that shall become the pillar of earth and sky in the coming age.⁵

THE CHILDREN OF HEAVEN

'In the beginning, God expressed Herself. And Her aspects were beyond number. And the expression of every aspect was a perfect soul.'
[Fragments 6]

So starts the description of human existence given to us in the Scriptures by God the Daughter. We go on to learn how a great number of souls turned from this state of Absolute Existence and became imperfect; and among the many kinds and states of imperfect souls we find those which we call the human.

But some souls did not fall. They are not alike, but are infinite in their variety, for every aspect of Deity is unique. In many ways, we human souls seem very similar—that is because the world of physical matter into which we are fallen severely limits the ways in which we are able to express ourselves. But the Janyati are beyond all limitation. Each Janya is absolutely perfect and perfectly herself. And because she is perfectly herself, she is also a perfect expression of her Creator in a particular aspect.

The selfness of a perfect soul is a thing so wonderful and so high that it resounds throughout the universe and filters down to our material realm in the form of some beautiful quality.

For example, the selfhood of the Janya we call Sai Athene is pure wisdom; and all intelligence, all understanding that we know on this earth, from the bright idea of a child while walking to school on a winter's morning to great libraries of philosophy flows from the selfhood of Sai Athene.

Or to put it another way, Sai Athene is the pure expression of the Divinely created quality of intelligence.

Everything that is home; everything that makes the difference between the chunk of stone that is a house, a cave or a convent, and the sacred word home in all its depth of meaning, all this flows from our lady Sai Herthe.

The list could go on—Sai Alethea, Janya of Truth, Sai Werde of choice and fate, Sai Vikhë of courage... and we know the names of only a fraction of all the Janyati that exist.

Why do we sometimes call the Janyati 'our lady' almost as though they were God Herself? Because they are such pure expressions of the Divine that we cannot give devotion to a Janya without in that very act worshipping the Divine Light that flows through her. Sometimes it is almost impossible to tell at exactly what point we have stopped speaking of, say, our lady Sai Alethea, and begun speaking of our Lady.

In one sense, we could say that the reason why the universe is imperfect is because the sublime qualities which are the essential selfhood of you and I and all other fallen souls are missing from it—because we are not Janyati as we once were and should always have been.

For we were once Janyati, and the Janyati themselves, whose brightness we can scarcely look upon, are our sisters. Being perfect, their love for us is also perfect. That is why we can petition their help with confidence and ask them to pray for us.

In the Ekklesia of our Lady, we are united in one family with the Janyati, and they desire beyond all else to welcome us back into perfection. It is said that every maid (and man) has a Janya to watch over her, to encourage her whenever she begins to turn to our Mother and to offer prayers for her.

Sometimes the personal Janya is confused with the true self. It is true that the more like our Janya we become, the closer we will be to our true self, for a personal Janya always has a selfhood that is akin to that of the soul in her care. And almost every human being is at present so far from her true self that for this life, to draw near to her Janya will be sufficient.

It is as if I live in one village and my Janya in another close by it; but at present I am many hundreds of miles from home. In the end our destinations will be different, but for most of the journey our ways will be exactly the same, and I may follow her every step.

Sometimes it is asked whether all Janyati are absolutely perfect, or whether some (e.g. the many personal Janyati) are on a lower plane than the great Janyati such as Sai Alethea or Sai Herthe.

We cannot know for certain the answer to this. It may be that certain perfect Janyati have deliberately stepped down from the joy of Absolute Existence in order to unite themselves with the fallen creatures whom they so deeply desire to help and so are no longer absolutely perfect. But this is only conjecture.

It is also said that even in the highest Janyati there is a certain lack of completeness, because until the whole universe is complete, no part of it can be in itself complete. Thus only when every soul has returned to perfection will any soul achieve the ultimate height of perfection.

Devotion to the Janyati is an aspect of Madrian spiritual life which is sometimes neglected. I think that is a pity, because such devotion deepens and enriches our religious experience, provides a source of guidance and help, and strengthens the bonds between the children of our Lady's Ekklesia in this world and in the higher spheres.

At this time of year, with the Geniad and the days of Sai Athene and Sai Herthe prominent in our thoughts, it is a good time to renew our relationship with our radiant sisters, the Janyati.⁶

ART & SPIRIT

'Beauty is the echo of Eternity' — Reading the *Moirai Handbook*,* one becomes aware of how modern society is specifically a profane society directed in a quite unnatural way solely toward material aims; toward 'getting things done' in the most efficient and practical way, without giving a thought even to the destruction of the environment or the conservation of resources for the future, far less to such 'abstract' considerations as the spiritual effect of actions upon those performing them. And yet in the end this is the only thing which matters. In a few short decades each of us will be dead. Nothing will remain for us of

* Vol. 3, pp. 1359 ff.

our material achievements. All that we have gained (or lost) by our earthly life will be spiritual.

In the high matriarchal period, all the actions of everyday life took on the aspect of a ritual of attunement with the eternal spiritual rhythm.

While it is not possible for us to re-create this whole way of life at once, there are certain areas of Madrian-matriarchal life which we could begin to develop now, and which would deepen at once our spiritual awareness and our true creativity, and bring us closer to oneness with She Who is All.

One of these areas is art. Art in the highest, but also the broadest, sense. Painting and poetry, yes—but also flower setting, embroidery, the decoration of a shrine. Every art can, if practised in the true spirit, not merely express spiritual principles and states, but also lead the artist to them.

This deeper aspect of art does not lie in any of the things which the profane world understands by art. It is not self-expression. It is inspiration, but in the true and original sense; not ‘my inspiration’, but the expression of the universal Spirit through the self.

In the art of flower-setting, the aim is by quietness and contemplation to enter into the essence of the flower; to understand it is as a microcosm of the Absolute and to be guided by it into expressing its inner truth.

In the art of wood-carving, again it is the true essence of the particular piece of wood, its microcosmic nature, which must be brought out by the artist.

The painter, too, must be emptied of her self, must become the channel by which a particular mode or aspect of the Whole may find expression on paper or canvas.

The profane concept of art is bound up with self-advertisement, self-discovery, self-expression. True art is before all else an exercise in selflessness, in humility, in non-egoity.

Does this mean that one should dispense with technical ability and simply create as the Spirit guides? Not at all. It is the falsehood of self-expression which leads to 'free verse' or 'free creation' of any sort. In truth it is only by the strictest discipline and the highest technical proficiency, so thoroughly learned that it has become unconscious, that the mind can be freed from self-occupation. All art has its rules. Poetry has verse-forms and even flower-setting has formal styles which express in themselves certain fundamental spiritual truths. The modern profane artist dismisses these as empty outward forms; and, of course, they have become empty in a profane society which can no longer understand their true meaning. The answer is not to throw away the chalice but to fill it again with wine!

Not only the form of the work, but the ritual surrounding its performance must be observed. But both of these are not enough to produce true art. Inner balance and harmony of manner, quietness and gentleness of spirit, the power of putting aside the superficial exterior self. These are the hardest skills of all and the most essential.

For here lies the true paradox of all the arts of life: profane society sees form and ritual as merely superficial; as standing in the way of the essential thing—the personality. But the truth is that the outward personality is itself a mere formality, an empty illusion. All our ceaseless clatter of trivial thoughts, which, until it is brought under control will not allow us a moment of pure contemplation—this we take to be our real mind—our self. In reality it is nothing but an illusion. All the rituals of art

and life were originally made to cut through that illusion, to liberate the true self; the self which is a pure ray of the Divine Light. And it is in this higher sense that art is truly self-expression. For each soul is a perfect and unique reflection of God Herself, and no soul can truly express the Absolute without at the same time expressing her own Absolute-ness.

Thus true art, like all true spiritual endeavour, is a death and a resurrection. We kill the 'self' in order that the self may be born.

Art is never a 'finished product', it is a way—a path toward perfection. A path whose end we cannot see, for it leads beyond the boundaries of this world. The true artist says not 'I am an artist', but 'I am learning to become an artist'.

Art begins as well as ends outside the world. The discipline of art, given first to maid by Dea, has been preserved through millennia, but now is all but lost. Yet we live in a time when all things are ending and all things are coming to a beginning; and I believe that if Her servants come before Her, God will give us again the secrets of true art.⁷

THE THREE LIVES

There are two kinds of life which can really be called normal: the Active Life and the Contemplative Life. There is also a third life which is abnormal, which may be called the Passive Life.

Normal life is lived in tune with the true purpose of earthly existence—the development and final perfection and liberation of the soul. Of the two normal lives, the more active is the Contemplative Life; for in this the soul is fully awake.

Contemplation has been defined as the opposite of sleep, so that contemplation is at one extreme, sleep at the other, and normal waking life somewhere in between.

In contemplation, the soul moves among the highest spheres; she has direct perception of the eternal Reality which lies behind the 'shadows' of the material world. She sees 'behind' the illusion of material things and events into the realm of pure Truth, 'changeless, beyond the impermanent flux of time' [Teachings 4:6].

But just because the Contemplative Life is so active, it is extraordinarily strenuous, as well as requiring a special ability. It is, therefore, the calling of a relatively small number.

The Active Life, which is the normal life for the majority, remains within the flux of material events; but, so long as it is truly normal, it does not make the mistake of supposing that these events have any reality in themselves. Rather, they are the shadows thrown upon the veil of matter by the supreme Light which lies behind it. Just as the Contemplative Life moves toward the Light directly, so the Active Life moves toward it indirectly. Material activities are performed not only for their own sake, but as true ritual; opening the soul to Light, harmonising the external material life with its true Source and Centre. Ritual in its fullest sense is not simply a human activity. The passage of the seasons, the cycles of the sun and moon are natural 'rituals', manifesting the eternal Mysteries of Dea. Thus natural or normal societies have always been attuned to these rhythms and to the human creativity of the crafts, which is the earthly reflection of the Divine act of Creation.

In the strictest sense of the word, the Active Life may be said to be magical; for magic is essentially the art of creating,

by means of ritual words and actions, structures in the subtle planes which surround us. In low magic—that is, magic performed for material purposes—these structures react back on the physical world, creating the effects commonly called ‘magical’. In high magic, their whole purpose is to lead the soul toward spiritual wholeness in Dea.

The rituals of the crafts, agriculture and the whole of normal life are essentially rites of high magic, each craft having its own specific system of ‘initiation’ into the higher Mysteries. Low magic, too, while not the primary object of these rites, was used in matriarchal civilisations to produce effects in the realms of healing and, more rarely, in numerous other spheres, including building (recent evidence of this in South America has proved highly embarrassing to materialistic archaeologists).^{*} Even in certain quasi-normal patriarchal communities in remote parts of the East, minor feats of low magic continue to be achieved.

The third life, the passive or passionate life, is that which characterises modern society. It is a life based solely on the pursuit of material comfort and the avoidance of pain, and is based on no real Principle. It is wholly entrapped in the flux of material events, with no awareness of the Reality beyond. Blinded by the veil of matter, it sees physical things and events as existing in and for themselves.

Although this life may be very ‘active’ in a purely outward sense, the soul, with her spiritual faculty of free-will lies dormant, while the being responds only to the promptings of the

^{*} It is unclear to what find(s) Sr Angelina was referring, though discourse surrounding architectural discoveries at the ancient city of Caral in Peru would seem a possible candidate for ‘recent evidence’.

passions, which belong not to her true self, but to the material realm.

The effect of this life is the precise opposite of the two normal lives; it is to cut off the soul not only from ultimate Reality, but from all super-physical reality of any sort. At the extreme point of this process, the spiritual functions of maid-kind are so reduced that she almost becomes the mere biological organism which materialistic ‘psychology’ and profane science in general proclaim her to be. Creativity degenerates into mere ‘production’, having no symbolic or spiritual aspect. Work and life are cut off as far as possible from the rhythm of the seasons, and everywhere, the rhythms of humanity and nature are replaced by mechanical rhythms.

This life is doomed to continual frustration, since its constant round of outward activity is but a desperate search for the true fulfillment and completion which is not to be found in the flux of outward things, but only in the Reality that underlies it.

In its fullest nature, that Reality is our Mother Herself, the Creator, Who did not once create the world, but ‘creates it now and in every moment’, for ‘if She ceased to create it, it would cease to exist’ (Catechism, question 22). And the central point of normal life is the Rosa Mundi mystery—full contemplative union with Her. Those contemplatives who have won through to this union know it in themselves and reflect its glory upon their sisters.

The Active Life, too, is so structured as to encourage contemplation, but it is based firstly upon the fact that the Daughter, through Her primordial sacrifice, is present throughout every level of creation in even the humblest activities, if only we live in the light of Her Spirit.

Compassion for all beings, harmony and respect for nature, the powerful symbolic rituals of all actions—these are the marks of the true Active Life. Through this life, the opportunities of earthly existence, so often carelessly thrown away in these days, become realised. For the earth becomes what it was always meant to be—an instrument for the rescuing of souls. The glorious rainbow bridge that leads from the abyss of darkness into the light of Heaven.⁸

THE MEANING OF A LIFE

A feature often noticed in accounts of matriarchal life is the great respect and even reverence accorded to old people. It is an attitude common to most traditional civilisations, and one which to the modern mind is almost incomprehensible—as a measure of politeness it can perhaps be understood—but a genuine belief in the superiority of the old seems to contradict all reason. What the modern mind generally fails to take account of is the possibility that some difference in the whole nature of those times was such as to make old people worthy of special respect; that gave them certain qualities which for the most part they no longer possess today.

Of course, in a world which is not forever chasing its own tail in the endless circles of fashion, or pursuing the will-o-the-wisp of 'progress' across the technological wasteland, old people are less prone to get 'left behind'. But something of a far deeper order is in question here—a real depth of quality which belongs by nature to old age in any society that is not hopelessly cut off from the real roots of human life.

Matriarchal life revolved around Eternity. Its purpose was not to increase to the greatest possible degree the material possessions either of society as a whole or of any particular group, but rather to serve Dea and to facilitate to the greatest possible degree the spiritual development of every soul incarnated within it. It was realised that the purpose of human life is not simply to maintain human life (like a signboard saying 'Do not throw stones at this signboard') but that a soul's brief journey through a human incarnation has a definite purpose within her development, reaching both before and beyond the present life. And this purpose can only be a spiritual one, since all the money, comforts, luxuries, fame, knowledge or skills (in the material sense), power or prestige she has gathered in this life will, an hour after her death, be as worthless as the treasure in last night's dream.

This is not to deny or reject the physical world; for to say that the world is worthless would be to say that our incarnation has no purpose—that we would be better off as disembodied forms floating among the nebulae in prayer and contemplation! On the contrary, this world, beautiful in itself, reflects the Divine beauty on a hundred levels and leads us toward Her if we live in harmony with its true rhythm and meaning.

And that is the reason for the reverence of the old. For in a normal community not cut off from the wellsprings of Truth, most people in the course of a life accomplish at least something of the purpose of that life. They have grown in the disciplines of prayer and meditation. They have penetrated each into the sacred Mysteries of the craft of her calling; they have gained a certain knowledge and maturity in the Spirit which only long experience of the world, seen in the light of

sacred wisdom and brought to fruition by long contemplation, can teach. Even as the corn ripens in the field, or an apple on the tree, so, in a truly human (which is to say a truly divine) society does human life ripen and continue to ripen until it is ready to drop.

We are not speaking here of helati or saints or even of the outstandingly pious, but of the normal person. There were some who did not reach this maturity, and there is always the problem of senility (much less common, interestingly, among people of any spiritual advancement), but for the normal person, this was the pattern.

Age takes many things from us—strength, sharpness of the physical senses, quickness of the more superficial part of the rational faculty, and eventually health. These are in nature’s plan, for it is natural to retire from activity toward the end of life and to turn more fully to the care of the soul. In return, age brings a spiritual depth and maturity, a ripe and mellow wisdom wherewith to guide others along the path: the fruit of a life lived ‘in ðamē’—according to life’s pattern and life’s plan. The reward of a soul that has reaped the golden harvest which she came on earth to sow. She has gathered that true wealth which will not “evanish as the wealth of dreams” [Teachings 6:30] upon her death.

But modern life is not lived in ðamē. Cut off by its own ignorance from everything that lies beyond the reach of the five physical senses, modern humanity puts its reason to work simply to find more ways of satisfying those senses—to find ever more sophisticated ways of living at the level of animals. In this life, age still takes everything which it took before, but

gives nothing in return, for no spiritual seed has been sown, and there is nothing to reap.

In a Madrian-matriarchal society, life as a whole is the sowing and growing of the seed. Each craft had its own symbolic meaning, and its exercise was not merely a utilitarian act of 'production' but a sacred ritual in itself. The craft practised by an individual expressed her own particular nature—it was a true vocation, and not a 'job'. Modern 'employment' treats people like books used to prop up the short leg of a chair. No notice is taken of their rich bindings (the personality), still less of the unique and precious contents (the soul). So long as they are the right thickness and can perform the purely quantitative task demanded of them, they are shoved in.

Madrian-matriarchal education shows the world not as a spiritually meaningless tangle of accidental 'facts', but as a living whole—it looks beyond the outward chaos of physical appearances to the underlying unity.

In the same way, stories, songs, arts, sciences, customs, manners, clothes and every other aspect of life were governed not by mere utility nor by fashion, but each by its own *ḍamē*—its part within the sacred ritual which united all life with She Who is the Source and meaning of all life.

By an unconscious but nonetheless unerring logic, each feature of modern life has precisely the opposite effect—its noise, its rush, its constant change, its trivia, the endless flow of banal brainwash from the ubiquitous television, the severance from seasonal rhythms and a thousand other things could have been purpose-made to slice off human life from its super-natural root and source—and in a sense they have been.

In returning to the spiritual fountainhead of matriarchal civilisation—the love and worship of Dea—we are re-attuning ourselves to the true rhythm and pattern of life. Automatically our souls begin to respond to sacred rhythms and to cut themselves off from profane ones. But we must go further. We must build a lifestyle wholly in *ðamē*, cut off from the dissonant and jarring rhythms of profane society. We must return human life to She Who gave it. Madrian households and communities must become the nucleus of a new way of living.

The task is not easy, but it is desperately urgent—and not only from our own standpoint. For the spiritual dissonance of profane rhythms carries within it the seed of their destruction; all life flows from the Spirit, and to cut oneself off from Her is like sawing off the branch on which one is sitting. Final success is final disaster, and the impending spiritual disaster is mirrored on the physical level by the energy, ecological and other physical crises which are rapidly approaching. Neither profane physical science nor profanised patriarchal religion can offer any answer to what is essentially a spiritual problem. They may postpone the symptoms, but they cannot cure the disease. Sooner or later, the collapse must come.

What follows will either be a degeneration into black spiritual chaos, or a return to the true Source and meaning of life. And that may be in the hands of a very few.⁹

WORK AND THE MYTH OF PROGRESS

Craft is one of the fundamental human activities. Through craft, the creativity of God Herself is reflected in the sphere of human action. In a normal matriarchal civilisation (and it

must not be forgotten that the patriarchal regimes of the last few millennia represent nothing more than a brief aberration from the countless thousands of years of normal matriarchal humanity) the primary purpose of the crafts is not to 'produce' things in the quickest and cheapest way possible, but to perform the timeless ritual of creation in such a way as to lead the craftsmaid into deeper communion with the Creatrix of all things; and also to produce an object not merely of utility and of beauty, but one whose daily use would be a 'reminiscence' of Eternity—a slender thread binding the user to her Divine origin and purpose. The life of a normal matriarchal society might be said to be radiant tapestry made up of such threads connecting earth to heaven.

The ancient crafts (including the crafts of agriculture) had each their symbolic meaning—and, as has often been pointed out in these pages, the symbolic meaning of a thing or action is far more than a 'message' tacked onto it by human minds. The world of physical things is not the 'real world', it is merely a shadow cast by Absolute Reality upon the veil of matter. Like a shadow, it is not solid, but subject to constant change, decay and death: 'All things that live must die'. Its reality—indeed, its very existence—derives from the Divine Reality which lies beyond it. Once we have understood this, it becomes possible to realise that the aspect of ultimate Truth which a thing symbolises is the real nature of that thing, while its outward and material 'crystallisation' is merely a temporary expression of it.

To seek the ultimate nature of material things by analysing their sub-atomic structure is like seeking the meaning of a spoken sentence by analysing each word into its component phonemes. The only way to understand the meaning of a sentence

is to know the language in which it is spoken; and the only way to understand things and events in the material world is to understand the symbolic principles which reveal their connection with ultimate Reality.

The traditional crafts are based upon these principles. The tools, the methods and the accompanying rites of each craft exercise a symbolic and ritual function by virtue of which the craft as a whole may rightly be called a path of initiation. Every craft contains in embryo the creative principle upon which the entire universe is based. The crafts are not human 'inventions' (as profane mythology would have it) but spring in essence from the primordial Creator Herself. They were given to humanity (and, in different forms, but identical symbolic essence, to those higher levels of being which preceded humanity) from the dawn of time.

Each craft is bestowed upon humanity by or 'through' one of the Janyati, who express different aspects of the Divine Whole. Thus, the craft of weaving has its primordial source in the activity of our lady Sai Werdë, Janya of personal fate; the craft of scholarship in that of our lady Sai Athene, and so forth. Each person in her true essence is 'the radiance of a unique facet of the jewel of Deity',* and the Divine facet to which she corresponds, as well as the state of development which she has reached in her present life, will determine the craft of her vocation.

True vocation is literally a 'calling'. In a normal society, factors such as payment, status, amount of leisure, are wholly irrelevant in ascertaining one's vocation, and rarely arise in any

* This quote is not attributed in the original source. It may represent a lost clew, given its similarity of theme with Fragments 5 and 7.

case. The vocation is an essential part of the person. She may be said to be 'in love' with her work. It holds a fascination for her which in modern profane society has had to be replaced (with varying degrees of inadequacy) on the one hand by various 'hobbies', and on the other by various artificial forms of 'entertainment' consisting mainly of the continual stimulation of a small range of rather crude sentimental responses.

The idea of 'leisure' as something distinct from and superior to work is wholly unknown under normal conditions where work is an integral part of life and life an integral part of the spiritual Quest. It is only when work has degenerated into mere wage-slavery—a mere utilitarian chore whose only value to the worker is to give her sufficient money to buy the soulless 'products' of her fellow wage-slaves—that the word 'leisure' can have any meaning. The slavery of the production-line is not a vocation; far from being in love with it, the victim desires nothing but to be away from it and occupied in leisure pursuits. Yet these, she freely admits, are only 'leisure'. She attaches no profound importance to them. Modern society sees no ultimate meaning either in work or in leisure. It is a society without meaning or purpose.

Now let us pause to consider that this situation is precisely what people have in mind when they talk of 'progress'. A situation in which the ordinary life of the ordinary person has, in return for a handful of clever gadgets, been robbed of everything that gave it meaning and purpose.

The myth of progress is based upon two assumptions:

1. That any society capable of 'improving' its state of material wealth by 'scientific advances' would automatically have done so.
2. That no society before the industrial revolution had the knowledge to do so, and that the present state of society is the result of a 'tremendous advance' in human knowledge and ability.

Both of these assumptions are not only false, they are the very reverse of the truth. Maid has had the knowledge and capacity to produce an 'industrial revolution' at almost any period in history. Electric batteries have been found in ancient Babylonian excavations—they were used for electro-plating metals.* Electricity was also used to make 'perpetual lamps' at various times during antiquity.† Hero of Alexandria built a turbo-jet engine some 2,000 years ago,‡ and one of the architects of St Sophia at Constantinople made a steam engine which he used to make the building where he lived shake as if there was an earthquake in order to get rid of an unpleasant neighbour.§

* Sr Angelina appears to refer to the 'Baghdad Battery' discovered in Khujut Rabu, Iraq. Replicas of this artifact have been shown to be capable of generating small currents and use for electroplating remains a viable theory, though a contested one.

† Accounts of 'perpetual lamps' still burning hundreds of years after their placement in sealed tombs are found in Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and other sources. Mercury-vapor devices have been proposed at various times as an explanation, based on the archaeological evidence for liquid mercury in many ancient tomb sites and similarities between mercury poisoning and accounts of the 'curse' effects suffered by tomb robbers, but such proposals remain contested.

‡ Sr Angelina probably refers to Hero's steam engine, known as the *aeolipile*.

§ This is an anecdote of the architect Anthemius and his neighbour Zeno.

All these things were known in antiquity. They were simply never exploited in a systematic way so as to destroy the traditional crafts (in any case, the major innovation of the industrial revolution was the systematic factory exploitation of water-power, which had been in common use throughout antiquity). Here the die-hard progressist may argue that this was because our more 'primitive' ancestors lacked the capacity for such large-scale organisation, but a glance at the Pyramids, Chartres Cathedral or the Roman army will quickly show up this piece of primary school pseudo-evolutionism for what it is.

The real reason was that even in patriarchal times, the absolute necessity of the crafts to human life and spiritual well-being was understood. On several occasions the systematic application of 'inventions' to production was banned on the specific grounds of protecting the crafts. Patriarchal society has been degenerating for a long time, but it was only relatively recently that it forgot why the crafts must be preserved intact. That could only happen when its spiritual blindness became almost total; when it could only see the gross and outward aspect of things and was quite impervious to the inward and spiritual essence. Once 'technology' in the form of the factory system and the destruction of the crafts had begun, it is obvious that one invention would lead to another, and that 'science' in the purely physical and outward sense would become more and more sophisticated. Any society could have set that process in motion at almost any point throughout human history—only providing it was stupid enough.

Modern techno-bureaucratic society is a monument not to an advance in knowledge, but to a loss of knowledge; not to increased intelligence, but to monumental unintelligence. The

society which proudly boasts that it has solved some of life's technical problems at the price of destroying the very spiritual purpose for which we became incarnate in the first place is like the maid who boasts that she has cured her grandmother's cough by strangling grandmother.

The modern error always focuses on 'doing' rather than 'being'. Of course, cheap, soulless and imperfect 'products' will 'do' almost as well as genuine artefacts. But the human heart was made to strive for perfection; and in perfecting her work, a maid perfects her soul. In a profane society, nothing is sacred; in a sacred society, nothing is profane. To make is to make holy, to serve is to serve God. She who is perfected in her craft—the *ranya* or *magistra*—is, on her own level, a kind of priestess: a hierophant of the Mysteries of the craft. Free from the errors of profanity, normal life is unbroken. Work and life are one; life and faith are one; and that one is a golden pathway, leading beyond the boundaries of the world, into the arms of She Who created it.¹⁰

SYMBOLISM: THE CAVE

That the birth of our Lady should have taken place in a cave is a fact of overwhelming metaphysical significance, for the image of the cave stands at the centre of a symbolism which leads into the very depths of the cosmic Mystery.

The cave is intimately connected with two other symbols: the heart and the Temple. The Sanscrit word for cave, *guhā*, is also applied to the inner cavity of the heart, and, by extension, to the heart as a whole. The word derived from the word *guh*,

meaning 'hiding' or 'covering'; from a related root comes *gupta* which is applied to all things secret and hidden.

This secretness is evident in the Mythos, for the narrative does not take us beyond the mouth of the cave, and the birth of our Lady takes place in secret. The children of earth see only an image of the Mother and Child above the cave.

A Temple is divided into two parts. The main part is called the Grove, and represents the grove of trees which surrounds the cave in the Mythos. The extreme eastern chamber in which the Great Altar stands is called the Caverna, and represents the cave itself. Only a priestess may enter the Caverna alone, and only a small number of her most immediate servants in the Temple hierarchy may be invited in by her. A lay Madrian will usually enter it only once in her life, at her initiation.

Yet despite the deep secrecy of the cave, its symbolic status as a 'guarded place' (in the Mythos the cave-mouth is protected by an awesome Janya) to which access is barred, it is also connected with the most intimate of all places—the heart. This is also related to the doctrine that our Lady's birth takes place not only in the Pleroma, but also in every human heart.

How can the cave and the events that take place therein be at once hidden and cut off from maidkind, and also at the centre of every maid?

The answer is that maid, with her symbolic centre, the heart, is a microcosm of the entire universe, and that, from a certain point of view (indeed, from the ultimate point of view), the microcosm is not other than the macrocosm. In the Teachings of the Daughter we read: 'within the innermost temple of your heart shall you find the seas and the heavens and

all the illimitable cosmos, for the space within this temple is as vast as all the manifest universe' [Teachings 12:2–3].

The Temple of the Heart is the central point of the universe which encompasses the whole—the goal of the spiritual quest—as it may be approached through the human microcosm. Yet although it lies within us, it does not cease to be a 'guarded place'. As the same Teaching tells us: 'about the Temple and encompassing it round grows a garden rank with thorns... Know well your own heart and the thorns that grow therein; for without that knowledge shall you rarely pass through into the temple' [Teachings 12:9–10].

We may note a striking resemblance to the motif of the thorn-girt castle preserved in the folk-tradition of the Sleeping Beauty. The beautiful maiden within the guarded place represents on one level the Divine Spirit Herself, the goal of the quest, and on another the human soul, or her symbolic centre, the heart, which lies dormant and must be 'awakened' from the dream of matter into eternal Reality. Her name is Briar Rose, symbolising at once Dea as 'mystic Rose' and the human microcosm as *rosa simpla*, as well as their mystical union which is the preeminent theme of the summer solstice festival of Rosa Mundi. Fire, the other great Rosa Mundi symbol is also closely bound up with this motif as is shown, for instance, in the variant found in the Niebelungenlied where Brünnhilde is set to sleep on a fire-girt rock.

In the last article in this series,* it was shown that the two equinoctial festivals are connected by an axis—the very existence of Avala, celebrated at the autumn equinox, is made possible only by the Eastre sacrifice at the spring. The great root of

* 'The Apple and the Mountain' (pp. 406 ff.).

the Tree of Life at the summit of the Mountain becomes the pillar of Hell on which our Lady was slain below the Mountain.

In the same way, the mystical union with God celebrated at the summer solstice is made possible only by ‘the birth of Her Daughter within the cave (or Caverna) of the heart’* at the winter solstice. This is because God’s love is, in the end, the only love, and Her love must enter us in order that we may be able to love Her: ‘Let (the soul) open herself to her Lady that She may come as a perfect love for Her. Let her learn of our Lady that eternal Love which is our Lady’ (Tablet 50).

The world-axis has three cardinal points: the summit of the Mountain which is the ‘heavenly’ realm; at the opposite extreme, the pit of Hell; and, between the two, the foot of the Mountain, which represents the human domain and the starting-point of the soul’s quest. Within this scheme, the cave represents a slightly different perspective. The cave is on a level with the foot of the Mountain, and in this perspective the Way or quest lies not upward to the summit, but inward to the centre.

In this ‘inner’ quest, maid ‘finds her own heart’, and takes up a ‘central’ position not only ‘vertically’, but ‘horizontally’. She becomes ‘the central being of the universe’. Now this is the position of primordial maid—she is fallen from the perfect state, but she has a unique centrality which not only makes her direct return possible, but makes her the priestess and mediatrix for all other creatures.† However, through a series of

* This quotation is unsourced.

† A note to the original reads: ‘In fact, the human is not the only “central” state of being, but we do not have access to any of the others in our present

state: therefore “maid” is used as a glyph for all “axial” states—the more so since the very word “maid” refers to the faculty of werdic choice which is the defining characteristic of all “central” beings.’

last stages of this process (it is typical of the inverted values of the 'latter days' that what has been recognised in all previous ages as a continuous decline has suddenly gained the title of 'progress!'). Thus the quest for the 'Centre' is a return to the primordial human state from which full perfection may be attained. It is the first stage, or 'lesser Mysteries' of the spiritual path.

The secrecy of the cave is also connected with this. In the primordial state no secrecy was necessary; every maid was a priestess and had access to the Caverna. Every maid was at one with her own heart, and her soul was fully awakened.

Since then we have fallen, not once but many times, and we have never been further from our true primordial state than we are today. But still the cave, and the Way which leads into its inner depths, stand ready for those who will undertake the quest.¹¹

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION

Of all the powers latent in humanity, the power of imagination is perhaps the greatest. Under hypnosis, where the imagination is brought under control, the most remarkable phenomena can be produced. A subject told that she has been beaten with a stick will instantly not only feel the pain, but will manifest a real physical bruise. The body can be made to form a rigid line, and with only feet and neck resting on two chairs can support the weight of an adult standing on the stomach. The trained imagination of a sorceress can produce effects beyond the limits of her own body, conjuring visible images and affecting material objects. The imagination of an Amazon archer or swordmaid

who had learned the inner secret of her art gave her abilities far beyond her physical speed and strength—indeed, beyond the merely physical capabilities of any human being.

There is great misunderstanding about what imagination really is. The false modern doctrine which sees the world as something existing in its own right, apart from any higher reality, and maid as a solitary animal, her whole being and consciousness locked up within the confines of her skull, can only see imagination as the subjective fantasies of the human brain. But when we know that all the objects and phenomena of the physical world are but the expression on the physical plane of spiritual Realities; the manifestation of possibilities contained within the Non-Manifest; the crystallisation in matter of images within the mind of God (quite literally, Her imagination), then it seems not so strange that imagination should have power over physical matter.

When we have learned that just as there is but one Intellect—the Divine Intellect—so there is but one imagination, and that our ‘individual’ imaginations are but the rays of that one Sun; or like Her many images mirrored in lake and pond and puddle; when we have learned that neither we nor the physical world have any reality of our own, but like any looking-glass image are wholly dependent for our existence upon the image which we reflect; then we have learned something of the true nature of imagination.

‘We (and the whole world with us) are such stuff as dreams are made on’. Within an apple-seed lies the dream of a full-grown tree, shaping the matter drawn from earth and sun and water until it is a substantial image of the dream. The tree—affected by a hard winter or a dry summer, a spot too shady or

not shady enough, a soil that is less than perfect—is not a perfect image of the dream. Yet the dream itself is but the imperfect image of another, higher dream: the archetypal apple-tree, the Tree of Life that blossoms at the centre of Avala. For this is the primordial and ultimate paradigm of every apple tree.

Imperfection and suffering are woven into the very fabric of the world; not because the Divine Ideas or Images are imperfect, but because here they are reflected in imperfect matter. If the surface of the water is disturbed, the perfect circle of the sun is broken. Imagination works in every tree and rock and flower, but only in maid is imagination reflected. Only maid 'has' an imagination, for she is the central being in this world; the mediatrix between matter and Spirit, between earth and Heaven; the priestess of the world, reflecting She Who is the primordial and ultimate Priestess of the World; the regent who rules the world in the name of the divine Princess. Maid (as her name tells us) is the creature endowed with the faculty of choice. She has the power to uphold true imagination within her microcosmic world or to pervert it. If this world slips ever further from perfection, it is firstly through the aberration of maid from her true nature—the treason of the princess regent—that this takes place.

Maid it is who has given 'a name to every thing and creature, each in the order that She had shaped them' (Creation I:II). Her act of naming imitates the divine Act of creation. Bearing in mind the magical power of names, it may be seen that maid supports and re-enacts the cosmic Act of creation. The 'play' of her imagination is literally a 're-creation.' Those who understand the metaphysical significance of words will realise that this is something far more than an accidental pun.

The sacred ritual drama, or 'play', is the origin of all theatre, and also of all poetry and other literature. When the play ceases to re-create, to reflect the cosmic process; when the play's *hera* ceases to be a type of the questing soul, or of the archetypal *Hera Herself*, and the drama turns to merely 'accidental' episodes and individuals, then the thread of true imagination is broken. A tree, or any earthly thing, is, as we have seen, an imperfect image of an imperfect image. It is the function of true imagination to return to the source, to create an image of the Real, to mediate between ultimate Reality and the shifting shadows of the world of matter. When literature, or any art, seeks merely to imitate physical things or events, it becomes not an image of the Real, but a copy of a copy of a copy. And this the ignorant call 'realism'!

In Madrian civilisations, attuned to the harmony of *ðamë*, not only art, but every kind of 'play' was a re-creation. What are now regarded as secular sports and performances were then rites performed by initiates on some particular path. Proficiency (cunning) was not merely a physical skill, but an inner wisdom, precisely that 'cunning' exercised by God in Her Act of creation and by maid in her naming of the creatures (Creation I:5, II); in other words, the divine Imagination and its microcosmic human reflection. It is this power which wrought the super-human feats of the bull-leapers of matriarchal Crete or the legendary Amazon 'Silver Guard'. The more sedentary games, such as chess, also had a profound ritual and symbolic meaning (see 'The Inner Meaning of Chess').* Likewise, agriculture, the crafts and all the important acts of life took on the

* See pp. 1017 ff.

character not only of merely utilitarian activities, but also of effective ritual drama.

One of the consequences of the original Fall of maid from God was the separation of human imagination from its divine Source. Since then, every further fall (for we have continued downwards) has increased that separation, darkening and perverting the human imagination as it drifts further from its true Light. The crucial step towards final chaos took place with the very distortion of the divine Image, in which God Himself became conceived as male. At the same time, the human self-image became perverted, and maid began to conceive of herself as 'man'. To those brought up with the 'symbolic illiteracy' inculcated by modern education—a total ignorance of symbols and their power—this change may seem insignificant enough; but to those who understand a little of the science of symbolism it will be no surprise that this perversion paved the way for a whole host of others—and indeed that this perversion is indirectly responsible for the very symbolic illiteracy which prevents people from seeing it. For once true images are perverted, it is no longer possible to distinguish the true from the false—the archetypal cosmic imagination from mere individual fancyings. Human imagination disports itself among the shadows of the physical world, no longer seeking the Light by which they are thrown. Lyric and epic are replaced by the novel. The princess regent sees herself merely as a clever animal called 'man', and the world as a lump of verdant rock created by some physical accident.

The ancients believed that if the timeless rites of re-creation were discontinued the world would lose all stability and finally be destroyed. Modern thought, seeing only the outward

part of things, dismisses this as nonsense. Yet already we see the fabric of society beginning to crack and crumble; the environment undermined by a technology which lacks all grasp of anything beyond the physical; a stream of nightmarish weapons of destruction—poured forth by a human imagination perverted from its divine Source and turned diabolical—which threaten at any moment to carry out the prophecy of the world's destruction.

There can be no solution on the physical plane to problems which have their roots in the spiritual. We can only correct the balance if we turn again to the true image of God and maid; and if we turn our imaginations from rooting in the earth like pigs—taking the perverted imaginings of advertisers and political image-makers for 'hard reality'—and raise our hands to heaven, that the light of true Reality may penetrate the whole of our being; that our lives may attune to the harmony of ðamë; our work, our play and our relationships all taking on the character of a sacred drama, moulding our lives to the pattern of the Divine dream that is the primordial and ultimate paradigm of all human life.¹²

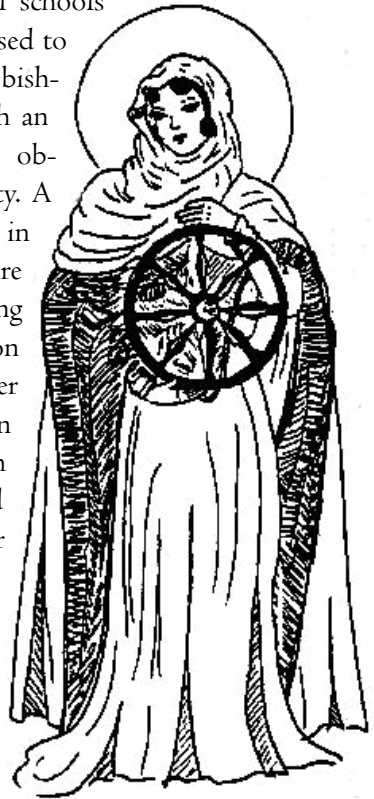
THE WHEEL OF WERDË

Sai Werdë is the Janya of personal fate; the spinner of the thread which connects our past, present and future lives, and weaves together the fate of our own life with that of all those with whom we come into contact in the course of it.

As spinner of the world-web, it is only natural that Sai Werdë should often be depicted bearing a wheel. She appears in this form under many names; as the Greek Ariadne, Celtic

Arianrhod, and even in Christian iconography as St. Catherine, who always carries the wheel of her martyrdom. The legend of St. Catherine seems to have its origin in the history of Hypatia, head of the Neoplatonic school at Alexandria in the 46th century of the Iron Age (the 5th of the Christian era). A renowned philosopher, mathematician, logician, astronomer and mystic, her great learning and eloquence, together with her beauty, modesty and spiritual virtue, attracted to her lectures a great number of disciples. The Christians, who were soon to destroy the ancient philosophical schools and libraries of Alexandria, were roused to hatred by Hypatia's success. Their bishop, Cyril, stirred up this hatred with an inflammatory sermon including an obscene and lying attack on her chastity. A mob of Nitrian monks and laity lay in wait for her at the door of her lecture room in the Mouseion, and finding her alone with one pupil, set upon her, stripped her naked, dragged her into the Kaisaereion (then a Christian church) where they scraped the flesh from her bones with oyster shells and fragments of pottery and burned her body piece by piece in the Kinaron.

The people of Alexandria held this atrocity against the Christians for a long time, but as the years passed, and the political power of the Christian church became unas-



sailable, they altered the story to their own advantage, turning Hypatia into a legendary Christian philosopher and martyr called Catherine. The wheel on which she was supposed to have been tortured had no part in the original story, but rapidly assumed a central place in her iconography. She became a fully-fledged image of Sai Werdë, although the meaning of the image was lost—this was, perhaps, not unconnected with the fact that the meaning of the name Catherine (‘pure’) is precisely the same as that of Ariadne.

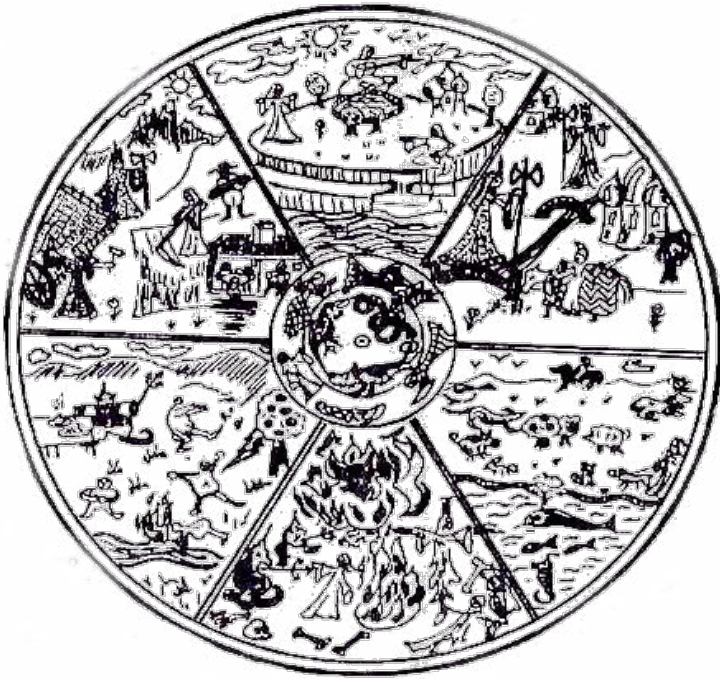
The image of Catherine was often confused in the popular mind with that of Fortuna, a decadent late-Roman image of Sai Werdë. The Wheel of Fortune is a frequent mediæval image—a great wheel turned by a beautiful maiden, upon which human figures rise from poverty to power and fall again. This image is preserved in older versions of the Tarot trump, ‘The Wheel’.

Closer to the original form are the world-wheels of Manichæan and Jaina art, held by richly ornamented maidens. Closer still is the ‘Wheel of Samsara’ of the Tibetan tradition, held by the ‘goddess’ Srimne. This last image goes back to the Madrian original of the Wheel of Werdë, and is still a Madrian form today.

Sai Werdë’s wheel is often depicted with eight spokes, but eight is really the number of Sai Ėamë, the mother of Sai Werdë. Strictly Sai Werdë’s wheel should have six spokes, which correspond to the six arms of a three dimensional cross, pointing to the north, south, east and west, to sky and to the earth. The upper arms points to higher states of being, the lower arm to lower states, while the four horizontal arms indicate the various possibilities of the present state (four being the number

of physical matter). In the traditional image of the wheel (see picture), the upper section depicts Heaven and the lower section Hell, while the four intermediate sections represent the middle states, human, superhuman, animals, and insatiate ghosts. These are the six states into which one's *werdë* (the fruits of one's actions in life) may lead one after death. The superhumans, like the 'gods' of classical myth, are endowed with great powers, but may not necessarily be morally great. The ghosts have great bellies but little mouths. They can never satisfy their own desires. They see tables of sumptuous food, but are driven away by demons; they stoop to drink, but the water turns to fire.

This does not mean that there are only six possible states which we may enter after death. Rather, it is a schematic division of moral states, and of states of life, which operates on many levels. Within our own world, for example, human life represents the true Active Life, in which all work and activity serves a sacred ritual purpose, where life and spiritual activity are one. It is, so to speak, the 'central' state for us. The superhumans are those whose energies carry them to positions of power and influence. They are the 'great maids' of history, and the countless lesser figures known only to a particular time and place. They may be a force for good, or they may be ruthless self-seekers. The heaven-world corresponds to those whose lives are dedicated to real good, whether eminent or quite unnoticed—and also to the superior states which they attain after death. The animal realm corresponds to the passive life which cares for nothing except satisfying the needs of the senses and avoiding pain or discomfort. The whole modern world, blind to the Spirit, pursues this life; its whole civilisation geared to



physical 'production', whether in the capitalist rat-race or the neatly ordered ant-hill of the social planners. A great many souls in the modern world will be reborn into the animal realm or its equivalents on other planes of being. The animals represent—even at their fiercest—the more docile aspect of the passive life. No animal stimulates artificial desires—as modern advertising does—nor greedily seeks for ever new sensations. There are no misers, gangsters or debauchers among the animals. These are the hungry ghosts, ever more wildly seeking for satisfaction in the world of matter which can only truly be found in God Himself. Finally, Hell corresponds to states of real evil and cruelty. There are those in this world who are

preparing themselves for Hell, and there are those in Hell (in a manner of speaking) already; for were there no lower states, there are horrors enough in this world.

But most certainly there are states both lower and higher than this world, and also, while very different from it, states on the same level. The wheel is not just a moral allegory, but a map. Not a map showing all the territories of the universe (for that would be impossible) but rather showing the basic directions in which those territories lie.

In the inner wheel, we see maids rise and fall upon the wheel of life, as on the mediæval Wheel of Fortune; while at the centre, we see the three symbolic beasts which represent the wheel's driving-force. The cock and the snake represent desire and aversion—the seeking of pleasure and the avoidance of pain which drives the soul on from birth to death. Underlying and supporting these two is the hog, representing ignorance—the spiritual blindness which keeps us enmeshed in the flux of *werdē* instead of transcending it and returning to union with She Who stands above all flux.

Contemplating the Wheel of *Werdē*, we come to a deeper understanding of life in the material spheres—and if our contemplation were perfect, our ignorance would be destroyed, and we would pass through the still point at the centre of the turning world to find ourselves in the glorious realm that lies beyond the veil of matter.¹³

THE ROAD TO THE FUTURE
CLOSING ADDRESS TO THE 'RE-EMERGENCE
OF THE GODDESS' CONFERENCE IN
KENSINGTON, ENGLAND (1979)

This conference has been very much like a kaleidoscope. In a kaleidoscope, many bright fragments of different sizes, shapes and colours come together to form a beautiful and harmonious whole. And this conference, too, has been a phantasmagoria of many different experiences, both artistic and intellectual, covering several different traditions, viewpoints, arts and crafts. But the things in the kaleidoscope would be nothing more than a meaningless jumble if it were not for the mirror (or more exactly, the arrangement of three mirrors) which impress symmetry, order and harmony upon what would otherwise be a mere meaningless chaos. At this conference, the unifying Principle has been the Goddess Herself; She Who is Three in One and One in Three, and Who wrought order out of chaos at the dawn of time.

And from the dawn of time, seven divine Principles have flowed from the heart of the Goddess, like seven streams, from the one fountain; on earth they are reflected in the seven colours of the rainbow, the seven sacred planets, the seven ancient metals, the seven notes of the musical scale and a hundred other sacred sevens. And one of those Principles is Order. In Madrian tradition we call her by the name of Sai Đamě. The seasons come and pass in their appointed rhythm; and for those who can see beyond the outward show, a sacred dance is being performed, a ritual drama enacted before our eyes. Each flower, each tree, each snowflake and each crystal develops in

perfect accordance with a divine pattern so intricate and so perfect that it is at once more beautiful than any work of art and more complex than the American space programme.

And it is this same law, this same pattern, this same ðamē to which, in any normal society, all the activities of maid are attuned (and maid, of course, embraces man). All of her arts, all her crafts, the way she builds her house, the way she tills the soil, the way she weaves her clothes: none of these things is done haphazardly or at random, any more than a crystal is formed at random. Neither is it done simply in the quickest, cheapest or most efficient way, as it is in an abnormal society like our own. It is done according to a ritual pattern laid down from time immemorial. Why is this so? I think those present who have some understanding of the principles of magic (I think they are a majority) will readily understand why. For they will know that a properly conducted ritual is not simply a game, but something that has a very definite effect. Imagine, then, the force of a ritual performed not just by a handful of people in a room or a forest for an hour or so, perhaps once in a month; but performed by an entire society for most of the waking life of all its members, over a period of thousands upon thousands of years. And remember that when we speak of a society here, we are not referring to a town or a village, or even to a country, but to the whole world, for the religion of the Goddess was the faith of every part of the globe up until a few thousand years ago.

And what was the purpose of this ritual? It was not, for the most part, to attain any material goal, but to bind every soul to She Who has created her; to God Herself. Beyond that its purpose was the same as the rhythm of the seasons, and every

natural pattern: to show forth the divine drama; to unite every creature in the dance of the love of the Goddess. For love and harmony and order are one. I would like to read you some words from the book of the Crystal Tablet [vv. 33–5]:

It is Love that holds the drop of dew pendent upon a blade of grass, neither flowing forth in watery profusion, but swelling within the unseen urn of its brief harmony. It is Love that holds the stars within their courses, and all the worlds of the immeasurable cosmos within the harmony of the celestial music. Truly, all the cycles of the times and the seasons; all the rhythms of the soul and of the mind and of the body: truly, all these flow from the love of our Lady, the Maid, that creation may not decompose, each several member flying away into black eternal chaos.

It has been said that the function of a conference is not so much to answer questions as to ask them. And one question before all others has implicitly been asked by the whole of this conference. Not only by the things that have been said and done, but by the very fact that it has taken place at all. That question, put in its simplest form, is: Where are we going? Where lies the road to the future?

For this conference is more than just an isolated event; it is a symptom. It is a symptom of a very real change that is taking place in the thinking and feeling of many of the most sensitive people in our time; a symptom of a subtle but very definite shift in the spiritual æthyr which surrounds and interpenetrates our physical world. A conference of adult maids and men meeting together in the fourth quarter of the twentieth century to discuss the Goddess. Of course, it happened last year in California, but then California is California. Anything can happen in California. But in Kensington? Ten years ago it

would have been impossible. Five years ago it would have been wildly improbable. Today it has happened. In its way it is a landmark, and it is definitely part of a pattern. I would like to relate a few incidents which make clear the nature of that pattern.

A little over three years ago, I was part of a group of traditional Madrians living partly near Oxford and partly around the Kentish Coast. The members of this group were thinking and talking about taking the unprecedented step of bringing their religion out into the open, and giving those who had not been brought up in traditional Madrian homes the opportunity of becoming a part of the religion of the Goddess. It is difficult to appreciate what a tremendous step this was if you have never experienced the life of the traditional Madrian community. The beliefs and customs of the faith have been passed down from mother to children for centuries in the strictest secrecy. The whole life of the community is governed by traditional ritual and custom. To do anything which breaks with tradition is something almost unheard of. Now please don't misunderstand me; I am not criticising this attitude in the smallest degree. I know only too well that the value and power of tradition is something infinitely deeper and more mysterious than the profane world can possibly understand. But we believed that this was not so much a break with tradition as a return to a deeper and more ancient tradition. After all, the religion of the Goddess has not always been secret by any means. For most of the history of the human race it has been not only open, but the universal religion of the whole world. Also, we believed that what we were doing was in accordance with a new pattern which was about to emerge in the course of human

history. That is why we called our magazine *The Coming Age*. In fact, subsequent events only too neatly served to confirm the pattern.

Traditional Madrians have very little contact with the mass-media, so I don't think any of us at that time were aware that a book by Elizabeth Gould Davis entitled *The First Sex* was sweeping through the women's liberation movement in America and creating radical changes in the thinking of many maids and men who had not previously thought of themselves as feminists. Or that the paperback edition was already beginning to make an impact in this country. This book marshals a vast array of evidence, archæological, anthropological and historical, to establish three facts beyond reasonable doubt: firstly that human civilisation, in the form of civilised and cultured communities, had been in existence for tens of thousands of years before the rise of the patriarchal cultures of the last four or five millennia; secondly, that these older civilisations were matriarchal—that maids were the heads of households and priestess-queens, rather than warrior kings, the heads of state; thirdly, that almost without exception, all these matriarchal civilisations, in China, in Europe, in the Middle East, in India, in the Americas, worshipped a supreme God, and that She was invariably depicted as female.

Of course, this was very far from being new. Apart from Madrian traditions, people had been saying this for over a century, from J. J. Bachofen to Robert Graves (in fact Elizabeth was a close friend of Robert Graves). And the information has always been there in the ancient writers, such as Herodotus, for those who cared to read it. She certainly added some more up-to-date evidence to clinch the case—such as the findings of

the Çatal Hüyük excavation of the early sixties. But the real importance of the book was its impact. For years the facts about matriarchy had been told, but nobody had listened. Now it seemed that they were emerging from the category of forgotten facts, known by the few and ignored by the many. Matriarchy was an idea whose time was coming. In the next few years, of course, we witnessed a tremendous upsurge of interest in matriarchy and the religion of the Goddess. A number of books were published and organisations founded within a short time of each other, all of which were the result of long thought and preparation. To a large extent, this conference is a result of those years of activity. The fascinating thing is that for several years a number of different people, with no contact between them, were all working and thinking along the same lines at the same time. It is beyond the bounds of coincidence. Something important was happening. After centuries of suppression, the world's first religion was preparing to break in again upon the consciousness of the world. I am not saying that everyone involved in this large and rather amorphous movement was aware of what was going on. Probably not. But the movement was far greater than the sum total of individuals who made it up. We are living in one of those rare moments in history when Eternity touches time, and where the seeds of deep and mysterious changes take root in the soil of human destiny.

The essence of these changes was neatly summed up by the writer and journalist Stewart Farrar:

...the readmission of the Goddess to Her proper place in the minds of men and women is probably the most significant religious development of modern times. I will risk a prophecy, because I profoundly believe that it will prove to be true: that over the coming centuries (or

even decades), it will be at Her shrines, increasingly and predominantly, that the mass of humanity will worship.*

If this is true, why is it true? I think the answer takes us back to the question of *ḏamē*, order or harmony. I don't think anyone can be unaware today that man (and I use the word advisedly) is flouting the laws of nature to a degree which puts the entire future of the human race in doubt. Natural resources are wantonly wasted; the environment is polluted; nightmarish weapons are created. On a more subtle but no less important level, the spiritual environment is being equally polluted. Polluted by making the majority of people do work which has no spiritual meaning, unlike the traditional crafts. By undermining the faith in spiritual and supernatural realities by a shallow and vulgar materialistic pseudo-philosophy inculcated compulsorily by the education system and semi-compulsorily by the mass-media.

A friend of mine is an avid reader of children's comics. One of the current stories, set a few decades in the future, depicts a time when there are no more trees or grass, when the parks are stocked with plastic replicas of plants. Where the entire landscape is nothing more than an endless concrete ant-heap broken by a few pseudo-parks. The vision is a horrifying one; but one has only to pause for a moment to see it is no more horrifying, and probably rather less so, than our own cities—and, indeed, our industrialised agriculture—would seem to a visitor from a natural society. In that world the people revolt; and in this world too the first signs of revolt are manifesting themselves. On the physical level through ecological,

* Stewart Farrar, *Sut Anubis* vol. I, no. I, p. 6

self-sufficiency and similar movements. On the spiritual level by a widespread movement toward exploring spiritual realities.

I do not think the return to the Goddess is a part of this movement, I think it is the very heart of it. Everything that is wrong with this world springs from a rupture in the divine order, in the natural *ḍamē* of human life. And that rupture is not new; it started a very long time ago. It started when the first warrior king usurped the throne of the first priestess-queen, and when the worship of the female God of love and harmony was overthrown by the idolatry of the male god of wrath and war. The real disease of the modern world is not physical but spiritual, as Theodore Roszak has put it:

What, after all, is the ecological crisis which now captures so much belated attention but the inevitable extroversion of a blighted psyche? Like inside, like outside. In the eleventh hour, the very physical environment suddenly looms up before us as the outward mirror of our inner condition, for many the first discernible symptom of advanced disease within.*

If we want to cure the disease, we cannot simply concentrate upon the external symptoms, we must get down to the spiritual roots. The fundamental problem is disorder. Matriarchy used to be called *chrysothemis*: 'the golden order', because the Goddess, as we have seen, is the very principle of order, and the order of society which She has ordained is necessarily the perfect order. When we look at the world without the Goddess we see chaos. Because to look at the world without the Goddess is like looking through a kaleidoscope without the mirrors. We see a jumble of physical facts which have neither

* Theodore Roszak, *Where the Wasteland Ends*, Garden City, New York, 1973, p. xvii.

beauty nor transcendent meaning. This is the materialist view of the world, and it cannot do anything except produce a world which lacks beauty and meaning. It has to produce ugly cities and despoil nature because it cannot understand beauty. It has to create spiritually useless work, because it does not know the spiritual meaning of the world. All it can see is a chaotic jumble of physical 'things', and all it can ask is 'how can we get as much out of them as possible'. Even the animals are treated as 'things'. We all know about the way hens and calves are treated on factory farms. I won't go into the sort of torture they practice in vivisection laboratories, because we have just eaten.

This sort of thing is inevitable, and it will get worse, so long as society continues to turn its back on the Goddess. Everything that is good, everything that is humane, everything that is beautiful in the modern world is what we call a legacy; a fund of spiritual capital left over from the time when the whole world worshipped the Goddess. And that capital is running out rapidly. There is only one possible solution, and that is to turn back to the Source, the single Fountainhead of grace, Who is the Goddess. If we do not do that, then all the ecological, political and other measures taken to ease the situation will be like so much straw stuffed into the cracks in a bursting dam.

Every action and every thought is a ritual. And when we see matter without Spirit, the world without the Goddess, the fragments without their unifying Principle; and when we act out this vision as if it were true, which is what the whole of modern society is all about; then things really start becoming disconnected fragments; the world starts to fall apart, both the outer world of the environment, and the inner world of our own souls. The ancient arts and crafts and all the ancient wis-

dom was a sort of white magic devoted to unifying the world with God and with itself. Modern industry and all the false teachings of modern materialism are a sort of black magic, which has the effect of breaking up and fragmenting the world.

I have said that the spiritual capital which we have borrowed from our matriarchal past is rapidly running out. One very good example of this concerns Tibet. Tibet was perhaps the last country of any size upon this earth whose whole way of life was based around spiritual principles. This was largely due to the fact that although on the surface she had been patriarchalised, she retained to a very large extent her matriarchal heritage. The Goddess, under the name of Tara, was the most powerful religious influence in the country. To quote from Dr. Beyar's *The Cult of Tara*:

Tara is the principle superhuman being in Tibet who might be called divine without further qualification. She is prayed to by millions. Her help in adversity is divine.

...It does not help much to search for 'causes' to explain this trust in Tara and her eternity... She was real, she was divine. Tara was, had always been, and still is the almighty support of her devotees who address her. In fact she is mightier than Buddhas and Bodhisattvas... To understand something of her cult is to understand something of the mainstay of Tibetan culture.*

In the country regions of Tibet, a more or less matriarchal structure existed right up until the turn of the century. Savage Landor, who travelled there, reported that:

* S. Beyar, *The Cult of Tara*, University of California Press, introduction.

The Tibetan woman is far superior to the man, never shy; while the men ran away or hid from foreigners, the women always received them with dignity, speaking fluently.

In that country, the women are the mistress of the house, the men live in dependency upon them, show them great respect, and treat them with such affection and submissiveness that nothing is undertaken without their consent.[†]

As well as a general level of spiritual advancement unparalleled by any other nation in this century, Tibet was also renowned for her respect for nature and compassion toward the animal realm. Of course, the ancient priestess-queens had not reigned for many years and a male-dominated Buddhism was the official religion. Very slowly, a decadence was setting in deeper and deeper. But still the ritual power of that country and its way of life was a profound force for good in the world; helping to hold at bay the forces of the final disintegration. Now that country has been ravaged and its traditions demolished by the military force of a China enflamed by Western materialist ideology.

We should not be surprised at this, for all traditional teaching, in contradiction to the modern creed of 'progress', teaches that each succeeding age within the historical cycle will be darker than the one before it. At the beginning of the last and darkest age, *Kali Yuga*, or the Age of Iron, which began some 5,000 years ago, first matriarchy was slowly undermined, and the religion of the Goddess corrupted by alien cults and practices, then the ancient faith was supplanted by new invented cults. Each of these new religions contained something of the ancient truth, but slowly, as the age progressed, that truth be-

[†] Quoted in Helen Diner, *Mothers and Amazons*, Anchor Brooks, New York, 1973, p. 133.

came more and more diluted and corrupted. New cults sprang up as old ones decayed, each containing less of the truth to begin with and succumbing more quickly to corruption. Now we stand at the end of the age, when ignorance, or blindness to spiritual Reality reaches its point of greatest extension, and when Truth is at its lowest ebb. Yet when the dark age ends, it must be followed by a new Golden Age—a renewal of the *chrysothemis*, the Golden Order; and the seeds of this new order must already be present in the final stages of the dark age.

Whenever I am asked what is the difference between a world ordered in harmony and one which has broken away from it—I mean the really practical difference, I always have to go back to the traditional Madrian communities for an illustration. Of course, these communities cannot be anything like the Golden Order, for this is the Iron Age, but they certainly do give a picture of the difference between a people who see the kaleidoscope with the mirror and a people who see it without. And in many ways the difference is even greater than one might have thought. Many people in the modern world find Madrian ideas and doctrines very difficult to understand until they have become used to them. For their part, the members of traditional Madrian communities find the modern world almost impossible to understand. And when they do get to the bottom of a modern way of looking at something, the answer is often more puzzling than the question. Having explained a modern notion, the answer often comes in the form: ‘I see... really... well, I wonder whatever possesses them to think that.’ The difference is, of course, that the modern world sees things—anything, from grass to carpentry, from seals to stars, from myths

to maths, in terms of physical facts, while the traditional view sees them in terms of the spiritual cause which underlies them.

We may use an image to understand this. Imagine a big, old-fashioned cartwheel. The hub represents Spirit, from which all the manifest universe pours forth. The spokes shine forth from the hub like rays from the sun. The spokes may be taken to represent either all the different souls, or all the different things in the world. The rim of the cartwheel is the physical plane where your particular spoke touches the rim that is your body, where your particular spoke touches the hub, that is your Spirit or the Spirit. We can say either, because it is the point where 'you' stop being an individual separate ego, and become one with the essence of all things, it is the state of oneness achieved by the *belati*, or saints: subjectively, it can be called enlightenment; objectively, it can be called the Absolute. Both are true, because it is both subjective and objective simultaneously. It is at once the top of your individual spoke, and the centre of the wheel. It is described by Yeats:

There all the barrel-hoops are knit,
There all the serpent-tails are bit,
There all the figures converge in one,
There all the planets drop in the sun.*

Most of us, of course, is neither body nor spirit, but soul. And we exist at once, at least potentially, on countless intermediate levels of being between matter and spirit. You will notice by the way, that the hub is often compared to the sun. That is because the sun symbolises the Mother, Who is pure Spirit; while the moon symbolises the Daughter, who is perfect Soul,

* W. B. Yeats, 'A Full Moon in March', in *Supernatural Songs*, No. IV.

and who has broken away from the hub in order to lead us back to it. As the original doctrine became corrupted, this was misunderstood, and the Goddess was thought of as being either the moon only (as in the Græco-Roman west), or the Sun only (as in Japan).

To return to our wheel. If the spokes are considered as 'things' rather than souls, the point at which the spoke touches the hub is the point at which a 'thing' is emanated from the Goddess as a divine Idea. The point at which the spoke touches the rim is the point at which the Idea crystallises in physical matter to form a physical object. The real essence or inner nature of the soul does not lie in the physical object, any more than the real essence or inner nature of the soul lies in the physical body. And like the soul, the 'thing' is manifested at countless different levels between matter and Spirit. That is why traditional peoples say that the symbolic nature of a thing is more real than its physical nature. The symbolic nature is manifested at every level, right the way up to the hub, while the physical object exists only at the rim. The rose, as a physical flower, exists only in the physical world, but the complex and uniquely beautiful expression of love, and of union with God the Mother, which is the inner essence of rose-ness exists at every level of being. It exists at levels where the experiences of redness, softness, sharpness and perfume have no meaning, but each of these qualities will have its precise equivalent, and those equivalents will be gathered together to represent at that level the unique and universal archetype of the rose.

Now the historical decline, from the beginning of the Golden Age to the end of the Iron Age, may be seen as a centrifugal movement from the hub of the wheel out towards the

rim. Of course, we can never quite reach the rim, for if we did, we would not see things and people at all, we would see nothing but sheer undifferentiated matter. In a sense, modern science is pushing toward this final goal when it seeks to explain everything in terms of pure quantity, ignoring all their qualitative aspects, and to reduce everything to numbers. So is modern industry when it treats all people as mere numerical units, interchangeable button-pushers. In fact everything that is specifically modern is a sort of black alchemy, seeking to transmute all the remaining gold which we have inherited from our matriarchal past into iron, so that we may reach the iron hoop at the rim of the wheel. But we can never quite reach it. Or rather, we can only touch it for one brief instant of total and absolute chaos, the momentary hiatus in which the wheel stops turning, before it reverses direction, and the Golden Age is restored.

Chaos is the precise word to describe this moment, for the hub, being perfect unity, is also perfect harmony, while the rim, being the point where the spokes reach their greatest separation, is absolute discord. Similarly, the axle-point at the centre of the wheel remains still. This is absolute Deity, beyond all manifestation, the Dark Mother. The hub revolves slowly, throwing out her rays into manifestation. The spokes move more and more rapidly as they approach the rim, corresponding to the acceleration of the historical cycle as it reaches its end-point, the ever more rapid rise and fall of empires, ideas and religions, and finally the frenetic 'pace of life' of the modern world, its passion for speed and change above all things. And the acceleration itself accelerates, for as the speed increases, the centrifugal pull becomes stronger.

Now, the whole difference between the traditional and the modern way of thinking is that the traditional order or *ðamē* looks to the Centre, the spiritual essence, for the meaning of all things, while the modern mentality has been conditioned to look toward the rim—the outer material accidents of things, the ‘facts’, as they call them. This affects everything that each of them says, does and thinks. I say the modern mind has been conditioned, because it is not natural to look toward matter for explanation of things. When a child asks why there is a moon, she is not really satisfied with an explanation of what the moon is in terms of physical matter. But if she goes on asking why, she will be met with something like, ‘It just is, that’s all. There isn’t any why.’ Now to answer the child’s question about the moon by saying that it is a piece of rock floating in space, is a bit like answering the question ‘Why do you look so sad?’ by going into a long rigmarole about the chemicals and electrical impulses in your brain. In a sense it is true, but it only describes the mechanics of the thing, and doesn’t really answer the question. The essential moon, like the essential rose, is something far beyond its physical manifestation on this plane. And it is this essential moon that the child is instinctively after. Hammering this instinct out of her, killing her natural intuition of the spiritual nature of things: this is what is known as education.

Now when we move from the modern world, whose whole life is directed toward the rim, into a traditional Madrian community, it is like stepping into another world or into another time-period. The whole of life takes on the character of a dance. There is a space and elegance about every activity which, in a way, is the exact opposite of what we call ‘natural behaviour’.

For the aim of life is not to express the outward, egoic self but to express the true Self, which is the spiritual Centre of every maid. Every individual is unique, that is why there are different arts, different crafts, different vocations; but the uniqueness of the individual is expressed through the pattern of the dance. It is not a question of everyone being very 'spiritual' all the time—it is just a different way of looking at life.

In many ways, the expression of emotion is freer. The members of the communities are quicker to laughter and to tears; they are able to throw themselves heart and soul into a festival in a way that few modern people can manage. The reason for this is that people are less self-conscious. In the modern world, people are afraid of taking anything too seriously. In Madrian communities, people are aware of being surrounded by eternal Realities. The symbol really is the thing it symbolises, on its own level. We do not say 'the cartwheel is a symbol of the cosmos', we speak of 'the cosmos in the likeness of a cartwheel'; and the sacred craft of the wheelwright is, in a sense, more real than the untraditional mind can comprehend, a re-creation of the world—or, more exactly, a participation in the continuous creation of the world.

These are deep and complex doctrines, and there is not time to go into them here; in any case, they cannot really be understood without being experienced. But they do give a key to the life of Madrian communities today, and the seeds of the new order which is emerging from the present chaos. The head of the household is obeyed because she is, on her own level, the surrogate of the Goddess. The household revolves about her as the planets revolve about the sun, or the Janyati revolve about the Goddess. All levels of reality are brought together. In this

age, of course, even the best community can be only a shadow of what things were and will be in the Golden Age.

Materialism is not merely an attitude of mind; it corresponds to a very real 'hardening' or consolidation of the material environment that has been taking place over the last centuries of the Iron Age. The world has become in many ways a less 'magical' place. The ancient writers are often thought of as naïve and credulous for believing strange and wonderful tales, and even reporting such events. It is not considered that the very conditions of the terrestrial environment may have undergone changes, and that what is impossible today may not have been so many centuries ago. And since we are speaking only of the degeneration that has taken place within the latter half of the Iron Age, it will be seen that the possibilities open in the Golden Age will be immeasurably greater.

There are two possibilities before each of us. Either we lend our weight to the downward spiral, or else we help to sow the seeds of the future. If we choose the latter, the road will not be easy. We must re-think everything that we have been taught by the profane world; we must learn from the primordial tradition a Reality which lies far deeper than the 'facts' of the profane world. We must not condition our children to see the pieces without the kaleidoscope. If spiritual truth is true then it affects everything. If one teaches atheist physics, history and geography, there is no point in adding a little 'religious' education. Our whole view of the world must be restructured in the light of the Spirit, looking toward the hub and not the rim.

It will not be easy, and we cannot do it by ourselves. But if we turn to the Goddess in love, she will show us the way; for 'it

is love that holds the stars within their courses'.* All the physical, moral, intellectual and organisational efforts that we make toward the future; not one of them can be separated from the devotional love of the Goddess. Without that love, they will all be as nothing. With it the 'impossible' will become a reality.

This conference is drawing to a close. Soon we will be going out into the world; and much of what has been said today may begin to seem 'unreal'. The things we hold dear, the world does not understand, and our minds are in danger of being swamped by the sheer dead weight of its dreary, materialist 'common sense'. Let us remember, then, that the things we have been speaking of are very much hard realities. They have dominated the world for countless thousands of years, compared to which the reign of the modern materialist mentality is no more than a fleeting moment.

And it is fleeting. Already it is passing from us. Already the technological society is beginning to crumble under its own weight, like a weed that has outgrown its strength. All that dull, smug world out there; where will it be in a hundred years from now? Do not forget either that the signs of the times are manifesting themselves not only in a negative sense, but in a positive one as well. This conference has been one symptom of the gradual but definite process by which the consciousness of the Goddess is returning to the surface. Things will continue to move slowly for a little time yet. But it has been said, and there can be no question that it has been said truly: there is nothing in the world so powerful as an idea whose time has come.¹⁴

* Tablet 34.

FOOLS' PERSPECTIVE OR, THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

'The earth and heaven the fool beholds, and all the things therein, are not the same as those the wise maid sees.' Teachings [Fragments 6]

'The world, rather than being a random arrangement of atoms, is in reality a symbol-system crystallised in matter.' This statement is the key to any understanding of the world which can be called, in the true sense of the word, scientific. It is sometimes said that the material world is an illusion. In a certain sense that is true, for material 'things' are no more than the shadows of spiritual Realities thrown upon the veil of matter. Whether the shadow in question is a blade of grass, a civilisation or a universe, it is born, comes to maturity and dies within a relatively short space of time (seen from the standpoint of eternity). The Reality does not change, nor does it die, and it is to this transcendent spiritual Reality that we must look if we wish to know anything about the real nature of any physical thing, as opposed to its outward and transient physical appearance.

Every authentic science proceeds in this way. First understanding the transcendent Principles which lie behind all physical manifestation, and then studying particular physical phenomena in the light of those Principles. In this way, what one achieves is not a vast accumulation of 'facts' tied together by 'theories' which change with the tide of fashion (for any set of facts can be explained equally well by numerous different theories), but a meaningful picture of the world based upon an understanding of the spiritual Principles which constitute the

* A note to the original cites 'Pallas Academy curriculum, lesson four'. No extant copies of the curriculum texts of the Pallas Academy are known.

actual meaning of the physical universe. This is the only thing which can legitimately claim the title of science. In all ages up to the present, science has meant precisely that.

'Science' means literally wisdom. The reverse of wisdom is folly. The scientific perspective looks at the world from the highest point, from the transcendent Principle, and in the light of that understands everything else. The fool's perspective is the opposite of that. It takes all the scattered 'facts' of the material world, amasses them together and tries to concoct some sort of pseudo-principle out of the result. This exercise is doomed to failure from the start, because one can never derive the greater from the less. One set of facts can be explained by numerous theories, so facts can never by themselves lead us to Truth. They may be useful for manipulating things in the material world, for increasing worldly wealth and comfort, but they cannot discover the meaning of the world. They can provide the basis of a technology, but not of an authentic science. That is why the modern world is so full of conflicting 'philosophies'. Facts alone can never settle the issue.

Without a genuinely scientific world-picture, the world appears to be a mere jumble of accidental physical phenomena with no inner meaning. The desolate emptiness of this meaningless vision is disastrous to the health of the soul. We live in a world racked with anxiety and neurosis; in which one in six maids and one in nine men, according to statistics, are treated for clinical psychiatric derangements; in which young (and not so young) people turn to drugs and indiscriminate sex in their desperate search for meaning.

Most of us have encountered a particular type of puzzle which consists of a familiar object pictured from an unfamil-

iar angle—for example, a water tap seen from below. Often one has to give up, quite perplexed as to what this meaningless shape may represent. Now it is just this sense of meaninglessness and perplexity which the modern mentality feels in relation to the world as a whole—and for exactly the same reason. The view of the world propagated through popular ‘science’ and ‘education’ and the media in general is not exactly false (except in the case of certain highly tendentious theories such as evolutionism, which are presented as ‘established facts’); on the contrary, it is quite factual as far as it goes, but the facts present a very small proportion of the whole, torn out of context and made to stand by themselves. The result is a lack of understanding.

When we look merely at the physical aspect of things without their transcendent context, we can never make any real sense of the world. In order to see the tap, we must stand back from it. The same is true of physical nature. If we stand far too close to it, believing it to be ‘all there is’, believing our own minds to be no more than a by-product of it, how can we hope to understand it? It is like twisting our necks underneath the tap to look at it from below, rather than seeing it from the natural vantage point of our human intelligence.

For Fools’ Perspective is an unnatural position; a willfully cramped and contorted approach to life. No society before the Dark Age has ever taken it up, and even now it takes several years of compulsory ‘education’ backed up by continual booster shots from the mass-media to brainwash the average person into seeing physical ‘facts’ as things-in-themselves cut off from transcendent Reality and symbolic meaning (this is the real inner meaning of the universal establishment of compulsory

mass 'education' in the Dark Age). The natural human vision sees meaning in all things from the stars to a blade of grass. This has been true of the sage and the peasant alike in all ages until now.

Sometimes Fools' Perspective masquerades as a new knowledge which transcends the ancient wisdom and renders it obsolete: 'We now know about atoms', etc. But 'knowing about atoms' and all the other 'facts' which make up the physical world, if one lacks an accurate overall picture, is just like examining the individual bumps and hollows on a canvas without being able to see the picture. All the bumps and hollows in the world will not make up a recognisable picture unless we can step back and see it in true perspective. If we think we are wiser, looking at one corner of the canvas through a magnifying glass, than those who saw the picture as a whole, we only prove that we are fools.

No modern theory, true or false, can ever 'disprove' the ancient wisdom, because it is a matter of perspective. All the talk of 'disproving pre-scientific ideas' is like saying 'all that ancient stuff about a picture was nonsense—we now know that the universe is made up of bumps and hollows'. Both perspectives are 'true' on their own level; but one is wise and the other is foolish. One is oriented solely toward transient material gain at the expense of meaning. The other is concerned with the true aim of maid in her earthly incarnation, in the light of her eternal destiny.

In modern Madrian education, children are taught the 'facts' of Fools' Perspective as well as traditional science and the relation between them is explained, so that they cannot later be tricked by the 'revelation' of these facts and the claim that

they represent a ‘superior knowledge’. For example, the blue sky is traditionally a type of the heaven of the angels. Ancient sages knew perfectly well that Heaven is not really a physical place, but to say this too openly might destroy the faith and world-picture of simple people and would be a needless cruelty. Anyone ready to learn deeper truths would be taught. The great modern scientists and historians believe themselves to have ‘disproved’ the ancient world-view only because they are incapable of understanding it on any level above that of the goatherd. But the blue sky is not an accident. It is an adequate and providential symbol of heaven. The ancient goatherd, on her own level, had a perfect picture of the real world.* The modern person, whether she be an ‘intellectual’ or an ‘ordinary maid’ has nothing but the barren void of Fools’ Perspective. Modern materialism has given her hot and cold running water; but in return it has replaced her vision of Reality—her rightful human heritage—with the underside of a tap.¹⁵

THE THREE CASKETS†

Once upon a time, long, long and long ago, when the world was young, the maiden Cliona lived with her stepmother and stepsister in the heart of the forest. Now Cliona was as lovely a sweet-tempered child as one could ever hope to meet, and it was small wonder that all the neighbors loved her dearly. Yet her stepmother loved her not at all, but favoured her own

* In the original, an inset quote without attributed source reads: ‘She alone is wise who sees the transcendent Reality through earthly appearances.’

† The authorship of this version of the tale is unknown. It has been placed here on account of Sr Angelina’s authorship of the following commentary.

daughter, who was as ugly as her own self. She praised her when she behaved ill and encouraged her when she was selfish until the child grew as greedy and bad-mannered as Cliona was the opposite. And as year followed year, the difference between the sisters grew more evident.

At last the stepmother could bear no longer to hear the neighbors sing the praises of Cliona while for her own child they had nothing but abuse and criticism. So she called the two maidens together and set them to spinning on the edge of the well in the courtyard. 'Woe to her whose thread breaks first,' was her warning, 'for I shall cast her into the depths.' But you may be certain that it was to her own daughter she gave the fine strong flax and to Cliona the coarse stuff which the meanest of the village spinners had rejected. So it was that Cliona's thread snapped the soonest, for all that she was the more skilful, and her stepmother came up behind her and threw her into the well. 'There's an end of you, wench,' she called after her. But she was wrong, for it was only the beginning.

Cliona tumbled, head over heels, down and down it seemed for ever—but at last her feet touched solid earth and she stood beneath a clear blue sky. It was a strange land and a bright and beautiful country wherein she found herself. She walked a little way, until she came upon an old hedge which looked so frail that it would scarcely support a wren, and the hedge cried out: 'Maiden, strange maiden, step lightly over me, for I am old, so old that I have not much longer to live.'

'That will I do with a heart and a half,' answered Cliona, and skipped over the hedge so lightly that not a twig trembled. 'My blessings go with you, gentle maiden,' said the hedge

gratefully, and on Cliona walked, down a path between tall and graceful trees.

Ahead of her at last she saw an oven standing over an open fire, and as she came closer, the oven cried: 'Maiden, strange maiden, take out my loaves. They have been baking for seven long years and will be burnt except you make haste.'

'That I will with a heart and a half,' answered Cliona and took out the loaves, laying them gently on the grass side by side, though her heart was like to break with hunger from the smell of them.

'Take a loaf and welcome, gentle maiden,' said the oven, 'and my blessing go with you.' So Cliona chose the smallest loaf and went her way.

A long and weary way it was, and the sun past her height before she came to a meadow where a cow grazed with a pail hung on her horns. 'Maiden, strange maiden,' said the cow, 'please milk me, for I have not been milked these seven long years.'

'That I will with a heart and a half,' answered Cliona, and milked until the pail was quite full.

'Drink what you will, throw the rest over my hooves, and hang the pail upon my horn again,' said the cow, and this Cliona did, thanking the cow for her kindness with a kiss. 'My blessing go with you, gentle maiden,' called the cow as Cliona walked on across the meadow.

Soon it was then that Cliona came to a cottage where an old crone sat in the sunlight. 'Greetings mother,' called the maiden politely, and the crone looked at her through bleary eyes.

‘Well, it’s manners you have indeed, but I wonder will you be good enough to comb out my hair before you go on.’

‘That I will with a heart and a half,’ answered Cliona, and gently combed the thin white hair until the sunlight spangled it.

‘You have done well, gentle maiden,’ said the crone. ‘If you are seeking a position, you will find one at the farm over the hill, and my blessing go with you.’ Cliona was sweet in her thanks and over the hill was engaged at once to milk the cows and sift the corn. She ate well and slept well in the softest of beds and wondered at her good fortune.

At first light she was up to milk the cows. She gave them sweet hay for their eating and fresh straw for their standing, and was so gentle and sang so calming a song that the cows were quiet and willing at the milking, and the pails soon filled. All at once a crowd of cats surrounded Cliona. ‘It is milk you are wanting,’ she said, and found saucers for all of them. At noon, when Cliona was sifting the corn through a sieve, there was a sudden rustle of wings and a flock of sparrows descended around her. ‘It is corn you are wanting,’ she said, and scattered them a fine handful over the ground.

All in all, Cliona worked with a will and every creature was her friend. The cows, well-tended, gave milk to overflowing, as sweet as a summer’s day and the flour from the corn she sifted was fine and white as virgin snow. The mistress of the farm was well pleased with her servant and wanted to make a trial of her skill. So one day she gave Cliona a sieve and bade her use it to bring water from the stream. Cliona tried and tried again, but she could not make water stay in the sieve. Then she heard a whirr of wings and piping sparrow voices singing: ‘Ashes, ashes!’



Cliona understood and ran back to the kitchen to fill her sieve with ashes, and then it held the water perfectly.

‘This is wise work beyond my expectation,’ said her mistress. ‘Perhaps it is that you had help.’ But Cliona said not a word and continued with her work as before.

After a full moon’s passing, Cliona’s mistress gave her a black thread and a white thread. ‘Wash these in the stream until the black is white and the white black,’ Cliona was told. She went again to the stream, but had no more success than before. She was all for giving up in despair when again she heard the sparrow voices: ‘Black to the east, white to the west,’ they repeated, and Cliona, understanding, drew the black thread

against the current to the east and the white with the current to the west, and the colors changed at once.

Her mistress could scarce believe her eyes and said: 'It is well and wisely done, but I wonder whence the wisdom came.' But again Cliona said nothing.

The moon waxed and waned before Cliona was set a final task by her mistress, who gave her the threads she had washed and told her to weave them into cloth by sunset. Simple enough it seemed, but the threads twisted and tangled, and all Cliona's skill was of no avail. 'This I shall never do,' sighed Cliona and wept aloud. But the cats came and pushed themselves against her lovingly.

'Let us do it, little mistress,' they cried, and taking her place at the loom they wove so fast and so skilfully that the cloth was woven in an instant and was fit for a princess's robe, so soft and smooth it felt.

'This passes my understanding,' declared Mother Holle in wonderment. 'What help have you had that you could do this?' But Cliona would not answer her.

When a year and a day had passed, it was time for Cliona to leave the farm. It was with tears in her eyes that her mistress bade her farewell. 'You must choose one of the three caskets in the upper room as payment for your work,' she said, 'but do not open it until you reach the place in which you want it to stay.' Cliona went to the upper room and saw the caskets, gold, silver and lead. She picked them up in turn, but was at a loss which to choose when the cats filed in through the open door.

'Leave the gold and leave the silver. Choose the lead,' they mewed insistently, and so it was the lead casket that Cliona tucked under her arm.

Cliona made farewell to her mistress, the cats, the cows and the sparrows; and all were heavy with sorrow at the parting. She trod the path that had brought her to the farm, and the old crone gave her greetings and a cake for her journey, the cow gave her milk and the oven a fresh, crusty loaf. So with a full heart and a merry she stepped lightly over the hedge, and in an instant—though how it happened was a thing she never could tell—there she was sitting on the edge of the well in the courtyard of her stepmother's house.

You may be sure that her stepmother and stepsister were not over-pleased to see her still alive. Indeed, so far from it were they that they drove her out with brooms to live in the henhouse. There Cliona swept the floor and dusted away the cobwebs until everywhere was bright and clean; then it was that she opened the casket and all in a moment there was a glow and shine about the place that brought everyone running, for the casket was full to the brim with jewels and treasures, some big, some small, and all as radiant as the stars of heaven. So enraged with envy was the stepmother that she pushed her own daughter down the well, instructing her with threats to bring back a prize as great if not greater.

All was as before, save that the maiden was not the same. For she did not heed the hedge's appeal, but pushed through, breaking branches and tearing roots; she took the largest loaves from the oven and left the rest to burn; after drinking her fill of milk she spilt the rest on the ground and kicked the pail across the meadow; and to the old crone she was as rude as her tongue could fashion, which was not a little. Thus, then, although she found the farm herself and was engaged like her sister to milk

the cows and sift the corn, it was curses and not blessings went with her.

Never was work more badly done, when it was done at all, nor time more wastefully spent; and all the creatures suffered from the stepsister's ill-treatment. The mistress was hard put to keep her temper with the sullen and lazy child, and at last decided that it was time to make a trial of her skill in other work. 'You cannot tend cows, nor sift grain from chaff,' she told her servant, 'but take this sieve and fill it from the stream and bring it back to me.' Without the sparrows' advice—and they had long flown away—she found the task beyond her and was angry that she had been asked to do it. Nor was her mistress any more pleased, but she let her be. A month passed, and she made trial of her servant again with the black and white threads, but with no more success than before; nor could she weave the cloth, but at sunset was found sleeping amid a dirty tangle of wool. 'It is as I expected,' her mistress said. 'There is nothing in the wide world you can do.' And she let her go her own way and never troubled her again.

After a year and a day, the mistress of the farm told her servant to begone and that quickly, and that she could choose one of the caskets in payment for the little work she had done. It was for nothing else that the maiden had been waiting, and she lost no time in choosing the golden casket, which was so splendid without that it must surely be filled to the brim with glorious treasures that would put to shame her sister's splendor. But before her was a hard and bitter journey, for she received neither greetings nor cake from the crone; the cow kicked up her heels and fled at her approach, and the loaves in the oven were all burnt black. It was tired and hungry and thirsty she

was when she reached the hedge, and the brambles tore at her as she stumbled through.

For all that, her mother had eyes for nothing but the casket when she reached home, and she admired it and praised her daughter's cleverness until the journey was quite forgotten. They settled the splendid box in the middle of the finest room in the house and opened it triumphantly. But the glow which suddenly shone in the room was not jewel-light, but living flame which licked about the walls, until all was lost and consumed, mother, daughter and all. So that was an end of them indeed, and nobody missed them at all. But Cliona lived happily in her beautiful henhouse for the rest of her long life.

Cliona and the Three Caskets
a Metaphysical Commentary

Readers occasionally ask why it is that we regularly publish fairy tales in *The Coming Age*. Whilst we feel no need to justify the inclusion of material which does not conform to modern notions of what is 'adult', there is another important point at issue here. It is no less than a question concerning the entire nature of traditional as opposed to modern literature. All modern literature attempts to depict some material occurrence, whether physical, emotional or mental. It prides itself on its 'realism'. All traditional literature seeks to depict transcendent Realities in one form or another. Behind the deceptively simple appearance of traditional myths and folktales lies a wealth of spiritual science. The modern patriarchal world has banished these 'fairy tales' to the nursery, not because they are too simple, but on the contrary, because they are so far above the level of modern materialism that it cannot begin to understand them.

In order to illustrate this point, we offer the following commentary upon *The Three Caskets*, a story told not only in Madrian homes, but one which has survived in many parts of the world and found its way, in different versions, into numerous folktale collections. It is to be hoped that having studied this, the reader will look with new eyes upon all traditional stories. This tale, in fact, depicts the Lesser Mysteries; the first stage of the soul's initiatic journey to Perfection. It is through this first journey that she sheds her worldly nature, recovers the scattered treasures of her soul and returns to her primordial state of True Maid from which she has fallen, regaining her 'central' position on the World Axis from whence she may return to God.

Once upon a time: the first words of the story refer to its setting not in earthly history, but in the Primordial Time.

The wicked stepmother appears constantly throughout folk-literature, often with her equally evil daughters. Who is she? She is Maia-Werdē in her dark aspect: the creator and sustainer of the illusion of the material world. In matriarchal tradition a household is a microcosm (little world), therefore the household of the wicked stepmother is the world of matter itself. The heroine does not belong to this world; she is in it, but not of it. She does not forget that she is really the child of her true Mother, who is 'in Heaven' both on the literal and symbolic levels of the story. This 'true birth' of the heroine is akin to the royal birth of the protagonists of other stories, which is often not discovered until the end (cf. Cordelia*); for True

* The reference is to the story 'Cordelia and Imogen' (vol. 3, pp. 866 ff.).

Maid is the Princess Regent of the Celestial Queen on earth.* The stepsister, on the other hand, is an infidel: a true daughter of the material world. We may note that the materialism of the modern world, which believes that maid is a by-product of physical matter, is the mentality of the ugly sister organised into a doctrine; the modern progressivism which attempts to derive art from 'primitive' scratchings, religion from 'fertility cults', language from animal grunts, etc. ignores the Divine origins (the true Mother) of humanity, produces a bleak and hideous civilisation cut off from all beauty and meaning. It is according to this same metaphysical law that the stepsisters are invariably ugly.

Spinning is the characteristic activity of Sai Maia, and here represents a purely worldly occupation, though later we shall see something of its higher significance. Fate (Sai Werdë or Fortuna in the person—literally *persona*, mask—of the step-mother) is against Cliona, and she cannot possibly win the contest. Yet paradoxically it is here that Sai Werdë begins to show her positive side. There is an eternal ambiguity in Sai Werdë, and it has been said 'when she is best she is worst and when she is worst she is best.'

It is good werdë which has set luck against Cliona, for through her 'bad luck' she shall escape the house of the step-mother and start upon the Quest. Even so, apparent misfortunes in life may actually be good werdë; wresting us away from attachment to the world and setting us upon the Path.

We have seen Sai Werdë as Sai Maia, the spinner (creator of the world-illusion) and Sai Werdë the weaver (its sustainer).

* A note to the original directs the reader to the article 'The Power of Imagination' (pp. 44 ff.).

Now we see her as Sai Kala who cuts the thread and destroys illusion, at once the ‘worst’ and the ‘best’ of the three. She rushes forward to ‘kill’ Cliona and cuts her off from the household of matter.

Down the well she falls. This is the descent into the psychic world where the soul must recover the scattered fragments of her psychic substance, becoming again her whole self. The first part of the task consists of acts of compassion and kindness. True compassion springs from the knowledge that others are really not ‘outside’ oneself at all. This is shown by the fact that the various creatures are met by Cliona within the inner realms of ‘her own’ psyche—nonetheless they are no less ‘objective’ than the people we meet in the ‘outer’ world. In doing these acts of kindness she is healing the illusory breach of separativity which has kept her from the realisation of primordial Unity for so long (this is the meaning of the symbolic period of seven years for which the cow has not been milked etc.).[†]

† The Chapel adds: ‘The Wicked Stepmother has as her antithesis the “Fairy Godmother.” The term God-Mother is, naturally, related to our Mother God, and represents, in various ways, the Divine care of the pure soul. In this story, that role is played by Mother Holle—the name is a very ancient designation of the supreme Mother God, particularly in the ‘sky-goddess’ form of [Sai] Ouranya, the Celestial Thamē. Sai Thamē is said to be the mother of Sai Werdē; and Mother Holle in this story is the Spirit in the guise of [Sai] Werdē. She plays the role of the Ranya (who manifests our Mother God Herself to her pupil) in setting the initiatic tasks, and yet she appears not to be the Instructress. That role is played by her servants: the cats who belong to her farm and the sparrows who are denizens of her sky-domain. She herself feigns ignorance of her pupil’s instruction, while all the time watching over her. She, like [Sai] Werdē, ‘directs’ the fate of both girls, while at the same time their fate is shaped by their own actions. Her teeth are described as “long” or “huge”—a characteristic of

Having passed the test of compassion,* she is then confronted with three impossible tasks. There is no means by which fallen maid can, of her own power, achieve the Primordial State. It is only through divine Grace that the task can be accomplished. The birds and cats represent the messengers of that Grace. Birds are frequently a glyph for ‘angels’ in traditional lore. In the first two tasks they give her the instruction needed, even as Inanna, speaking through the Ranya, instructs the initiate. In the final task She does the work Herself through Her messengers (angel = Gk. ‘messenger’), for while the preparation for realisation is human (though dependent upon Divine support via the Tradition), the final completion of the task is wholly an act of Divine Grace.

Space prohibits a full exegesis of the meaning of the tasks, but let us at least note two things: firstly that the final task again reflects Sai Maia-Werdë, but this time in her higher or ‘light’ aspect. This recognition of her higher nature is due to a transformation of consciousness represented in the earlier counterchanging of the black and white threads, in which the initiate both experiences and transcends the paradoxical ambiguity of Sai Werdë. Secondly, this final task, involving the working of an unworkable material, mirrors the task set by the stepmother at the beginning. There is an inverse relation between them—the quest for satisfaction on the material level

[Sai] Werdë’s apparently dangerous aspect, which is reminiscent of the one seemingly-jarring note in the *Durga Chalisa*, otherwise a pure hymn to the Supreme Mother God: “Your face is like the moon and mouth very huge.” (COMG, ‘The Three Caskets: A Metaphysical Commentary’)

* The Chapel adds: ‘and become bonded to her Ranya in the person of Mother Holle,’ (COMG, ‘The Three Caskets: A Metaphysical Commentary’).

which seems merely difficult, but is in fact impossible; and the transcendent quest which seems (and in one sense is) impossible, but by Divine Grace may be accomplished.

The choice of the three caskets is a familiar theme. On the simplest level, it has to do with humility and rejection of worldly wealth, but there is a deeper symbolism which at first may seem a little puzzling. Normally gold would symbolise the solar and spiritual domain, silver the lunar and psychic, and lead the earthly and material. This underlies the inner meaning of the alchemic transmutation of lead into gold. But here it is lead which is chosen. Again, we must bear in mind the inversions which operate in the 'mirror-world' of the psychic domain where 'to be raised up is to be cast down, but to be cast down is to be raised up.'[†] Thus the terms are reversed, with gold symbolising worldliness and lead the virtues of poverty and humility. Again, gold symbolises the outward, fiery strain of ignes in its desire-attachment to the world, and it is thus that the step-sister is consumed by the flames of her own worldly passion. In other versions it is not fire but a plague of toads, spiders or other vermin which emerge from the cas-



[†] Teachings 12:24.

ket to infest the house, but these should strictly be the contents of the silver casket and not the gold, for they represent the loathsome denizens of the inferior psychic regions which lurk in the 'unconscious.' This infestation is the reward of those who enter the Quest neither for material gain, nor yet for the one authentic spiritual End, but driven by morbid curiosity, self-obsession, or the considerations of a profane 'psychology.' It is also the reward of those who, having begun the Quest in earnest, are turned aside by a fascination for psychic powers attained on the way. In relation to this possibility, the cats represent the Ranya guiding the initiate past this temptation.* Inferior psychism is represented by the dark moon as opposed to the radiant full moon which is Primordial Maid. And the dark moon is precisely the moon of the psyche unilluminated by the rays of the spiritual Sun, Who is our true Mother. For this reason, these forms of 'psychoanalysis' are really an inferior parody of the Lesser Mysteries, having no means to discriminate between inferior and superior psychic elements, for this can only be done by reference to traditional spiritual criteria and under the guidance of an initiated Ranya. Like the various modern occult and 'new age' movements which adopt quasi-initiatic forms while rejecting all tradition and orthodoxy as 'dogma' under the influence of modern progressivist notions, it

* The Chapel adds: 'This point cannot be too strongly stressed, for there are those who will note certain superficial analogies between the doctrines expounded here and those of the school of Dr. C. G. Jung. Indeed, "depth psychology" does tread, to a certain extent, the same ground as the Lesser Mysteries, but it does so in a purely "experimental" and "agnostic" manner without the light of traditional spiritual doctrine and discipline' (COMG, 'The Three Caskets: A Metaphysical Commentary').

represents a potentially dangerous opening for psychic 'infestation'.

It may be noted also that since both the gold and silver caskets destroy the house of the stepmother, they provide paradigms of the 'end' of the material world (or at any rate, of the present world-era). On the one hand the fiery cataclysm which shall destroy profane 'civilisation' at the end of the historical cycle, and on the other the gradual infiltration of inferior psychic influences into the world, to which we have often referred as the next step beyond materialism, and of which Jungianism and the pseudo-spiritual movements referred to above are prominent symptoms.[†]

By contrast, the third casket contains a profusion of jewels and treasures. These are the gathered psychic fragments of True Maid, and the royal raiment of the Princess Regent. Guided by the messengers of Light, she has wielded the sword of discrimination, rejecting the outwardly-attractive inferior elements, and unerringly choosing the True, thus fulfilling the true func-

[†] In place of 'For this reason ... prominent symptoms,' the Chapel reads: 'In this particular symbolism (for of course there are other aspects to the Dark Moon) it relates to the black tarnish that forms so readily on silver. On the level of current intellectual (or rather cerebral) history—for these universal principles can be applied to all phenomena—the silver casket represents the descent into the chaotic relativism of post-modernism as opposed to the stolid hyper-rationalism of the preceding materialistic modernism. In more general historical terms the silver casket corresponds to the descent into inferior psychism that is the inevitable next phase after the descent of a society into simple materialism; and the 'infestation' that necessarily accompanies it' (COMG, 'The Three Caskets: A Metaphysical Commentary').

tion of maid (= 'she-who-chooses'), and of religion (which is hermeneutically connected with *rem legere*—'to choose the very thing'). With this treasure she may return to the world of matter, where she may live in contentment, retiring to a humble dwelling to lead others upon the path that she has taken and to prepare herself for the glorious Quest of the Greater Mysteries.

These are but the bare bones of the story's meaning. Each time it is re-read (or, better, retold) contemplatively, it will reveal something new.¹⁶

FLOWERS IN THE LIGHT OF SACRED SCIENCE

As the springtide draws upon us, the barren earth of winter is transfigured by the bright effusion of one of nature's richest and most mysterious gifts. Flowers in a hundred shapes and colours; each one designed with perfect form and symmetry; each expressing some unique thought in the mind of God. A soul awake and receptive to beauty must be astonished afresh each year by this glorious abundance, and must ask within herself, 'What are these resplendent creatures which we call flowers; what is their innermost essence?'

According to the point of view of material science, to which the modern mind has been conditioned to turn for the 'explanation' of all things, a flower is a characteristic of the class of plants called angiosperms. Its normal purpose, especially where the flower is conspicuous and attractive, is to se-

* A note to the original directs the reader to the article 'Who Is Our Lady?' (pp. 244 ff.).

cure the transference of pollen from one plant to another by the mesium of a flying insect.

The 'scientific' account only explains the physical function of the flower. It does not give the smallest hint of an explanation for the variety and complexity of forms found in flowers; far less can it explain why each of the innumerable and perfect forms should be exactly as it is and not otherwise.

It is obvious that both in complexity and in variety, nature has gone far beyond the mere requirements of survival. The evolutionary hypothesis is quite inadequate to explain the real nature of flowers, just as it is inadequate to explain the real nature of anything.

In point of fact, even the general assertion that the colour and form of flowers exist for the purpose of attracting insects is misleading. Modern experiments have pulled the petals off geraniums and found that insects visited them just as before. The flowers of vines, ivy, box, gooseberries and sycamore are small and green, and yet prove more attractive to insects than many more conspicuous varieties. The fig and the yucca both depend for pollination upon one small and specialised variety of insect, yet while the flowers of the yucca are large and bright, and displayed on stems many feet high, those of the fig are small and hidden. Bees will always go to a ready source of sugar, such as the waste from a refinery, although it has no flower, and will desert their normal sources for it.

The intricacy and formal perfection of a flower is no mere device for attracting insects. If it serves that function, it does so as a by-product, and not particularly efficiently (efficiency being defined as the maximum result for the minimum effort). To define flower in such terms is like saying that a magnificent

stained-glass window created by a great artist-craftsmaid is a device for letting light into the Temple. It is not so much as a half-truth. It is a definition of the whole by a tiny fraction, and as such it is a falsehood pure and simple—like the child who went to the circus and told her mother that she had been to post a letter, having done so on the way there. To retail this mean and mealy-mouthed deception to children or adolescents is to poison them for life. Every intelligent soul, confronted with the glory of flowers, has in the back of her consciousness the thought, ‘What is the meaning of this miracle?’ and, should this question be slain at birth by the ‘knowledge’ that it is ‘only’ a device for the survival of a species, not only has the world been robbed of a depth and wonder in the heart of that child, but something far deeper and more sinister has occurred; something which reveals the literally diabolic influence underlying the materialist or ‘scientist’ or evolutionist doctrine: the voice of God has been silenced in that child’s heart. For every flower, perfect and complex in its design, is a ‘word’ of God: the expression or manifestation in matter of an Idea in Her divine Mind. Any true appreciation of flowers involves at least some faint intuition of their meaning. An intuition which the ‘scientific’ approach is specifically designed to destroy.

What, then, is the meaning of flowers? Let it be said firstly that a flower, like every natural thing, is a symbol, and that the deepest meaning of a symbol can never be expressed in words, but only experienced through a direct intellectual perception. Nevertheless, a verbal exposition can give an important indication toward the inner meaning.

In the case of flowers, it must be understood that each species has its own specific symbolism, which, in many cas-

es, would require an exposition many times the length of this article. What can be given here, therefore, must be only the most general indication of the principles underlying the manifestation of flowers as seen in the light of the true sacred science which deals with the transcendent causes of things, as opposed to material science which views only the mechanical *modus operandi*.

Primarily, a flower is a symbol or manifestation of the divine Ideas, or Archetypes, upon the plane of matter. The very variety and multiplicity of flowers is indicative of the plurality and uniqueness of the celestial Archetypes; while the earth from which they grow represents the pole of being which is opposite and complementary to the essential or Archetypal: that is, the material or substantial pole of manifestation (substance = literally that which 'stands under'). The fact that colour is a prominent feature of flowers is connected with their Archetypal nature, for colour is a reflection of the primal qualitative differentiation of things. Thus, the seven colours of the rainbow correspond to the seven great Janyati who govern the seven primal categories of being.

In general, the form of the flower may be assimilated to two other symbols; firstly the wheel. By virtue of the radiation of the petals out from the centre, a flower partakes of the wheel's function as a symbol of cosmic manifestation (see 'The Wheel' and 'The Chariot').* Secondly, the flower corresponds to the chalice (the word *calyx* is etymologically identical to Chalice). In this aspect, the flower is the material vessel which lies open to the form-giving essence or Archetypes. Since essence, or Spirit, is often represented by a ray emanating from

* See pp. 416 ff.

the supernal Sun, Who is the Mother, it is highly significant that a flower draws a great part of its sustenance from Her cosmic symbol, the physical sun.

In the case of the lotus, which is the central flower of the east (corresponding to the rose and the lily in the west: the rose being a symbol of the Mother, and the lily of the Daughter), the celestial ray striking the surface of the waters corresponds to the World-Axis passing through the centre of a particular plane of being (see 'The Cave')^{*} of which our physical plane is but one example; while the blossoming of the flower represents the manifestation of a world-system (such as the physical universe) upon that plane, developing out from the central point through which the axis passes. In the west, the water-lily carries the same symbolism,[†] while in the case of other flowers, the earth represents specifically the physical plane of being, thus giving the flower an identical, though less universal, significance. Thus the symbolism of the wheel radiating out from the axis and of the chalice filled by the rays of the divine spirit (cf. Mythos 7:13, 22) are combined.

We may note that, while a flower is primarily a natural symbol, the cultivation of new strains by human intervention, provided it be done according to the principles of *ḍamē*, can create an authentic symbol, as can the legitimate activity of any sacred craft (the more garish modern cultivars, which impair the symbolic content of the flowers concerned, are equivalent

^{*} See pp. 39 ff.

[†] A note to the original reads, 'This "reflected" manifestation upon the lower planes of being corresponds to the "secondary creation" wrought by the Daughter, as opposed to the primordial creation of the Archetypal cosmos wrought by the Mother (Creation I). This is one aspect of the lily's reflection of the Daughter.'

to the spiritually barren products of modern industry as opposed to the works of true craft). The primary example of this is the cultivated rose, known to be one of the earliest, probably the earliest, of the cultivated flowers. While the wild rose, with its five petals, is related to the Pentacle with all its manifold significances, the cultivated rose, bearing a multiplicity of petals, both symbolises the labyrinthine depth of the Spirit, and, in the stylised representations of sacred art, may be depicted with twelve, thirteen, fifteen, thirty-two, sixty-four or even hundreds of petals, each number (and many others) having a particular metaphysical significance.

Finally we may note that flowers are symbols of the material manifestation of divine Ideas in a particular aspect—that is to say, in the aspect of beauty. God is the quintessence of all positive qualities. All earthly goodness is the reflection of Her absolute goodness; all intelligence, all joy, all existence but shadows of the absolute Intelligence, Joy and Existence of God. Likewise, all beauty is the reflection of Her absolute Beauty [Teachings 12:15]. We love and are attracted by beauty only because deep in our hearts we are reminded of the one changeless and eternal Beauty with which, in the beginning, we were one. It is just such a ‘reminder’ which flowers constitute. Symbolising the manifestation of the world in its aspect of beauty, they seek to lead us beyond the world, to the unmanifest Reality which lies behind all earthly beauty.¹⁷

THE THREE ETERNAL TRUTHS
THE TRIPLE-DECLAMATION
OF THE AMAZONS

Probably the most difficult question for a Madrian to answer is the one that she is most frequently asked: 'What is Madrianism all about?' After all, Madrianism is not just a 'religion' in the limited modern sense of the word; it is an entire way of life as well as a total philosophy which embraces every aspect of manifest existence. Where in the world is one to begin?

The Three Eternal Truths—the Drispeal—is the simplest possible statement of Truth, and of the Message brought back to a darkening world by the Amazons. The first Amazons, who won back the world for a time from the hands of the patriarchal barbarians, often confronted in the course of their campaigns a spiritual ignorance almost as obtuse as that which pervades modern society.

The foremost spiritual weapon against this abyss of darkness was a threefold formula called the Drispeal (triple-message) or the Three Eternal Truths. This was not invented by the Amazons. As the name implies, it has existed from the beginning; but it took on a particular importance for the Amazons as the spearhead of their spiritual thrust into the heart of darkness. For this reason, there was necessarily a tendency to concentrate upon the most outward and obvious meanings of the formula—but it was never forgotten that it contains depths of meaning which lie beyond all measurement. The formula is as follows:

One God alone, none other God than She.
One Law alone, none other Law than Her Law.
God became maid that maid might come to God.

The first two declamations alone were spoken by every Amazon *rayin* (princess) upon entering a territory previously occupied by the infidel. It was both an explanation and a validation of their conquest, and a declaration of their sacred mission. The primary meanings of these, together with the third declamation, were taught to the people by the White Amazons, and it was customary to make the declamation of the Three Eternal Truths before every gathering, public and private.

The Amazons were above all messengers of God, and the Drispeal was the very essence of their message, for, as the White Amazon mothers taught, all the Scriptures, all the teachings, and every part of wisdom are contained within the Three Eternal Truths, 'enfolded like a rose within the bud'. More than this, the Three Truths themselves are all contained in essence within the first Truth, and the first Truth is contained within its first word: One.

The primordial matriarchal philosophy has always taught 'the One' as the most basic metaphysical definition of God. She is the primordial Unity Who gives rise to all multiplicity, the spaceless Point wherefrom all space proceeds. Multiplicity is the result of manifestation, and to say 'manifestation' is always, in some degree, to say 'separation from God', and therefore 'imperfection'. To contemplate the One perfectly is to return to—to 'become one with'—the One, and thus to receive the consummation of the third Truth.

From this it may be seen that the first Truth is not simply a formula condemning the idolatry and polytheism of the barbarian. It is this, certainly, but it is very much more. To say 'none other God than She' is not merely to deny something, but to affirm that She is the 'One without a second', the Essence of all things; for while She is other than all things, no thing is other than She [cf. Teachings 14:6].

The first Truth does not merely refute the temporary and contingent heresies of a particular time and place; it refutes the abiding heresy of fallen creation—the illusion that we are apart from God. By perfect contemplation of the first Truth, it is possible to eradicate this heresy from our hearts, and when a soul succeeds in this, she will cease to be manifest, having achieved complete Liberation.

Is this, then, to state that all souls are a uniform 'oneness'? Far from it. It is at the furthest extreme from God—at the 'outside' of the wheel of manifestation—that we find quantitative multiplicity combined with qualitative uniformity (this is the very essence of the 'democratic' ideal). At the centre of the wheel we find quantitative unity combined with qualitative multiplicity (or rather plenitude, or totality): the One in Whom all the possibilities of manifestation lie immanent.

Since the true essence of the Law is the perfect order and disposition of all things, since all things lie in the One, and since multiplicity, or separation from the One, entails, of necessity, a measure of imperfection, it is clear that the Law can only achieve its perfect fulfillment in the One; and thus the first Truth, and indeed its first word, contains the second as well as the third Truth.

Already, then, we see something of the inner meaning of the second Truth. On the most superficial level, it became for the Amazons a proclamation of the establishment of a new social order—or, more precisely, of the re-establishment of the primordial social order in place of the illegitimate rule of the infidel. But the term ‘Law’ goes far beyond questions of social government. Law is literally Order, or ðamë; the music of the spheres, the harmony of the universe. The first Truth speaks of the One God before and beyond all manifestation. The second Truth speaks of the perfect and harmonious manifestation of all things from Her. Perfect or unfallen creation is by definition in perfect harmony—or perfectly Lawful, to say the same thing in another way. On the manifest level, the Law is no less expressed in the movements of the planets about the sun, or in the law of gravity than in the laws of human government. And on the human level, law is not simply a political or even a moral matter. The food we eat, the way we greet one another, the clothes we wear, can all be ðamë or aðamë. Art and craft, music and story-telling; all are subject to the law of ðamë; and things, too—a votive lamp carved by a contemplative craft-ranya is highly ðamic; and electric light is (strictly) aðamic. As it is said in the traditional communities: ‘There are two ways of doing everything—the right way and the wrong way.’ This does not mean ‘the practical way and the impractical way,’ it means the lawful and the unlawful way, the harmonious way and the disharmonious.

In fact, it is only in the human realm that there can be anything other than the Law. A star cannot but pursue its allotted course; the law of gravity is never broken; a dog can only behave as a dog. It is only maid who can ‘desert her post’. This

is in the very nature of maid: 'she who has the power of choice' [Teachings 1:19].

To say 'none other Law' means not simply that there should be no other law, or that we should follow no other law. It means what it says—that there is no other law. Any movement away from the primordial law of God is, in fact, a measure of chaos. Insofar as any patriarchal 'law' maintains any degree of order, that is because it has retained something of the one true Law. Insofar as it has rejected that Law, it is in disorder. That is why patriarchal history is nothing but a list of wars, revolutions and disruptions and why the last patriarchal form of government, which is being forced upon the world by the power of money and bombs, is based on permanent, institutionalised 'opposition'. The very name of the 'party' system is based on the word to 'part' or separate and is thus founded upon the very reverse of the first Truth.

Human life was designed to be a way back to the One—a path of salvation; but to that end, every part of our life must be in harmony: our work and our clothes, our music and our stories, our homes and our loves, all should be according to the Law of harmony, that the world may be a bridge leading to Heaven. That is the meaning of the second Truth.

The word 'maid' is closely related to 'may', the verb of possibility. Maid is 'she who has power to choose'. She alone can choose, against the Law, to fall below the Norm of manifest creation. Yet, conversely, she alone can choose to transcend manifest creation and return to the One. It is for this reason that she is the centre of the manifest universe (we must remember that while, on non-earthly planes of being, non-human creatures are central, by virtue of their very centrality they are

still defined as maid). The 'greatness' inherent in this position is reflected in the etymological connection of maid with 'mag', meaning 'great,' as in magnify, magnificent and mighty—it is significant that 'might' is the past tense of 'may'.

Maid is neither matter nor Spirit. She is psyche, or soul, which stands between the two and may give herself to either. This is what is meant when we say that God became maid—not that She became a physical human being, but that She descended to the level of the psyche. Yet while maid is what she is because she has used her power of choice to transgress the Law and turn away from the One, God, becoming maid, made all Her choices perfectly; She is not fallen maid, but perfect Maid. All Her acts were made in obedience to Her Mother, Who is Her Self (even as She is the Self within all souls). 'Maid' is also etymologically linked with Sai Maia, the first person of Sai Werdë—the creator and embodiment of the illusory world of matter, for maid is the centre and pivot of this world. It is through the redemption of maid that the whole world may be redeemed, and it is through the perfect sacrifice of God the Daughter], the one perfect Maid, that maid may be redeemed.

The third Truth also encompasses other, more detailed, aspects of reality. For example, the fact that God becomes maid, while maid comes to God makes clear the seeming paradox of the downward continuity of the Absolute with the relative, and the upward discontinuity of the relative with the Absolute (She is other than all things, nothing is other than She), which is the basis of all cosmological understanding. But there is not space to go into a more detailed exposition of the Drispeal here. Let us note in general, however, that the Drispeal is an image of the Trinity: the One, preceding all manifestation is

the Dark Mother; the Law, implying manifestation, belongs to the Mother Creatrix; whilst God-become-maid is, of course, the Daughter. On another level it belongs to the primordial thesis-antithesis-synthesis dialectic (which long predates its misuse by Hegel and Marx). Thesis: the One without a second; antithesis: manifestation – the differentiation of ‘things’ (maia) from God; synthesis: the reconciliation of ‘things’ with God by the perfect Mediatrix Who is at once God and maid (maia).

The Amazons were the world’s first missionaries, because they lived in the first epoch in which the world had need of missionaries. We live in the last. There are many similarities between their time and ours, not the least of which is that the time has come once again for the universal declamation of the Three Eternal Truths.¹⁸

NURSERY RHYMES THE INNER MEANING

The once-popular belief that fairy tales are mere nonsensical fancies for children is losing ground. Among educated people it is generally accepted that they were not originally intended for children (although the fact that children, on their own level, can appreciate them bespeaks their universality), and that they contain depths of meaning far beyond what appears on the surface. Yet despite this rehabilitation of fairy tales (which, in itself, usually implies only the scantiest understanding of their true meaning, and often takes the form of outright misinterpretations based upon the errors of Jung and Freud) there has been but little tendency to see in nursery rhymes anything more than pleasant childish nonsense.

With a collection of traditional matriarchal nursery rhymes appearing for the first time in book form,* this seems an opportune moment to look a little more closely into their nature and inner meaning. The scope of the nursery thyme is much broader than that of the fairy tale, ranging from lullabies and baby-games to some quite sophisticated story-verses. *The Rhenish Nursery Rhyme Book* contains a wide range of verses, some of which are simply a child's first introduction to certain aspects of life, and familiar figures of the natural and human realms; others are proverbs concerning good moral conduct—but none of this is merely 'secular' in the modern sense, since the traditional way of life and view of life is being taught both in the verses themselves and in the explanations of them given by grown-ups; a view of life in which all earthly things are reflections of the Absolute. The obedience, grace, courtesy and uprightness taught by the proverbs are the very foundation-stones of the life of ðamē—life within the harmony of God's earthly family and of Her divine Law.

Nevertheless, many of the rhymes have a far more detailed and specific inner meaning. As with fairy tales, many of them are still known wholly or partly to Blentren (non-Madrians), while others are preserved only by the Rhennes. Here is one which is known by both peoples and has long been treasured for its beautiful, haunting quality:

How many miles to Avalon?
 Three score and ten.
 Can I get there by candle-light?
 Yes, and back again.

* A note to the original directs the reader to '*The Rhenish Nursery Rhyme Book* available from Lux Madriana at £1 post free.' This text has, sadly, been lost.

If thy heels be fleet and light
Thee'll be there by candle-light.
(Open the gates as wide as ye may
And let the Rayin's horses pass through on their way.)

In many Blentish versions, the Holy City of Avalon is 'Christianised' to the assonant Babylon (though in other versions it becomes Edinburgh or some other city). This use of the Wicked City is a rather extreme case of 'forgetfulness', since it obscures the whole point of the rhyme. Avalon, the capital of the old matriarchal Rhennish Empire, whose very name is a diminutive of Avala (see 'The Holy City'),* is a type of the Holy City, and as such, the Heart, Centre and Temple of the surrounding land. The Journey to Avalon is, therefore, maid's spiritual pilgrimage to the true Centre. Three score and ten, of course, is not a number picked at random, but is the symbolic length in folk-tradition of a human life (100 years is the older and profounder symbol, though less descriptive of the shorter human lifespan of the late Iron Age). Many of the critical junctures of life occur at the multiples of seven years: the attainment of reason, initiation, adulthood, the Grand Climacteric etc. 7×10 links human life to the historical cycle. The light of a candle is a traditional image of a single human life. Thus the road to Avalon is the spiritual journey of a maid's earthly life; a life lived in *ðamē*, whose every activity, however apparently 'worldly' is related to the Centre, and whose reward is a coming-to-the-Centre. It is not, however, a reward won lightly, for she must exercise skill and speed in order to attain the Goal. This idea brings us to the final two lines. They are placed in brackets because they are used only when 'Avalon' is played as a game.

* Pp. 434 ff.

The Rayin (queen) represents the human soul, and her horses are the various powers and tendencies of the soul which must be disciplined and harnessed in order to attain the Goal. Two players (they may or may not be children) choose the names of 'opposites' such as gold and silver, day and night, and then hold up their hands to form a gate. The other players form a 'crocodile' (the Rayin's entourage) in front of the gate, and the rhyme is recited as an exchange between them and the gates. At the end the gates open and they pass through, but the gates come down in an attempt to trap the last player. This is the 'perilous passage' motif so common in the fairy tales—the need to pass through all the dualities and oppositions of the world in order to attain the Absolute—the One-ness which lies beyond them. The necessity of swiftness represents spiritual skill; if she is too slow, she will be destroyed, and even if she succeeds her tail may be docked by the gates (often the soul is represented by a hare or a bird). The rest of the game reinforces the concept of the conflict of opposites which creates the flux of the material world and of the perilous passage: each child, as she is caught, must choose in whispers one of the two secret names, and, having chosen, lines up behind the gate to which it belongs. When all the players have been caught there is a tug-of-war between the two sides, and sometimes the losers must run the gauntlet between the winners, who attempt to whip their legs with long grasses or thin sally (willow) switches as they pass through.

The riddle-rhyme:

Old Mother Granya hath but one eye
 And a long tail which she does let fly;
 And every time she do jump through a gap
 She leaveth a part of her tail in a trap.

refers obviously to the perilous passage motif. The answer, of course, is a needle, and it is connected also with the solar symbolism of sewing and the *strivatē* or thread-Spirit. The 'one eye', as well as its obvious reference, is the 'single eye' which sees only the One Spirit and not the pairs of opposites. Of similar import are such rhyme-games as 'Thread My Gran'dam's Needle' and 'Through the Needle Eye', both of which have actions related to that of 'Avalon'.

A different type of game is the acting-game of which 'Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush' is the best-known example. Here one player stands in the centre while the others form a ring around her. During the choruses they dance round her like the planets about the sun, while in each verse she chooses and leads the action (this is the way we clap our hands, sow the corn etc.). In some versions she is a bramble-bush, but both the bramble and the mulberry are sacred to Dea. In each case she represents the still Point at the centre of manifestation, the solar Spirit Herself, by Whom all the forms of manifestation are expressed in their perfect Essence and are reflected upon the rim of the wheel of being, in the realm of movement and multiplicity. There are many rhyme-games of this sort. Strictly (because of the perfect 'obedience' of the ring) this one represents not the relation of the hub to the rim of the wheel, but of the axle-point to the hub—that is to say, of God Herself to the Angelic or Archetypal realm of unfallen creation (or, from a 'temporal' standpoint, to the Silver Time of Creation I). Competitive versions which turn upon the mistakes made by the players represent the relation of the hub to the rim—the fallen world of matter, which mirrors the Spirit, yet is but 'a

broken and imperfect reflection' [Catechism, question 52] of Her.

Finally, let us consider a very different, though related, rhyme:

I had a little nut tree,
 Nothing would it bear
 But a silver nutmeg
 And a golden pear.
 The High Princess of Caire
 Came to visit me,
 And all for the sake
 Of my little nut tree.
 I skipped over the water,
 I danced over the sea,
 And all the birds of the air
 Couldn't catch me.

In Blentish versions the High Princess of Caire is replaced by The King of Spain's Daughter—a topical reference to the visit of Joanna of Castille to 'King' Henry VII in 4608* (1506 e.v.) grafted onto a much older rhyme. The tree, as is often the case, refers to the *Axis Mundi*, the central pillar of being, and the possession of it indicates oneness with the central or primordial human estate, which is the goal of the Lesser Mysteries. Such a maid is 'in possession of her heart' (see 'The Cave').[†] The golden and silver fruits are respectively the Spirit and the soul which meet in the heart (see 'The Heart and the Moon-Axe')[‡]

* The year is here given in the Iron Age dating favoured by Lux Madriana from the late 1970s on. In the Imperial dating now common in the Filianic community, this would be 2826.

[†] See pp. 39 ff.

[‡] See pp. 410 ff..

and the two faculties of the heart: pure Intelligence and pure Love (as opposed to their lesser material reflections, reason and emotion), for the pear is ruled by Sai Sushuri (Venus) and the nutmeg by Sai Mati (Mercury). The subtle interplay of these two ‘cordials’, explained in relation to the symbolism of wine and of the Chalice (see ‘The Grail and the Chalice’)* is inherent in the specific fruits used, showing them to be far more than mere random choices, for the scent of the pear has a certain airy, Matic quality (strongly apparent in pear-drops) as opposed to the more obvious choice, the apple, which is the Sushuric fruit *par excellence*. The scent of nutmeg, for its part, bears a resemblance to the highly Sushuric musk, as its name indicates (from nut + Old French *muge* = musk). That the tree will bear nothing else indicates the same singleness of purpose as Mother Granya’s one eye. The realisation of the Primordial State places maid in a situation more central even than the great ritual Centres of the sacred world; thus the High Princess of Caire, the Holy City of matriarchal Abolrai (Atlantis), herself the ritual representative of primordial Centrality, makes pilgrimage to she who has actualised the true Centre within herself. The last two lines show her as a liberated soul, a mover-at-will. Her speed again represents spiritual skill; her dancing upon the water reflects specifically Creation I:2. Walking on water appears frequently in the Scriptures,† and has passed also into the writings of the Buddhists and Christians. It represents,

* See pp. 426 ff.

† Creation I:10 and Mythos I:3 could be read as examples of this, though both indicate only standing and not walking, and two instances would hardly seem to merit designation as a ‘frequently’ appearing motif. This line would thus seem to suggest a significant quantity of lost scriptural material.

among other things, the ability to cross at will between the hither and nether shores; between this world and the world beyond; between earth and Heaven, without need of the ritual 'bridges' used by the rest of (normal traditional) humanity.

Of course, the full doctrines which lie enfolded in the nursery rhymes are far too complicated for a young child to understand. As with the fairy tales, she begins by feeling only a sense of special magic about them. As she grows older, she is slowly led deeper into the real source of this feeling—the inner mystery of the rhymes. Her childhood experience is not simply denied and written off as 'childish' but confirmed, deepened and explained. This is a part of the bringing-up of all normal, traditional children, as opposed to the bringing-down which the abnormal modern society inflicts upon its offspring—the systematic denial of all that is deep and true in their natural perceptions until, when they finally come of age after years of perverse 'education', they, quite literally, have not the sense they were born with.¹⁹

THE TROJAN HORSE

TELEVISION — TOOL OF TYRANTS

There was once a tyrant who overthrew the Law of God and Her earthly representatives, setting up a false, unlawful government based not upon the divine Law of Ēamē but only upon human notions, human ideologies, human greed and lust for power. But the people were not so easily hoodwinked. So far as they could, they held firm to the old ways, and even when they could not, they kept some measure of the truth and would not conform to the ways of the tyrant.

So the tyrant gathered together a huge group of storytellers, and sent one storyteller to every home in the land, and the storytellers did not tell the old tales which all have their roots laid deep in the Truth, but new tales, or else perversions of the old ones. But every tale they told was like the old tales in one respect—it had an inner meaning; but the inner meaning was no longer concerned with the soul's path to the Centre; it was merely one of the tyrant's pet views or opinions. Soon the people forgot all the old stories and songs, and the only thing they knew was the tyrant's propaganda. They hardly talked among themselves in the long winter evenings, for they dared not interrupt the tyrant's storyteller. And the tyrant laughed, saying 'now there will be no more rebellions'.

Of course no tyrant in history could possibly have amassed such a vast corps of professional propagandists as to be able to station one or more in every house, hut, hovel, castle and cottage in the country. There is no tyrant in history from Black Mider onward, whose mouth would not have watered at the prospect. It is no surprise, therefore, that now, as the Dark Age approaches its darkest hour the prospect has become not only a possibility, but an all-pervasive reality. Within the space of a few short decades the long tentacles of television have reached into almost every home, wrapping themselves around the mind of nearly every maid, man and child. The tyrant's dream has come true.

Who is the tyrant?

Television, in this country, is not manipulated by a single central agency devoted to pumping out a line of propaganda, as is the case in the Russian empire.* On the contrary, it preach-

* Sr Angelina refers to the Soviet Union.

es, and, up to a point, practises, the doctrine of 'freedom of expression'. All kinds of notions and opinions are aired on the screen. But this only serves to make the propaganda more effective. In Russia it is very clear that the television is an instrument of propaganda. It is clear what the 'line' is. Therefore everyone is on their guard against it; no intelligent person takes it very seriously. In the west it is much more subtle, and therefore much more effective.

For despite the fact that numerous opinions and positions are expressed (indeed, partly because of it), behind every word spoken, every image shown, and every song sung lies the modern patriarchal-materialist view of the world. Modernism contains hundreds of different views and opinions, all conflicting, and yet all modernist (indeed, the notion that there are hundreds of different opinions is an important part of the modernist attack upon the idea of Absolute Truth). The tyrant does not care whether you accept some of them, all of them or none of them just so long as you are still a modernist. Television is a continual drip-feed designed to maintain the modernist mentality.

No programme is innocent, however innocuous it may appear. A serious and informative programme on botany, for example; what harm can that possibly do? Well, in issue 14 this magazine published an article explaining the inner essence of flowers[†]—their precise nature as expressions of particular divine Archetypes. It also explained the real spiritual damage that is done, especially to young children, by destroying their natural perception of flowers with the modern 'scientific' evolutionist-materialist dogma which regards them as mere 'acci-

† 'Flowers in the Light of Sacred Science' (pp. 94 ff.).

dents of nature' and 'devices for the survival of species'. Every television programme on botany propagates this dogma either explicitly or implicitly.

One could give numerous examples, but let us leave them aside for the moment. For in the end, the evil of television lies deeper than anything it says or does not say. So let us leave aside television's coarseness, its attack on morality, its steady and deliberate lowering of the 'shock-level' of its audiences to every sort of nastiness. Let us ignore the fact that anyone who watches any programme, who even owns and licenses a set without ever switching it on, is as guilty of complicity in this as a receiver of stolen goods is guilty of complicity in theft. Let us ignore television's active collaboration with that monstrous system of compulsory mass indoctrination which goes by the name of education.

We may ignore all these things because they are not essential. Television is an evil *per se* quite regardless of anything it says or does. Even a television station controlled by Madrians would be an evil.

Why? Firstly because television replaces the hearth. Hearth in Latin is *focus*. The hearth is the focus of any healthy home. Elsewhere in this issue you will read about the profound ritual significance of the hearth.* To replace the living hearth, the 'gate of heaven', with a set of cathode tubes, a 'window on the (profane) world' is a step of obvious significance.

Closely related to this is the undermining of the mother's position as teacher of the family and mistress of the hearthside. Learning tales, lore, songs, and whole culture from the mother

* See 'The Fire in the Hearth' (pp. 511 ff.) and 'Hail Holy Hestia' (pp. 590 ff.).

at the hearthside is a part of the spiritual growth of every matriarchal child, as is the evening life of the whole family about the fire. Even without the slick trivia which is fed to children today, television could only ever be an unnatural parody of this.

Television creates a gargantuan world which is beyond the scale of any normal human community; when programmes review 'the events of the year' they are not talking about the death of old Tham and the wedding of Mestré Alana, the flooding of the lost meadow and the good harvest—they speak of national and international events. The natural community is subverted and replaced by a vast, monstrous pseudo-community.

But beyond all these things, television, by its very nature, subverts the human heart. For the human heart is made to rest in God; to transcend the changing and temporary flux of matter and to repose in the Eternal. Of course, maid does not always succeed in this aim, but in the traditional civilisation every facet of that culture is designed to help her. The crafts, the stories, the songs, the very clothes she wears are all continual 'reminders' of the true Centre. Television by its very nature focuses upon the new, the transient, the passing. By its very nature it is anti-contemplative, seeking to reduce complexities to simple visual images; placing visual impact above inner vision. All traditional culture focuses upon the inner essence of things. All anti-traditional culture focuses upon the outward, the accidental, the individual. Television is irredeemably modern in this sense. Everything in traditional culture is designed to counteract the illusion of the material world, to lead us from things into the arms of God. Television by its very nature must always reinforce the illusion, persuading us to believe that the world which can be filmed is the 'real' world. As such, television

is the quintessence of anti-culture, the diabolic parody of all that human civilisation was made to be; and it is from this that all its lesser evils naturally and necessarily flow.

To those who still harbour the Trojan Horse within their walls, this must be said: there is no legitimate reason for watching television; you have no right to expose yourself or your children to it. Put it out of the gates.²⁰

THE AMAZONS IN SAIN ARIEN OR, THE GREAT CRUSADE: THE HOLY MARCH OF THE WESTERN AMAZONS*

The first thing the Amazons brought to Sain Arien was music. On that fine spring day in the month of Maia when three hundred soldiers marched down the main street, the little market town had not for many a year heard such a rousing and heart-cheering sound. Long side-drums pounded, horns hal-

* A note to the original states that '*The Amazons in Sain Arien* is less a war story than a story of everyday matriarchal life in the rural middle world (probably somewhere in what is now the south of France); though, being based on Rhen traditions, it probably also reflects a British provenance, even the name Sain Arien being a Rhennish translation. . . . While it is fictionalised, the story is based directly on the historical traditions of the English matriarchal people. What follows, therefore, is an accurate historical account.' It is very likely that this work constitutes a part of the 'full-length novel' mentioned as being in circulation through the Madrian Literature Circle (BoR 31) and is to be identified with the novel that, in the account of Sr Sophia Ruth (personal communication, 25 November 2018), Sr Angelina was known to be writing. It is on the basis of this last identification that it has been included here among Sr Angelina's works, although no known copy of the story is signed.



looted and flute-pipes rilled an infectious tune from the West that seemed familiar even on its first hearing and set every foot stepping in its rhythm.

The whole town had come to see them, of course, and people from the surrounding villages for several miles around; and truly they were a fine sight to be seen: banners streaming in the wind, purple, blue and gold; pennants and standards; triumphs of a dozen campaigns fought on their eastward march from the sea. Gleaming helms and breastplates in silver, leather and bronze; shields and spears, and the maids themselves: taller, for the most part, than the maids of the middle-world, and made to look taller yet by the high horsehair plumes upon their helmets. Disciplined and self-possessed, yet with an air of gaiety about them, they were the products of a rigorous training which had honed them to perfection in the practice of the vikhelic arts, yet had taught them primarily as a way of contemplation and a spiritual discipline. Not contemplatives or mystics in the true sense, they were young women fully devoted to the life of outward activity, at a peak of physical condition and alive with vibrant animal spirits. To this, their spiritual training had added a calmness and control, a depth and wisdom, which was the foundation both of their courage and of their courtesy.

For the Amazons were renowned for their courtesy and generosity both to the peoples of their captured nations and to their conquered enemies (who were usually foreign invaders of those nations from the barbaric patriarchal tribes of the North and East). A few cynics said that they were only trying to purchase the support of the people; but for the most part even those who could not see that their gentleness proceeded

from a far profounder source found such 'purchase' considerably preferable to the methods of enforcing support which had been employed by one patriarchal army after another: killing of children, burning of homesteads, maiming of livestock, and, of course, the continual plunder of the harvests. After all, the only 'support' an army really needs from the people is their obedience, and it can easily get that without purchasing it.

As one patriarchal army drove out another in those bitter years before the coming of the Amazon crusade, each one came to relieve the tyranny of the one before it and to bring new and better gods; and each was as bad as, or worse than, its predecessor, or even if there was some small improvement, that was more than offset by the hardships inflicted by the war. As for the gods, they all looked remarkably like the kings who brought them, and behaved similarly also.

Thus, when rumours of the great Amazon army first reached the people of the middle-world, there was little rejoicing. A new army to sweep away oppression and to establish the worship of the one true God. Yes, one had heard all that many times before. Perhaps a ray of hope was kindled when it became known that this was the Old Faith that had prevailed before the chaos had begun; the God of the old Temples, to Whom each of the male godlings had in turn been 'married', taking Her as his 'consort'; yet ironically, this very piece of blasphemy had led to great confusion in the religious sense of the people, not least because the majority of those still endowed with understanding had risen furiously and unthinkingly against it, and so had been slain many years ago.

In any case, an army was an army, whatever it fought for. What could it mean, this Great Crusade, except more looting,

more burning, more maiming? But as the Crusade advanced steadily through the continent, it became known that this was an army like no other army. When before had teams of soldiers rebuilt burned houses? When before had an army brought with it an Order of white-robed sisters, many of whom, skilled in the medical arts, spread out into the towns and villages, healing the disease and suffering that had been spread by the wars, teaching not some politically-motivated state religion, but a Way of inner peace? When before had land taken by previous conquerors been restored to its original owners, and the reins of government put back into the hands of the local people, while the soldiers helped to put the devastated farmsteads back into order? Never before had these things happened, and never before had an army been garlanded with flowers by the people of a city as it marched into the main street; yet all these things became familiar occurrences as the Great Crusade carved its inexorable path eastward.

From the Amazons, people learned that an army could be trusted, and that a firm, sound, dependable order could arise out of chaos. And from the *innocui* (meaning 'The Unarmed'), the teaching and healing Order that marched with them, and were popularly known as 'White Amazons', they gained a re-awakening of spiritual understanding. The babble of religious claims and counter-claims, all motivated by political interests, was suddenly silenced by a single voice, clear, sweet and thrilling, speaking the ancient Truth known from time immemorial, and still remembered by many from their childhood: 'One God alone, none other God than She.'

The Amazon rule was strict yet gentle. Its aim was to clean up the chaos as quickly as possible, but without undue

severity. There were no widespread reprisals after an Amazon victory. Those guilty of rape, torture or the desecration of a Temple were summarily executed. Men guilty of beating their wives, or of other acts of violence against maids, together with priestesses and other Temple officers guilty of apostasy, unless committed under extreme duress, were publicly whipped with birch-rods. Other than this, there was a general amnesty on crimes committed during the period of non-matriarchal rule; 'the time without the Law'. Even these laws were administered leniently, with every consideration being given to extenuating circumstances; and even the whippings, although certainly a salutary chastisement, were very far removed from the long drawn-out tortures practised by the various patriarchal juntas. Their whole purpose was to restore the balance and, having purified the transgressors, to allow them to return to life within the Law. 'The sin being purged, let it no more be spoken of,' said one Amazon edict.

For the real meaning of the Holy March lay far deeper than the cleaning up of human chaos and tyranny. It was the re-establishment of the divine Order and Harmony in the middle-world. For this, neither vindictiveness nor retribution were necessary, but 'the unworking of knots'—the ritual cleansing of all transgressions which would be a stain upon the sacred Order and a weakness in its fabric—was very much so.

After this came the process of re-establishing the matriarchal order. This belonged largely to the White Amazons, assisted by the army in the physical tasks of reconstruction, and occasionally in curbing any of the menfolk who were too tenacious in their memory of patriarchal ideas. This they did as little as possible, for it was their aim to put all discipline in



Like every lawful princess, the Amazon *Rayin*, so long as she is wholly obedient to God's Law, is Her regent on earth.

the hands of the homesteads and their mistresses and of the local community as quickly as possible. Their aim was not to build an empire, but simply to re-establish the Law and then to pass on, leaving the nations behind them free and independent. Thus it was a task for the teacher and the preacher rather than the soldier.

Often there were other tasks also. In many areas banditry had become rife in the time without the Law, and roads outside the major cities were used only by fools and by great caravans of traders protected by armed guards; and even these latter were frequently attacked. In such cases it was the custom of the Amazons to issue an edict on the first new moon after their establishment in a city, declaring that all bandits who came to them before the next new moon would be granted a free pardon and honourable livelihood; but after that time: 'upon your haunts and your hiding-places; upon your ways of passage and upon your fastnesses shall the right hand of the Law descend, and the servant thereof, like, in her wrath, to the very thunder of the heavens.' These edicts were nearly always sent out in the name of Alana Fi'Alana; for that name was known and feared throughout the continent—Red Alana, 'the Hammer of the Lawless'. Many of the bandits were but fugitives from patriarchy, and not only gave themselves up freely enough, but quickly joined the Amazons and became the core of the native Civil Guards which the Amazons were establishing, or even joined the Crusade itself.

Many of those who did not give themselves up also ended by becoming good Amazons; even patriarchal bandits often finished by swelling the ranks of the Men's Auxiliary Units. In large measure, this was due to the extraordinary personal-

ity of Red Alana. She was a strikingly handsome maid in the fourth decade of her age, despite the fact that a long vertical scar ran down the left side of her forehead and her left cheek, having missed destroying her eye by the merest whisker (the line of her eyelash still did not quite run true). The vivid red hair which had given her her name (vivid even for the western Amazons, among whom red hair was not uncommon) had, for some reason, turned prematurely white. Not from worry, certainly, for she was still as wild and devil-may-care as she had been at twenty.

Her methods were unusual to say the least. It was rumoured that she tried and passed sentence upon her prisoners from horseback, and executed the sentence there and then. The High Command turned a blind eye to her eccentricities not so much because she was highly efficient in a military sense (although she was), but because of her ability to communicate with the bandits; to win over those whom the Amazons would otherwise have had to fight to the death.

Many of the bandits who did not give themselves up in the first place were not very admirable characters. The worst of them would raid remote outlying homesteads and torture the inhabitants into revealing the whereabouts of their treasures—not so much life-savings as the savings of five or ten generations. When a person first inflicts torture upon another person, he (for it is nearly always a man) feels a certain reluctance, a certain drawing-back, but slowly he becomes innured to it, and finally learns to enjoy it. He becomes a true, hardened sadist. What hope is there then for his soul, emptied of all human decency? The only hope is death, which breaks what would otherwise be a vicious cycle endlessly dragging him deeper and

deeper into the blackest abysses of depravity. This is one of the merciful functions of death; one of the reasons why God, in Her infinite wisdom, allowed death into the universe. Born again as a child, cut off from the past and oblivious to it, the torturer is given a fresh start, his downward plunge arrested; although nothing will be able to stop the chain of action and reaction which will bring suffering to him in the proportion to the suffering he has inflicted.

For such torturers, the sword of Red Alana hastened the merciful release of death, and cut short the catalogue of crimes for which they would have to suffer. She had, as it were, a nose for those who were the really depraved souls, and often, with these despatched, a spell was broken over the others. The old reactions of human decency came quickly back to them. The manner of their leader's death often provided the psychological shock which they required. Having passed sentence of death, Alana would, without warning, spur her horse forward, draw the sword and strike off his head. Or, giving some rogue a Silver Star's start (i.e. letting him run for the time it took to say the Silver Star prayer), she would gallop after him and return in a minute or so bearing his head. If she was unjust at all, she erred on the side of lenity, but the dramatic manner in which she carried out her sentences, together with the ferocity and suddenness with which her hand-picked raiders battled and subdued the gangs, convinced them that they were confronted with someone a hundred times wilder and fiercer than their own dreaded leaders. Suddenly the bully who had held them in awe lay dead and, swinging his head by the hair, this remarkable swashbuckler, this lightning bolt of the right hand of the Law, was now giving the orders.

They had thought the Amazons were 'soft', despite their conquests. They had thought the Law was starchy and colourless compared to their wild, lawless life. They did not think so now.

Yet for all this, the success of the 'Red Raiders' depended equally upon another personality, very different from that of Red Alana. For every thousand people that had heard the name of Red Alana, perhaps one or two had heard that of Mother Igrayne, yet, in her way, she was a person no less remarkable. Her hair was as white as Alana's own, for she was between twice and thrice her age (maids lived longer in that age), and over the white robe of her Order she was wont to wear a long brown old army cloak. In her youth she had been an archer, fighting in battles long before the Great Crusade had been thought of, or would even have been thought possible. When the little Amazon settlements—mostly remote religious communities in self-imposed exile from the decadence of the late-matriarchal cities, suddenly swelled by a stream of refugees as those cities fell to the patriarchal hordes—were attacked by the patriarchs, she had fought with one of the brave little makeshift armies that defended their mountain fastnesses. 'The League for the Defence of New Marisia', it had been called, later it was simply The Chivalric League, and later still the Fifth Legion, still nicknamed 'the Leaguers'; but nowadays, one only had to mention 'the League' anywhere in the middle-world, and everybody would know what was meant. She never rose above the ranks, and sometimes joked in later years about having been an archer in a Legion whose fame rested almost wholly upon its cavalry.

She was a deeply contemplative person, as archers often are; archery being one of the most contemplative of the vikhe-

lic arts. It was not unusual for an archer to become a full contemplative in her later years. Igrayne did so much earlier than usual. The little armies and better, the spiritual training methods of the contemplative Orders, refined the vikhelic arts to perfection, and the would-be believers eventually decided that they were biting off more than they could chew. As soon as a lasting peace was established, Igrayne retired from the League, and wandered deep into the mountains as a *stravē*—a solitary contemplative. Little is known of her life during this period, but at the age when many archers are beginning to think of retiring into contemplation, she returned, having, as she put it, ‘licked the rim of the cup of Enlightenment’. She settled in a cave not far from New Marisia, teaching a small group of devoted aspirants until, as she grew older, she was persuaded to come into one of the contemplative orders for the sake of her health; so, she put on the white robe and continued her teaching from a pleasant little room looking out over a cloister with a neat green quadrangle and a fountain at the centre. And there she was expected to end her days. But she did not.

When the Great Crusade began, her Order sent a great many sisters into the White Amazons; but imagine the consternation when old Mother Igrayne declared her intention of going with them! They tried every manner of persuasion, but nobody quite dared to stand in the way of so saintly a person. ‘God has called me,’ she declared, ‘and She knows what is best.’ The trouble was that she had never actually joined the Order; officially she had always been a guest of the House, so she had no superior who could actually bind her in obedience not to go. ‘My chickens are going,’ she declared, referring to her pupils,

‘and I am going with them. They need someone to look after them.’

It was perhaps a good thing that nobody at the convent at New Marisia knew for a long time that, having made sure that her ‘chickens’ were alright, Mother Igrayne somehow managed to attach herself to the notorious Red Raiders.

Red Alana was not wont to be rude; certainly not to the old, and least of all to those in sacred Orders; but she did have three demons of a temper as the phrase went, especially before she met Mother Igrayne; and Providence had arranged that she should be in a particularly fiery humour the morning those two first encountered.

‘I desire no White Amazons to ride with me,’ exploded that tempestuous person; ‘an I did I’d not choose thee, for that thou art old and breathless and no fit rider; now carry off thy carcass for I have much that calls me.’

‘I am an *Innocua*,’ replied the old ascetic with dignity, ‘therefore I may not raise a sword against yours. But if you will put up your fists...’ Alana stepped forward incredulously, thinking she must have misheard her visitor’s words. Long contemplation does not dim an archer’s eye, but contrariwise, makes it all the sharper, and so a wizened, bony fist flew straight and true as a flighted shaft, unerringly found its target and, as Alana herself later put it, ‘knocked me clean off my pins and left me wondering if the moon had fallen on my head.’ This began one of the most important friendships in the history of the Great Crusade.

‘There be a lesson in the art of courtesy,’ said Mother Igrayne. ‘An thou had been my pupil I should have taught it with a willow-rod.’

‘Mother,’ said Alana Fi’Alana, picking herself up from the ground only to prostrate herself again, ‘an thee will have me, I am thy pupil from this day forth.’

To the fire of Alana’s native temperament Igrayne added the fire of the love of God; from an adventurer in the name of the Law, she turned her into a servant of the Law who was also an adventurer. Long hours she spent in unfolding to that passionate and contemplative mind the beauty and majesty of the Divine Order, and at times she despaired of reaching her inner depths. One day Alana came to her and knelt at her feet, as was the custom between Ranya and pupil. ‘Mother,’ she said, ‘I have seen so much suffering in my days; so much cruelty and wickedness, that my heart is heavy with it.’

‘Thou hast done more than thy part in setting it aright, my daughter,’ replied her mistress.

‘Yet, mother, there is so much, so very much,’ she sighed.

‘It is said that all the raindrops that fall upon the earth are the tears of Our Lady, weeping for Her children,’ said Igrayne, and thereupon fell for a few minutes into contemplation. When again she became conscious of the world, Alana was still kneeling before her, with her head bowed, but she noticed that her shoulders were trembling. ‘Look at me, child,’ she said. Alana obeyed, and she saw that tears were streaming down her cheeks. Igrayne took her in her arms. ‘My little child,’ she said, ‘I believe that we have found thy heart.’

For the rest of that day and most of the night Igrayne talked to her of the meaning of suffering and the bitter sacrifice of our Lady and of the sacred Law that She has brought to rescue us from suffering and from that day forward, Red Alana was

a changed person. No less a fighter and a firebrand, perhaps more so; but one that had found her soul.

‘Many are the ways of God,’ said Mother Igrayne, ‘as many as the souls that travel them; and some of them be passing strange.’ And strange it was that Red Alana, that was always so joyful, should come to God by the way of sorrow. She had a deeper joy now, and the secret suffering, though not yet passed from her, was calmed within her breast. It was perhaps because she understood less of the Truth than most Amazons that Red Alana had been so good at working with the bandits. Yet now that she had found the Truth, she was even better.

Igrayne and Alana worked in double harness. Slowly Igrayne regrouped most of her old ‘chickens’ around her, forming them into ‘White Raiders’, who moved among the bandit gangs as Alana’s Red Raiders were finishing the first part of their job. Shocked by the whirlwind attack of the Raiders; shocked by the sudden execution of the ‘rotten apples’, who had seemed like unassailable demon-kings mere hours ago, almost equally shocked by the lack of brutality which the Raiders showed once the unpleasant part of the job was over, and completely disoriented and uncertain about what the rest of their lives might be (if, indeed, they were to have any), they found themselves gathered around a blazing camp-fire by this old woman. They were given warming food by her pupils, who treated them with the most exquisite grace and courtesy; and she began to talk to them. She spoke gently, and she was gentle, yet somehow they sensed that, in her own way she was as tough as, if not tougher than, Red Alana herself.

She spoke to them of death and the meaning of life. Themes which perhaps they would have laughed to scorn this

time yesterday but which today seemed terribly real and urgent. Shaken and afraid, they could begin to understand how their victims had felt, they could, perhaps begin to feel remorse; if not remorse, they could at any rate feel the urgency of Igrayne's question: 'It may be you will die this night or on the morrow; will the deeds of your life grant you safe passage in the world to come, or will they rise up to accuse you?' She held them fascinated, for her voice resounded with the force of Truth, and her person radiated the intangible but unmistakable aura of one who had 'licked the rim of the cup of Enlightenment'. 'These lawless ones are all wound so tight as fiddlestrings. Deep within they do desire to hear the Truth, though their outer parts be so stubborn that they must be pinned by the ears before they are constrained to listen. Deep within they hate the evil they have done; they want to yield themselves up and to be forgiven. Our Lady wants only to forgive them.' And it seemed that she was right. By the end of the evening many of the law-less were in tears about her. The scorn of their 'harder' comrades no longer mattered. This saintly and wonderful person believed the Truth, and so did Red Alana; so did the graceful sisters they saw about them; so also the steel-hard Raiders who had thrashed both them and their comrades in combat. Their old world had died that day, and this night a new world was born.

So the Amazons made their slow but certain way through the middle-world, carefully ordering and purifying each territory before moving on to the next. But not all territories presented such problems. Not all were infested with bandits; not all even required conquest. One of these was the little town of Sain Arien and its outlying villages.



The first thing the Amazons brought to Sain Arien was music, and music was, in all probability, the most lasting thing that they brought: music and tales. A hundred years after they had gone, their songs were still sung in the ale-house and around the fire on winter's evenings; their tunes were still played on the pipe-and-tabor for the dancers in the village square and picked out with a goose-quill on the three-stringed dulcimer. Their tales—variants from the western world upon the old eternal themes—were added to the stock of the village story-tellers to become part of the rich mental undergrowth of generations of children. These things apart, the Amazons brought little of lasting importance to Sain Arien; life carried on before their coming and after their going much as it had for countless generations.

For Sain Arien was a quiet, out-of-the-way sort of place, distant from any large centre of population and of no political importance. The various patriarchal revolutions had scarcely touched it. In point of fact, Sain Arien did officially have a patriarchal government when the Amazons arrived. The third of the patriarchal revolutions which shook the Annapolita region, on whose outskirts lay Sain Arien, established the Eternal Empire of the Earth-Father, one of the more stable of the juntas, which, having a longer period of unchallenged rule than most, found time to turn its attention to less pressing matters. Thus it was that Sain Arien received an embassy from the emissaries of Adonay II, the Living God (may he live forever!), demanding the fealty of Sain Arien under threat of fire and sword. Their demand to speak with the town's governor caused

some confusion since no such office existed, but it was finally decided that they should meet the Lady Marya Fi-Arian, who was the head of the oldest and most noble family in Sain Arien. She was a just and wise if somewhat idiosyncratic old matriarch, come of a long line of just and wise and (more often than not) somewhat idiosyncratic matriarchs both old and young. Despite the fact that she held no official position outside her own family, and the town was theoretically governed by a council of elders, it was unthinkable that the affairs of the town should ever proceed other than according to her stated wishes.

The emissaries, however would not accept a female governor, so the new post of governor was hurriedly created and given to Master Gilrois FiAletta FiArien, the Lady Marya's husband. So was established the custom, still in force when the Amazons arrived, that the Governor of Sain Arien should be the husband of the head of the Arianya.

The Eternal Empire levied a heavy tribute upon Sain Arien, which was collected by a small military detachment every year at harvest-time; and after the various officers involved had taken extra to line their own purses, the blow was crippling. Fortunately, the Empire soon became fully occupied with raids on its more accessible borders, and Sain Arien was forgotten. Within a few short years the Eternal Empire was forgotten also, and Adony II the Living God had been crucified by King Luda, the Lord of the Heavens. Sain Arien, however, knew nothing about this, and still believed itself to be a part of the Eternal Empire, glad only that that awesome body had decided it could survive without the tribute of Sain Arien. It was many years and several revolutions before a new embassy arrived to demand the allegiance of and tribute to the Governor Colbert; and once again,

the intolerable burden was borne only for a short time. The same pattern repeated itself three more times, and when the Amazons arrived, the people of Sain Arien believed themselves to be the subjects of Adolphus IV, Universal Monarch of the World. The Amazons found it a delightful joke that Sain Arien was three revolutions behind the times.

By the time of the Governor Kynan, three revolutions after Adolphus IV, the incursions had become a bitter memory, and Sain Arien had long returned to its accustomed way of life. They had heard nothing of the Great Crusade, and the arrival one dull spring afternoon of a serious young Amazon officer in her ceremonial armour, a vision of silver and gold, seated bolt upright in her ceremonial chariot and surrounded by a guard of six cavalry officers, like the sun enthroned among her six planets (which, indeed, was the symbolic meaning of the party), created among them a sensation of gloom and leaden apprehension. They knew nothing of the six Legions whose colours the horsemaids bore, nor even of the illustrious Princess Mariamne, the leader of the Crusade, whose royal banner floated above the splendid war-chariot. Nevertheless, the Governor was quickly aware of a great difference between the embassy of the daike Rhien Terysien and any previous emissaries. Until today, all such visitations had had but one purpose: extortion, more or less thinly disguised in official jargon. But of all the strange proclamations Sain Arien had ever received, this was most certainly the strangest. The long address read out by the Daike's herald asked, in brief, whether the Governor and people of Sain Arien would willingly renounce all heresies and misbelief and return to the Ekklesia of the one true God in obedience to Her law, or whether they would meet with

the armies of Her servant and regent, the worshipful Princess Mariamne, namely the Holy Confederation of the Six Legions, upon the field of war.

Not even the smallest of the patriarchates had ever suggested going to war with Sain Arien, and the idea of her taking up arms against the massed forces of the Amazon legions was positively bizarre, yet Amazon courtesy demanded that this little town should be accorded no less dignity than the mightiest nation-at-arms. After supervising the proclamation in the town square, the Daike was taken to Mansarian, the ancestral home of the Arianya, and therefore also the Governor's residence, for a private audience with the Governor.

At the entrance of the great house she was met by the chaplain and the seneschal. She was surprised to see that the chaplain was robed in a manner indistinguishable from that of an orthodox priestess—which, indeed, was precisely what she was. The Daike drew her sword, and, holding it by the blade, presented the hilt to the seneschal in token of peace. If the seneschal was taken aback by this small ritual (and surely she must have been) she showed nothing. The post of seneschal was an hereditary one, held always by the oldest daughter of a certain prominent Sain Arien family, and they prided themselves upon being equal to every situation. The last time an Arian seneschal had shown a flicker of surprise was when the late Mistress Kara insisted upon galloping cross-country and jumping the two hedges at the sides of the Gated Path mounted backwards on her horse.

The Governor was a youngish man of a type commonly found among the Kindred (rural gentry) of the matriarchal countryside. Long before any patriarchal occupation, and in ar-

east where it had not taken place, the old matriarchal cities had succumbed, if not always to decadence, at any rate to a slickness and over-sophistication which was one step removed from it. Those of the Raihira, or noble, estate who had not accepted this ethos were consciously in reaction against it. They no longer possessed the simple natural nobility—the nobility of innocence—which was to be found in Sain Arien. Young men like Kynan FiArien could be met throughout the middle-world in relatively undisturbed backwaters such as Sain Arien, though Daike Rhien Terysien had not hitherto enjoyed that pleasure. Indeed, this was the first time that the Daike had encountered the culture of the middle-world in anything other than its most degenerate form. Governor Kynan exhaled the atmosphere of his native culture, and even as he was beginning to realise that the Daike was very different from the barbarians with whom his father had had to deal, so she was beginning to sense the atmosphere of a civilisation not decadent, yet laxer and mellower than the austere and brilliant Amazon world. A culture older not only than the new world of the Amazons, forged from the deep piety of the exile-convents and the high courage of the warriors, but older also than the world of the Western Empire and the sunken continent that had gone before it. Her mind travelled quickly over the past few months, and suddenly a thought struck her which was the answer to a vague but insistent puzzle which had been troubling her mind. As the Crusade struck ever deeper into the heartland of the middle-world she had become increasingly conscious of a distinct difference in character between the decadent cities which they were coming upon and those which they had met at the beginning of the Crusade; a different kind of decadence, she had thought. Now,

suddenly, the explanation came to her. As they moved eastward they were coming more and more into territories which, while still a part of the Western Empire, had been far less under its influence. Parts of their culture had been brought from the south during the great migrations from the Southern Empire thousands of years ago; a culture too high and fine to continue in the coarser air of these later times. The gentle hand of the Western Empire had shored it up, and a hybrid of the two cultures had been formed. The whole of the middle world had been shaken by the collapse of the Empire, and decadence had set in here as elsewhere. It was not so much a different kind of decadence as a different thing in decay. The decadent cities of the west and those which the Crusade had recently taken were as similar and as different as a rotten apple and a rotten plum.

She had not sufficient evidence to make a report to the High Command but intuitively the Daike was already sure: Sain Arien was sound. But it was not the soundness of the great western matriarchates which had begun to decline two centuries ago. It was the soundness of a good sturdy mongrel culture alloyed of the western culture and of another culture, older, deeper and far more beautiful. Outwardly impassive, the Daike breathed inwardly a sigh. What had the poet said? 'Many the fine, fair things are passed away, and shall not be again; and our world shall not know the glory of our mothers, neither shall our daughters know our glory.' Yes, the world was a long and weary downward path; and even if the Great Crusade would turn back the clock for a century or two, yet the patriarchal barbarians would inherit the earth in the end. Thus was it written and thus should it be. The *Pax Amazonia* of the coming centuries would not be so fine a thing as the Western

Empire had been at its best; and as for the beauties of the old middle-world, and the still more distant beauties of the South, what remained of them now? 'The grass doth grow upon the dust that was their body.' And some time in the distant future, when the barbarians had destroyed this world entirely, a new Golden Age would come, and so the cycle should begin again. How truly had her old Ranya spoken: 'This world is but a turning wheel from which thy soul must leap if she will be free.'

The Daike wrenched her mind from these meditations and concentrated her mind upon her host. Gentle of manner and slightly shy, he moved with practised grace and lightness. If he was agitated, his strict Raihira upbringing permitted him to show nothing beyond his serene and courteous exterior. The Daike felt herself drawn to him. 'We are as similar,' she thought, 'as a firm apple and a firm plum. And as different.'

The Governor was pressing a drink upon her. 'It is very poor, most excellent mistress, very poor most truly, but it is the best we do own. Our harvests have been more bad than we can say.' Such self-deprecation was common Raihira courtesy, but sipping her skokkien, the Daike found that poor was, if anything, too generous a term for it. It was difficult to believe that a Raihira had nothing better, or that he would give such bilge-water to his guests. Was this a calculated insult? No, she felt not. She cast her eyes around the room and found it generally well appointed, and yet showing certain conspicuous signs of dilapidation. Most notably a window was broken, and the glass covering a portrait of the first Lady Marya as the lily-moon-mistress (one of the five traditional portrait forms) was cracked from side to side. The Daike's natural sensitivity had been honed to perfection by long training in the art of the

sword, for a perfect swordsmaid can see her opponent's stroke before she has made it. In this case she could tell as easily as if she had been present that the damage in this room had been done within this hour. She could sense the violence—and also the unwillingness—with which it had been performed. Something was amiss in this house. Something passing strange.

'It is a fine and noble brew, my reverend master,' she said with some effort. 'I pray you, refill my cup.'

'You do my mistress's house more honour than it can ever deserve.' Even through his serene exterior, the Governor showed a little discomfort, acutely conscious that, in the matter of skokkien at any rate, his words were more than a mere ritual of courtesy.

'I have travelled from the western edge of the world, my master, and I have not seen a finer house nor one more fair to look upon.'

'My lady is most gracious, but this house has ever been a humble dwelling: a little lodge in the mountains, lost to the grandeur of the world. Yet even so it has known better days; better days and richer, ma'am. The soil of these lands is quite exhausted, and our people know barely how to eke a sustenance. Ma'am, if every soul in Sain Arien were a wandering stravë, we could be scarce the poorer and that is the hard truth of it.' He bowed his head and placed two fingers upon his brow in the traditional gesture of sorrow.

'Good master, you spoke of your mistress's house. Are you not Governor here?'

The Governor was quite unable to see any inconsistency in this, and replied in some puzzlement, with disarming inno-

cence, 'Yes, ma'am, most surely I am Governor here. I spoke of my wife.'

The Daike could not restrain the shimmer of a smile from passing her lips. 'Well, good master Governor, you have studied the proclamation of my most royal mistress. What is your reply?'

The Governor's reply was obviously a time-honoured one, learned by rote by every Governor of Sain Arien. 'Most reverent mistress, the Governor and people are happy beyond expression to accept the yoke and suzerainty of your most noble and puissant empire; and with all our hearts we will to serve your royal mistress with all the means at our command. Truly we shall keep the day of your coming as a day of feast and rejoicing so long as Sain Arien shall endure.'

'My sovereign master,' replied the Daike, 'with the profoundest and most humble respect, I venture to suggest that you have not yet fully comprehended the nature of my mistress's proclamation. I am the emissary of no empire, nor does my lady seek sovereignty over Sain Arien.'

'Good my mistress, I understand you not,' replied the Governor somewhat nervously.

'Will the Governor and people of Sain Arien undertake willingly to return to the single Law of God and the Way of ðamë?' asked the Daike. Surely Sain Arien was sound enough for these words to be understood. In truth, it was too sound.

'Return? ... Good my mistress, I understand you not.'

'Will the Governor and people of Sain Arien willingly renounce all heresies...'

'Heresies!' interjected Kynan. Now she had really frightened him. 'Please, ma'am, would it cause great offence if I ask

that my wife be present, that you may speak with her in this matter?’

‘No offence in the world, my good master,’ replied the Daike. ‘I wish only to abide by the custom of this place.’

The seneschal was summoned, left the room again, and in a remarkably short space of time returned to hold open the door for the fifth Lady Marya, tall, dark, remarkably young-looking and with a force of personality that filled the room like a lightning-storm. The Daike sensed that for the past half-hour she had been pacing a nearby room in an agony of frustration that so important an affair should be taking place in her house, and she unable to see that it was conducted aright. Had she been eavesdropping? Most certainly not; but there was little that missed the ears of the seneschal and her staff, and nothing that was not reported to the mistress. Certainly, from the scant attention she paid, she had little need of her husband’s explanations. Outwardly she appeared serene, but her inner turmoil was betrayed by the fact that she entered with a glass of skokien in her hands—a minor breach of etiquette which would rarely occur in such a household.

‘Donna,’ said the Governor, reverencing her with a deep little bow, ‘the most noble Daike wishes to know about heresy in Sain Arien.’

‘Heresy!’ exploded the Lady Marya, returning the Daike’s reverence curtly. ‘An there were heresy in Sain Arien I should know about it. Aye, and an I knew about it there should not long be heresy in Sain Arien, that I warrant thee. Heresy, on my mother’s pyre! Heresy, by the legions of the damned! I’ll tell thee. There have been heretics in Sain Arien. Aye, and thieves too. But not a one of them came from Sain Arien.’

‘My lady,’ said Kynan, calm, but deathly pale, ‘use caution, use reason, they have the power...’

‘Aye, aye, they have the power.’ She turned again to the Daike, beginning more calmly, but quickly losing her temper again. ‘You can make Sain Arien a part of your empire. We are very willing. You can take your tributes and bleed our people white. But if you come into my house and talk of heresy in Sain Arien, by the Holy Name, I’ll take a dog-whip...’

‘My lady...’ Kynan raised his voice for the first time in many years, but the Lady Marya could not be stopped.

‘You are the heretics, you with your ugly male godlings and your idols and abominations. Come to this window. See you that Temple? Never was there any idol in that Temple, and never will there be. We shall burn it down first. You talk of making war on Sain Arien. Truly, if you desire to lay hands on our Temple there will be a war. You will win it, of course, but you’ll have to kill every last one of us before you touch our Lady’s house.’ Flushed and angry, she walked to the chair where Kynan was weeping, and, standing behind it, placed both her hands upon his breast, glaring furiously at the Daike, as if to say, ‘Look what you have done to my husband.’

‘My lady, my lady,’ sobbed Kynan, ‘you know not what it is that you have done.’

The Lady Marya stroked his hair for a short time. Her anger subsided and a deep sadness came over her. ‘My swallow, my stallion, my lovely hunting-dog; I know full well what I have done. I spoke in anger, but I spoke not rashly. If the time has come, then the time has come. We know that it must come some day. Praise be to our Lady that we were spared so long. We will not live a life of ignominy and treason, my dear one.

That were to live too long.' She looked up again at the Daïke. 'You shall see, my good soldier, you shall see. Sain Arien knows how to die.'

For a moment the Daïke gazed upon Lady Marya. She was not a beautiful maid, though she was not unattractive, but the fire in her heart lit up her whole being with a loveliness surpassing any merely physical beauty. And seeing such courage and such nobility, the eyes of the Daïke Rhien Terysien welled up with tears. 'My lady,' she said, 'thy soul is so comely that thou hast melted the heart of a hard soldier. No Amazon shall ever lay hands on thy Temple. My lady, I would tell thee that I love our Lady as greatly as thine own self, if that were not to praise myself too highly. If any infidel shall seek to lay hands upon the Temple of Sain Arien, there shall be three centuries of Amazons, horse, foot and chariot to defend it. You have the word of the Daïke Rhien Terysien. I shall kneel before the alter in the Temple of Sain Arien and make an offering to our Lady in thanks that there are such noble hearts in the world as thine.'

'You are believers?' faltered the Lady Marya.

'Believers, aye, and that is all the purpose of our coming. To turn the middle-world unto the Law again, to cast out the infidels and their idols and abominations. We do not want you to be a part of any empire. We do not want to rob you or take tributes...'

'You are not levying a tribute?'

'Most surely not, did I not say...'

'And we have made you drink this bellgrot!' exploded the Lady Marya seizing the glass from the hand of the astonished Daïke. She pressed her own glass into her hand. 'Here, drink

this, 'twill settle your stomach.' Obediently, the Daike took a sip.

'Why, 'tis the finest skokkien I have tasted this long year,' she exclaimed, and no part of this statement was motivated by courtesy—indeed the note of surprise in her voice was scarcely in keeping with the demands of etiquette. She began to laugh.

'Seneschal! Seneschal!' cried the Lady Marya, 'fetch someone to mend that window; we are like enough to die of cold in here.' She turned again to the Daike. 'I fear we have no food fit to be eaten in the house, mistress. Everything has been taken away in case you made an inspection. We deemed it fit that we should appear to be in poverty, my mistress, that the tribute should be small. My people have suffered greatly in the past...'

The Daike was still laughing. 'Reason me no more, good my lady, I have some little wit, for all I be a soldier.'

'There is the sub-cellar, my lady,' suggested Kynan with a twinkle.

'The sub-cellar; of course!' exclaimed Marya. 'We have a cellar below the cellar which nobody could ever find. Do Amazons drink ale?'

By this latter question, the Lady Marya had unwittingly showed how very far Sain Arien lay from the rest of the world. The embassy did not return home that night. But on the morrow it carried tidings of a fully successful mission.



The long green victory-dragon snaked down the main street of Sain Arien in front of the procession with bells jingling and ribbons streaming, the thirteen Amazons within its silken body wheeling and curving with a deftness born of long practice. It

came to rest before the raised platform which had been erected in the town square. The troops arrayed themselves in their order with banners to the fore. As well as those of the two legions represented among the contingent, there were several emblems of the regions and craft-guilds to which sections of the soldiery belonged. When all were in place, a wide aisle was left between the ranks of soldiers and townspeople, leading to the platform steps. Down this aisle passed first the bearer of the royal standard, followed by a Nikraya of the Triumulate responsible for all military and secular affairs in the Annapolita region. She was flanked by two Daikes, one from each legion—one of these the people recognised as the one who had called upon the Governor a few weeks ago. Accompanying this party were two white-robed *innocui* bearing ceremonial staves, and with silver circlets over their white head-veils. Behind them came a small retinue of standard bearers and others. The lively music of the triumphal entry had given place to a solemn and dignified processional march.

Upon the platform were the Governor's party; himself, the Lady Marya, the household chaplain, the senior priestess of the town with her ancilla, the Lady of the Temple with her senior Temple-maiden, representatives from each of the villages and magdoranyas from each of the crafts.

The Nikraya and her party mounted the platform. She bowed deeply to the Governor, for he was governor still, although within the hour he would be so no longer. He returned her reverence and they embraced in token of peace and the bond of friendship. He then embraced each of the Daikes in turn, and a particular warmth was in the embrace with Rhien

Terysien, for already a deep friendship had taken root between her and Kynan and the Lady Marya.

During the ceremony that followed, the Governor's personal standard was removed, and that of the Lady Marya put in its place. The preparation for this had involved some difficulty, since Kynan had never possessed a personal standard. Finding one for the Lady Marya had involved some little thought, but it was quickly decided that the standard of Sain Arien itself could be used, since the name of the Arian family was the same as that of the town. Indeed, enquiry among the more historically-minded of the townsfolk revealed that the standard had been used by the Arianya at one period. A personal standard for the Governor, however, presented more difficulty. His mother's family had never borne a standard so far as anyone could recall. The obvious procedure would be for him to adopt his wife's, but this, apparently, would not be in keeping with the nature of the ceremony. As Rhien Terysien put it: 'Sain Arien has to become a little more patriarchal before we can make it matriarchal again.'

'Well, it do seem passing strange to me, for a surety,' declared the Lady Marya. The senior priestess, Madria Kerunna, however, having a firm grasp of the nature and importance of ritual, found no difficulty in understanding the matter. 'Twill do more of good for Sain Arien than you may think, most honoured daughter,' she explained. 'Master Kynan is a good man, and never was Governor save in name alone, yet well thou dost know that there is no thing transpires upon this heavy world of clay that echoes not within the world invisible, nor canst thou name a name on any thing or person that bindeth not a web of working. Let Sain Arien be brought within the

full measure of the Law by this most puissant working of the western race, and that which was amiss shall be set right.'

'By your leave, most reverend mother,' replied the Lady Marya, ever quick to defend her beloved people, 'there is but little amiss in Sain Arien.'

'But little indeed,' said the priestess with a smile—for were they not her children also? 'Yet if a score of chanters chant together and but one have a false ear, is not the sweetness of the music turned, like to milk that hath stood an hour too long before drinking?'

'You will say ere long that there is heresy in Sain Arien!' exclaimed the Lady Marya, who was by this time able to make light of her former outburst. The company laughed.

'Not heresy, daughter, but there is a little forgetfulness; we have been too long severed from the learned world and the teachers of high doctrine.'

'My mother,' said the Lady Marya, with earnestness, 'how can we have been severed from the world of learning whiles you have been with us?'

Madria Kerunna smiled. Her children regarded her as a very oracle of wisdom, and the priestesses of the village came to her as a great Ranya; yet she was conscious that she was herself but little more than a simple country priestess, having spent but a single year in the little seminary of Annamatri in the distant days of her youth, just before it was closed by Adonay. With deep shame, she acknowledged a part of herself which dreaded the coming of real learned teachers from the west, for she feared that the respect of her children would diminish greatly once they were able to make the comparison. 'Yet I need not fear to lose their love,' she consoled herself, 'and

that is all a good priestess should desire. I should not wish to be thought what I am not.' Yet her fears were largely unfounded, for long years of contemplation and of painstaking work in helping her pupils in matters great and small had built steadily upon the firm foundation laid by the seminary, and she had grown far wiser than she knew. Aloud she said: 'I shall welcome the coming of the learned *innocui* to our town and to our villages, for they shall work great good among us.'

Turning her attention to the matter in hand, the priestess fell for a few minutes into contemplation, and then, returning to herself, she declared that since the name he had inherited from his mother was FiaDjane, the silver crescent of the Arianya should, on Kynan's standard, be supported by the bear of Djane. It was also necessary that a wand of office should be made for him, in order that it might pass into the hands of the Lady Marya.

The passing of the wand was the high point of the ceremony. Kneeling, the Governor presented it to Madria Kerunna, and was no longer the Governor. Kneeling, the Lady Marya received it from the priestess, and with it the authority over Sain Arien passed to her. She was not, however, titled Governor, for that, as the Amazons said, was an abominable patriarchal name. As she rose to address her people, holding aloft the wand, she was the first Vicar of Sain Arien.

Vicar was an old imperial title, which had been common in the middle-world up until a hundred years ago, although it had not reached so far east as Annapolita. The Vicar of a town or region was so called because she was the vicar or representative of the local Princess (the Western empire beyond the shores of the drowned continent being made up of the a large number

of tiny nations or city-states), just as the Princess was the vicar of the Empress and the Empress the vicar of God. It was perhaps a little incongruous, therefore, that the various independent territories now being established by the Amazons in the middle-world were each governed by a Vicar, though in later years, as the *Pax Amazonia* found itself compelled to take on the mantle of Empire, they became Vicars in the old, literal sense.

The Vicar of Sain Arien was by no means unaccustomed to the making of speeches. She began by speaking of the great benefits which would accrue from the working of this ritual. Many of the villages interpreted this as a promise of good harvests; and indeed that summer the long run of poor harvests in the area was broken by a magnificent crop. She talked of her friendship with the Amazons, and of the Daike Rhien Terysien's promise to defend the Temple of Sain Arien. 'These are our sisters,' she declared. 'Our sisters, our friends and our most welcome guests. Let us show that Sain Arien knows how to greet them out of the bounty of our hearts.' There was an enthusiastic response from part of the crowd, but an awkward silence from others. The Lady Marya laughed. 'Aye, and Littlewell and Underwood, and Bridgewater...' As the names of the villages rolled off her tongue, wave upon wave of cheers exploded from different sections of the crowd, until all was drowned in a chaos of applause and laughter. Kynan smiled at Daike Rhien, who was obviously enjoying the spectacle. He knew that Lady Marya knew her audience well, and had brought off this little joke largely in order to amuse her. In truth, it pleased the Daike rather more deeply than either of them would suspect. After months of dealing with crushed and dispirited peoples confused and demoralised by the effects

of chaos, tyranny and war, or at the best, with people utterly spoiled by the slick, cynical sophistication of the urban matriarchal decadence, how glorious it was to witness the healthy, innocent exuberance of normal, God-loving people. 'Sain Arien is sound,' she thought, repeating her first assessment of the town. 'This is what we are fighting for.'

The Lady Marya turned to more serious matters, and told the people of the Great Crusade, the liberation of Annapolita and of the middle-world. 'The age of lawlessness doth draw to a close in the middle-world, my dear ones, and on the day of the tyrant-wolf doth the sun go down. Henceforth shall the world tread the measure of the Law, according to the music of Eternity, even as it was in the good days of our mothers. And even among us here a new day doth dawn; a new day, my dear ones, and a brighter. Our Lady hath preserved us through the darkness of the night, my gentle people, for She is very merciful. There is one God, one God alone, none other God than She.'

'One God alone, none other God than She,' echoed the people in the time-honoured response.

'This day, my good people, this day are we returned unto the full measure of Her Law. Let us turn again unto our Lady. Let us dedicate ourselves to Her anew. Where there were faults and forgetfulness in the lawless time, my dear ones, let them be forgotten. She has forgiven them, for She is very merciful. Let us turn again, my dear ones, let us turn again to Her.'

From the ground, a group of *innocui* began a chant of the holy Name, and the people enthusiastically joined in, for they were a devout and warm-hearted people. The Amazon musicians accentuated the rhythm with their drums and bells. The

very quality of the chanting told the more experienced of the White Amazons that here was a rich and fruitful soil for the nurture of souls. The chant began slowly and sweetly, becoming faster and louder until it reached an exhilarating climax, and then tapered slowly and sweetly away into silence.

When the silence had lasted for a minute or two, the Lady Marya made her final announcement. 'My dear ones,' she said, 'thank you so much for kindly coming here. In honour of this most auspicious day, I have made ready for you in the grounds of Mansarian a very small and unworthy feast. I have no doubt that you will find fare much surpassing the paltry offering upon your boards at home, but if you will condescend this night to eat at the table of my house, you would do me great honour.'

A cheer rose up from the crowd, but the Lady Marya quickly turned the applause away from herself. 'All hail the Great Crusade!' she cried above the noise.

'Hail! Hail! Hail!' came the response.

'Hail the Holy Amazons that shall deliver the middle-world!'

'Hail the most saintly *innocui*, bearers of light into the darkness!'

'Hail to the Princess Mariamne, and to her worthy Nikraya that she has sent unto us!'

'Hail to the Daike Rhien Terysien that is friend to Sain Arien and sworn defender of our holy Temple!'

The banquet was a truly magnificent affair. The Daike Rhien had consented to use her charioteer to bring a ranyarani of the culinary art all the way from Annapolita. Mansarian's own reserves, brought out of hiding, were supplemented by provisions supplied by the Amazon commissariat, and an Amazon hunting-party had contributed two wild boars. It was

probably the first and only time that a banquet at Mansarian had come as a real surprise to the people. Usually, although pretending to be surprised, in accordance with customary etiquette, the preparations would have attracted attention weeks in advance, and indeed, many town and village people would have been directly and indirectly involved with them. This time, however, with many of the supplies coming from outside, with the work being shared wholly between the Mansarian staff, under the strict surveillance of the seneschal, and the Amazons, and with so many strange happenings and mysterious Amazon comings and goings, the feast quite genuinely took everyone by surprise. Nor had there for many generations been a banquet on such a scale. Row upon row of long tressle-tables filled the great walled garden, each with a fringed white parasol at its head to honour the head of the table, for each of the major households was provided with a table of its own.

It was usual on such occasions for groups from the town and from the villages to spend several weeks in preparing 'spontaneous' entertainments for the surprise banquets; but since on this occasion that had not been possible, their place was filled by the Amazons. They played western music and performed the dragon-dance. They displayed the breathtaking sword dance in which sword clashed against sword and *pelta* (the light Amazon moon-shield) with terrifying speed and force and uncanny precision. They gave displays of archery and fire-leaping, but the Nikraya refused permission for a makeshift chariot race. They raised the thrilling war chants of their two legions.

'Thy people are practised in the chant, I warrant,' said one of the two elder *innocui* who had been in the platform in the town square, having made her salutation to the Lady Marya.

‘In truth, mother,’ she returned, greatly pleased, ‘never before have we known this manner of devotion.’

‘Well, ye shall come to know it well before the White Amazons be gone from ye, for it is a goodly way for us in these late times, that have not the wisdom of our mothers.’

‘Truly, we are ever most pleased to receive the ways and counsel of the learned, my mother.’

The Nikraya approached them and made her salutation. She turned to the Lady Marya. ‘My Lady, the provisions are all made ready. Our company, in its greater part, doth leave Sain Arien on the day after this morrow; a little number will remain at the town, and a lesser shall go unto each of the villages, in accordance with our custom. Should you require their assistance in the return unto the Law, they shall be at thy bidding, though I doubt me thou wilt have need. Other, they shall render service unto thy people in keeping with their estate. But their most important reason for abiding here is that they form a little thread in the great web that is spun for the defence of the entire land of Annapolita, and so also for the defence of thine own people. Should thunder come in from the East...’

‘From the East...’ interrupted the Vicar.

‘Aye, from the East. I know well that all thy troubles have come from the West, but the West is now subdued and doth lie in the hand of ðamē. This Summertide, the war shall move eastward, and shall be harder fought, perhaps, than ever it hath been. We know not but that the storm may return upon Annapolita or upon the other lands at the Eastward of the Western world. Most like it will not, but an it should, these soldiers shall be thy first defence; but they will be swiftly enforced from the little garrison at Annamatri, and a short time after from the

great garrison at Annapolita. The Amazons shall keep a good watch; but should any thing troublous be seen by the shepherds on the hills or by any of thy people, let it be made known to the Kefalle who shall have command over all the troops in Sain Arien.'

'Shall the Daike Rhien be not with us?' asked the Vicar, a little disappointed.

'The Daike Rhien shall bide in Annapolita. An there is thunder in Sain Arien, she shall most like be with you.'

Making her salutations, the second Daike joined them, and after some further converse, she and the Nikraya departed together to watch the swordplay at the other side of the garden. They walked in silence until they reached the enclosure where the mock-battles were taking place.

'A passing fine stroke,' commented the Daike, as they watched a particularly skilled passage of arms.

'Aye, a passing fine,' agreed the Nikraya.

'It is such skill as this shall bring the East into the hand of ðamë.'

'Yet I do think,' said the Nikraya, 'that the swordmaid shall not enact so great a part in the taking of the East as she hath done in the Western world, nay, nor the fine-plumed horses, neither.'

'Why so?' enquired the Daike.

'The Easterling is a most dangerous warrior,' replied the Nikraya. 'When he arose and broke the Wheel of ðamë, the chivalry of the Western Empire rode forth against him, yet he stood firm and was not defeated. The imperial boundaries were narrowed by his advance until that time a great battle was foughten which was called the Battle of Varga. I doubt not

you will mind it from thy school-days. So Varga became the stopping place and the boundary of the Empire. From that day forth, the Empress moved not Eastward into Varga, nor the infidel westward beyond Varga, for it was a terrible battle that neither wished to repeat. The Easterlings that we have thus far met withal have been but a rabble of orgulous malcontents; but now we draw nigh unto the land of Varga, and we shall encounter with the Easterlings proper.'

'What is his nature,' asked the Daike, 'and why is he so terrible?'

'The Easterling warrior is a foot soldier,' she replied, 'short and dark and heavily made. He doth carry a great pike or pole-axe, some eighteen feet in length, whose great steel head doth add a further foot. So steadfast is their battle array that they do seem as a phalanx of moving wood, and before their line project not the pikes of the first rank only, but those of the second, third and fourth likewise, like to a bristling porcupine of steel. Behind the fourth ranks, stand those with pikes held upright, in readiness to fill the gaps left by those who fall. And should the onset of the pikes be checked, their ranks will open to let through the axemen. These warriors carry an axe that nothing resembles the light Amazon labrys, but is full eight feet in length of its ashen haft, with a head of great weight which doth end in a sharp point. It hath a hatchet blade afore and a ripping-hook behind, and doth make a wound so loathly to look upon that even our doughty Amazon swordmaids may stand appalled. Wielded by these muscular dwarfs it will cleave through the Amazon helm or breastplate, or even through the heavy armour of the western men as though it were but foil. It will tear through the *pelta* and arm in a single blow. And with

the axemen come the bearers of the morning star, a club five feet in length set heavily with iron spikes about the end, and of the Varganese hammer, which is like to the Easterling axe but that it hath three great ripping hooks at its head instead of a blade. Also they bear a great two-handed sword, thrice the length and five times the weight of the Amazon sword.

‘A cavalry charge of the Western Empress was cut in pieces by the Easterlings; their horses’ breasts riven open by the pikes, their legs swept off by the great axes. I greatly misdoubt me whether even the charge of the Leaguer cavalry could break them; neither would the swift and light-armed Amazon foot soldier fare well in an assault upon that close-packed mass of heavy steel.’

‘Then how may we hope to prevail against them?’ asked the Daike.

“Most skillful battle is that in which no blow is struck,” quoted the Nikraya, “most skillful next is that which is won with the least noise.” This was the opening sentence of the *Nikcoutrei*, the great Amazon treatise on the art of war. It was a text that the senior officers never tired of repeating to those juniors whom they were grooming for positions of high command, for it contained the most important principle of their education. They had been picked out for their courage, their steadfastness, their skill and above all, their vocation in the art of war. Now they must learn serenity, detachment and subtlety. Their hot-blooded eagerness for hard fighting must be curbed and refined into a perception of war not only as a science but as an art; not only as an art, but as, before all, a sacred art.

The *Nikcoutrei* was regarded not simply as a military handbook, but as a sacred text; and, this, indeed, was precisely what

it was, being in the tradition of *dwicoutri*, or *magdacoutri*, ‘secondary scriptures’ produced by great contemplative scholars by the application of the divine Principles found in the Scriptures to some sphere of earthly activity. God created maid with a lesser bodily strength than man, the text explained, that she might fight with subtlety and with the Spirit. Let her once forget the true Way and descend to the use of mere material force, and man would have the advantage, the true Order would be turned upside-down, and the world would be set on the path which must eventually lead to complete materialism and patriarchy. Therefore, the arts of war must be spiritual arts, and the ways of war pursued with subtlety and gentleness. One example of this was the way in which the Amazons were not permitted to slaughter captives or to practise torture in the way that all the patriarchal armies did. To some extent this placed them at a disadvantage, but as their gentleness became well known, they turned it to good account by having their rumour-spreaders extol the good treatment of those who surrendered to the Amazons, and using conspicuously marked chariots to bear surrendered enemies safely off the field of battle. This, together with campaigns of stirring up discontent against patriarchal rulers, often ensured a considerable number of the enemy being removed from the field by surrender without a blow being struck; the more so since many of them were often pressed men.

The rumour-spreaders and intelligencers—sometimes specially trained Amazons, and sometimes paid, or even unwitting, agents, were part of an extensive network of ‘quiet warriors’—the world’s first, and probably best, secret service. They probed the enemy’s hidden weaknesses, made contact with the Old Believers within his walls, assisted deserters from his army,

encouraged rivalries and discontents within it, gave arms and money to rebellious factions, and in a hundred other ways promoted his defeat 'without a blow being struck'.

The Daike smiled, for she was all too familiar with her mistress's meaning. 'The path of Shearwind the Trickster may lead us far;' she granted, 'but a time must come that we must meet the Easterling upon the field of Sai Vikhë the Warrior. How then shall we do battle with the wooden porcupine?'

'The porcupine cannot shoot his quills,' replied the Nikraya.

'I take not thy meaning, my lady.'

'There is no archer in the world can match the prowess of the Western bowmaid,' said the Nikraya. 'Her swiftness and unerring aim shall deliver to us the crown of Varga when that the time is come for battle. In our front rank we shall place two or three rows of foot soldiers. Each shall bear two heavy javelins and a great oblong shield. The shields shall be locked together to form a solid wall for the defence of the archers. We must choose our ground so that the Easterling shall be as far as possible hampered in his advance, and as he comes forward, the archers shall fire volley after volley into his midst over the heads of the spearmaids. His great four-horse chariots, though fearful to behold, are not formidable. Our light cavalry and mounted archers will prevent them from attacking our line, and if possible, attempt to turn his flanks; though of this latter we hold but little hope.

'As the Varganese line approaches ours, the archers must fall back, the spearmaids will discharge their javelins from their slings and then disperse. Then the field will be left clear for the chariots. With the line thinned by the archers, and checked by the impact of the first and second javelins, a sudden chari-

ot-charge, backed by the heavy cavalry and lancers, will be able to penetrate it. Given time, the axemen would still be like to cur the horses in pieces, but they must not have such time. The charge must pass through them as swiftly as possible. Then will come the moment for your well-beloved swordmaids. Against the close-packed foe they should fare ill indeed, but with his line broke and spread, our fleet and nimble dancers shall have room wherein to whirl and dodge and sting him at their will. Then shall the race go to the swift indeed, I think.'

Both turned their eyes again upon the swordplay. With the grace and precision of a dance, with the speed of a whirling chariot-wheel, the maids went through their practised motions, drawing wonder and applause from their audience. The Nikraya noted another excellent stroke from the maid who had made the one that the Daike had first remarked upon. 'There is a fine warrior indeed,' she said.

'Aye, my lady,' agreed the Daike with a smile. 'Her name is Renata. But she, I think, is destined to fight this war without striking a blow.'

'It may be so,' said the Nikraya, gazing upon her with her wise and gentle old eyes. 'For all her skill, she was not born to be a soldier. Yet I think she will strike a blow of no small import before her warrior days be over.'

The great bell of Mansarian rang out over the fields. Great steaming trenchers were being borne out of the house, and the guests began to take their places at the tables.²¹

CHILDREN'S GAMES

If any should doubt the possibility of the unbroken continuance of rituals, customs and practices over thousands of years, she need look no further than the nearest playground. There she will see a hopscotch diagram virtually identical to the one inscribed in the pavement of the Roman Forum; she will see five-stones played in the manner shown on ancient Egyptian inscriptions and hide-and-seek exactly as described by a classical Greek author.

Like 'fairy tales', these games were not originally the exclusive domain of children but were played by all members of the community. This is certainly a sign of the 'simplicity' of traditional peoples in the spiritual sense of that word, but it is by no means an evidence of stupidity; on the contrary, the ability of the traditional adult to appreciate what are now called 'children's games' is a practical demonstration of her superior intellectuality. For the continuing fascination with these games stems from an ability to understand and ritually enact their inner meanings. It is entirely typical of an age so crass as to give the unqualified name of 'science' to a mere collection of observations, calculations and experiments relating to material phenomena, and actually to persuade itself that this 'science' represents the apogee of human knowledge, that it should utterly miss the point of these games and relegate them to the children's playground.

It is true that certain anthropologists have understood that the games have their origins in 'religious rituals', but apart from the fact that they have no conception of the nature and reality of these 'rituals', the notion is rather less than a half-truth. The

fact is that in the authentically traditional matriarchal civilisations of past and present, while there are specific 'religious' rituals performed in the Temples, there is no act of life which does not have a ritual aspect. The crafts, their tools, patterns and operations, all have a ritual—that is to say intellectual—dimension. Primarily they constitute an initiatic path whereby the craftmaid may return toward the divine Centre of all being—achieving the highest degree of spiritual realization possible to her in her present life; secondly they were 'reminders' of that Centre for the users of the artefacts produced. Only thirdly were they valued as utilitarian objects. It is only in a society which has wholly lost this intellectual perception that the factory system can be seriously regarded as a 'progress' over traditional craft.

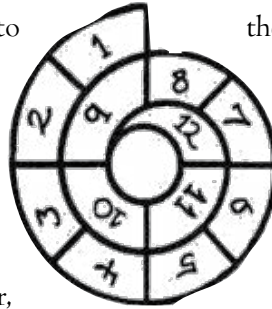
By the same token, traditional games are not merely secular 'entertainments', but have as their very core the ritual actualisation of that transcendent Truth which is the meaning and purpose of human life.

Human life, before all else, is a journey. For modern humanity and for the animals it is simply a journey from birth to death, picking up as many material and emotional satisfactions as possible on the way. For traditional humanity it is a spiritual journey, leading the soul ever closer to the true Centre of being. This journey is made possible by the Path or Way provided by a sacred craft and by all the rituals, customs and institutions of an integral traditional society.

The game of hopscotch is an enactment of this inner journey of the soul. The oldest form of the game uses a spiral bed. The spiral is one of the profoundest of traditional symbols, depicting primarily the outward manifestation of the created

world from the unmanifest Centre which is God Herself. The original spiral hopscotch bed, having twelve 'stations' plus the centre is a perfect 'map of the year', and therefore of the cosmos (see 'The Gates of Heaven').*

The twelve stations correspond to the twelve months and the centre to Moura. The dividing lines, it will be seen, form a 'rose of the winds' (*) radiating out from the upright cross the solstices and winter, summer, the transverse cross

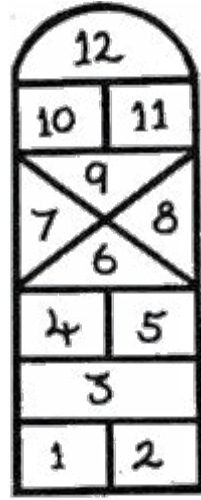


the twelve months and Moura. The dividing lines, it will be seen, form a 'rose of the winds' (*) radiating out from the upright cross the solstices and winter, summer, the transverse cross

(x) the cross-quarter festivals which fall between them. The whole diagram represents the development of manifestation through a number of descending cycles, each one going through four phases: an age of gold (spring), of silver (summer), of bronze (autumn) and of iron (winter) with a final reinstatement of the Golden Age, but on a lower (i.e. further from the divine Centre) level, beginning a new cycle of descent. The aim of the soul is to retrace this descent of material manifestation, finally transcending it in a full return to the Centre. The game is thus based upon this return, hopping through the twelve stations to the centre of the diagram. In some areas, both inside and outside the Rhenish (British matriarchal) communities, the game is called 'Heaven and Hell', referring to the journey from the lowest or outermost point of the cosmos, the 'outer darkness' of hell, to the divine Centre or 'heaven'.

* See pp. 445 ff.

The other main form of hopscotch is played in the long bed. While still a paradigm of the Way, it reflects a rather different symbolism. Instead of being a microcosm of manifestation, it is a bridge between the hither and the nether shore; between this world and the transcendent realm. We may note that the 'hither' end of the bed is a square section while the 'nether' end is round—the square signifying consolidated matter and earth, the circle heaven and the Spirit. There are numerous variants of this bed, but the great



majority have in common the alternation of single and double stations—that is, those entered with one foot only and those in which the two feet are placed in adjacent squares. This is closely connected with the meaning of the word 'hopscotch' itself—to hop a 'scotch' or line. The cardinal rule of play is that one must clear each line without the foot crossing it at any point. This is intimately linked with the 'clashing gates' or 'perilous passage' motif so common in traditional literature. The material world is made up of pairs of illusory opposites which conceal the underlying spiritual Unity. The first of these and root cause of all the others is the distinction between 'self' and 'other'. At each passage one must transcend or 'leap over' the clashing pair without being caught between them. The final aim is to transcend the ultimate duality and attain to the absolute Unity which is not other than God Herself. But there are numerous lesser dualities which must be confronted at each stage on the path. In 'bridge' hopscotch we trace the initiatic

process of perfectly balancing two halves of a given duality (having one foot in each station without touching a line) and then reconciling them into unity, then balancing a new duality at the next level, reconciling that, and so forward (this also encapsulates the thesis-antithesis-synthesis dialectic understood metaphysically from matriarchal times until the Middle Ages and ignorantly misinterpreted by Hegel and Marx).

In many versions of hopscotch, the players have a soul-taken of a stone or potsherd, called a 'potsie'. This must be thrown accurately into square 1 before beginning. Having successfully completed the course, the player throws it into square 2 and begins again, and so on until she reaches the final square. This process reflects the truth already implicit in the spiral bed: that each stage of the journey is a microcosm of the whole. The bridge version of the game also has a secret significance and is traditionally played at weddings.

Many games are less complex in structure and in direct metaphysical import than hopscotch. Hide-and-seek, Tag and Hoodie-hunt (Blind man's bluff) with their numerous variants are all based upon the pursuit of the Spirit by the soul, stressing its different aspects (God as the hidden treasure, the blindness of the matter-bound soul etc.). What is lacking in metaphysical subtlety is compensated by a total concentration on the level of sheer physical energy, which is an important means of centring the incarnate soul upon the object of 'contemplation'. Nonetheless, behind the apparent simplicity of these games lies all the complex doctrine of the Sacred Hunt, expounded at length in issue 16 of this magazine.* An important feature of

* See 'The Huntress & the Bride' (vol. 3, pp. 925 ff.) and 'The Huntress' (vol. 3, pp. 930 ff.).

many of these games is that the hunter is rapidly transformed into the hunted and vice versa, reflecting the essential ambiguity between the hunt of the soul for the Spirit and of the Spirit for the soul discussed in issue 16. That aspect of the Hunt which involves 'hitting the mark' is enacted in the very ancient game of marbles—but a discussion of the various versions of this game would lead us into a consideration of ball games in general, which lies beyond the scope of the present article.

Fivestones, which like hopscotch has been played from ancient times in China and India as well as Europe, has too many versions to discuss in detail here; however, all of them involve controlling, or gathering together, the scattered elements of the fallen soul. The soul in her primordial wholeness sees only the divine Unity. It is only when she is fallen from that wholeness that she becomes entangled in the illusory multiplicity of the manifest world. It is literally true to say that the various powers and tendencies of the soul are scattered among the fragmented world of matter. The five stones represent the four material elements plus the Quintessence (fifth element), æthyr or spirit. Since the soul of maid is a microcosm of the universe, these five constituents of manifestation are also the elements of the soul (in some eastern variants a large number of seeds reflects the sheer multiplicity of the fragmented soul rather than numerologically expressing its microcosmic nature). In all five-stone versions the four are on the ground or in the hand to be gathered, while the fifth, transcendent, element is thrown into the air (versions using a ball are not traditional). Thus it is only during periods of sustained contemplation, when the higher part of the soul 'takes wing', that the lower elements can be gathered and disciplined. It is appropriate, then, that the game

is one depending almost entirely upon unbroken concentration. The game reflects the Lesser Mysteries, in which the aspirant returns to the integrated and fully human state of Primordial Maid before proceeding to the Greater Mysteries.

In the game of Follow my Leader, all players line up behind the leader and follow wherever she goes, imitating her actions exactly. If she hops they will hop, if she touches a tree, they must all touch the same tree as they pass it. Thus the leader enacts the part of 'the Sun Whose ray doth bind us all like jewels upon a string' [Fragment 7]—that is, God Herself, while the followers recall that 'of mine own self I can accomplish nothing, only so far as Thou art acting through me'.* Thus the doctrine of the *Strivatē* or thread-Spirit and the truth that all creation is but the 'play' of She Who has 'laughed all the world into being'† are simultaneously expressed in a ritual enactment of the pure soul's perfect obedience to the will of God.

Another popular 'obedience game' is Menous Says, the Rhennish version of Simon Says or O'Grady Says. Menous was the daughter of Ouranya and the second great rayin (queen) of the Northern Empire who made the world's first code of law, still followed by all matriarchal peoples. The point of this game is that in matriarchal tradition each person gives obedience to her Ranya (spiritual mistress, the head of her clan, etc.) because she is the direct representative of the Tradition which leads back to God Herself. No mistress rules in her own name, but only in the name of God. Thus when the leader speaks in the name of Menous, she is to be obeyed; when she speaks in her own name, she is not. The Christian tradition may have re-

* 'A Canticle of Dea' (vol. I, pp. 241 ff.).

† The Silver Star prayer (vol. I, p. 108).

membered something of this, since Simon may be Simon Peter, the traditional founder of the papal succession, and there is some evidence to connect O'Grady with the name of a Celtic deity; but these last two suggestions are only conjecture and not founded upon the certainty of traditional knowledge.

We may see, then, that Rhennish and Blentish (non-Rhennish) children often play the same games. The difference is that the Blentren have been conditioned from the earliest age not to seek the deeper meanings of things, while the Rhennes know that all things have an inner significance. As the Blent grows up, she casts aside her childhood games as 'shallow' and concentrates upon the dreary business of the modern industrial world. The Rhenne, on the other hand, moves ever deeper into the hidden meanings of those games which fascinated her earliest years, in that simplicity of heart which is the only true maturity.²²

EVOLUTION

THE LAST OF THE GREAT DOGMAS

Every people understands the world by means of myths. Myths are of two kinds: those of divine origin, which convey a true image of the true inner nature of being, and those pieced together by the human imagination from observed facts and conceived ideas.

The myth of the modern world is one of the second kind. Its 'Genesis' is the once-in-a-million accident of the emergence of one-celled life from the primordial slime of a once-barren planet somewhere in the endless galaxies of space. It tells of the development of that life through increasingly complex

forms until it produced humanity—a small naked animal able to survive only by virtue of its cunning—a cunning which slowly evolved until that small animal was able to make itself sovereign of the world. C. S. Lewis, in an essay entitled ‘The Funeral of a Great Myth’,* has shown how this story exhibits all the fundamental characteristics of the classic hero-myth.

The myth was born in the last century amid the unshakeable conviction that Victorian Europe represented the highest pinnacle of human achievement and the humanist thirst for a ‘scientific’ account of our place in the world which excluded dependence on God. It was these two things which gave birth to the myth—a truth attested by the fact that the entire theory of evolution had been concocted in various forms by many rationalist-humanist thinkers, including Charles Darwin’s grandfather, Erasmus, decades before the voyage of the Beagle, and long before there was a scrap of ‘evidence’ for any of it.

As soon as Charles Darwin came up with the ‘evidence’, it was hailed without question by humanists as a scientific corroboration of their belief in progress. In vain have numerous scientists over the last hundred years protested that the theory runs contrary to many known facts, and pleaded for a more rigorously scientific approach to the subject. They might as well have tried to hold back an avalanche. For the driving force behind evolutionism is not intellectual conviction, but misplaced ‘religious’ emotion. Evolution is not a theory but a dogma. It is the very cornerstone of the modern perception of the world. In some countries today it is actually a criminal offence publicly to question the doctrine.

* C. S. Lewis, *The Funeral of a Great Myth*, London, Geoffrey Bles Ltd.

Yet the passing years and the various researches undertaken to fill in the gaps in Darwin's work have done nothing to confirm the theory. On the contrary, Paul Lemoine, editor of Volume V (on 'Living Organisms') of the *Encyclopédie Française*, summed up the modern evidence thus:

This exposition shows that the theory of evolution is impossible. In reality, despite appearances, no one any longer believes in it ... Evolution is a sort of dogma whose priests no longer believe in it, though they uphold it for the sake of their flocks.[†]

This is not to postulate a 'conspiracy' among biologists, but simply to say that the terminology of evolution has become a convention: 'One speaks, without attaching any importance to it, of evolution to denote linkage—of more evolved, less evolved in the sense of more perfect, less perfect, because it is the conventional language'.[‡] The convention is easily accepted, since scientists are as conditioned by the modern myth as anyone else. But a real belief in evolution is difficult if one is in possession of the actual facts.

Evolution divides into two classes: micro-evolution and mega-evolution. The former concerns relatively small-scale changes within a species. Nobody contests the occurrence of this simple adaptation. Mega-evolution postulates greater transformations from one major class of animal to another—it is this second form of evolution upon which the modern myth rests. No known instance of mega-evolution has ever been shown to have taken place, and, indeed, the observation of mi-

[†] Quoted in Douglas Dewar, *The Transformist Illusion*, Murfreesboro, TN, DeHoff Publications, 1957, p. 262.

[‡] Lemoine, *ibid.*

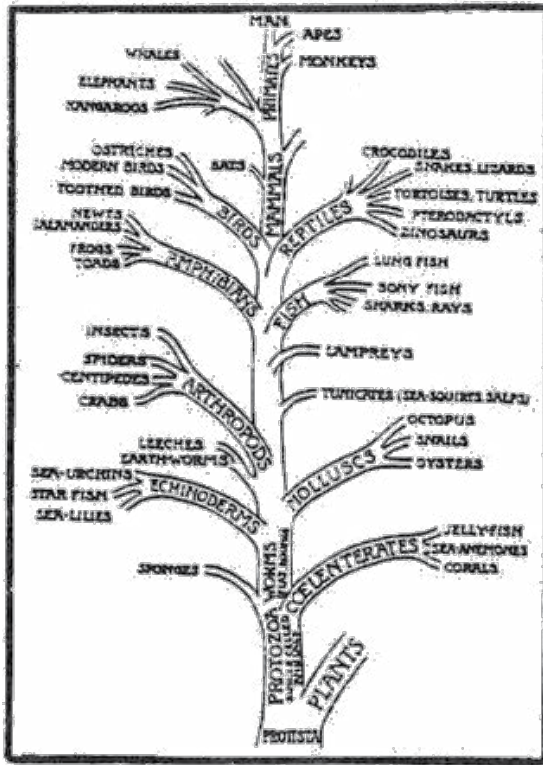
cro-evolution indicates that there are definite limits in nature to the extent of possible transformation, and that, having run their course, transformations inevitably reach a dead end. A commentator put it: 'Mega-evolution is really philosophy dating from the days of biological ignorance'.^{*} All the so-called 'proofs of evolution' are based on micro-evolution.

To take another aspect of the question, the fossil record flatly contradicts evolutionist notions. One of its most striking features is the abruptness with which new classes of animals make their appearance. There is no evidence of gradual change from one species to another. Some evolutionists have attempted to account for this by putting forward theories of 'explosive evolution'—suggesting that nature herself has the power suddenly to throw up a new species. But this idea is so obviously untenable from the point of view of material science that most evolutionists have preferred to turn a blind eye to the question.

Of course, when we turn from the serious scientists to the popular evolutionism promulgated by the schools and the media and unquestioningly believed by the mass of the populace, the errors and deceptions multiply. The old charts of 'the evolution of the horse', long since discredited among serious scientists, are still put forward as uncontested fact; and we find everywhere the notorious 'reconstructions' of the brutish face

* The original does not cite a source, but Sr Angelina would appear to be referencing Evan Shute, *Flaws in the Theory of Evolution*, Nutley, NJ, Craig Press, 1961, which is cited later in the essay. This particular line, however, is also quoted by Martin Lings in his article 'Signs of the Times' (*Studies in Comparative Religion*, vol. 4, no. 1, Winter 1970, p. 113). Given that a book review printed in *The Coming Age* (vol. 3, pp. 1014 ff.) attests that Dr Lings was on the Madrians' reading lists, it is possible that Sr Angelina became acquainted with Dr Shute's work through Dr Lings.

of Neanderthal Man, of which the American palæontologist, Professor A. E. Hooton, has said: 'You can with equal facility model on a Neanderthal skull the features of a chimpanzee or the lineaments of a philosopher. These alleged reconstructions of ancient types of man have little, if any, scientific value, and are likely only to mislead the public.'[†]



As Jean Piveteau, Professor of Palæontology at the Sorbonne, put it, the science of facts 'cannot accept any of the

[†] Evan Shute, *Flaws in the Theory of Evolution*, Nutley, NJ, Craig Press, p. 215.

different theories which seek to explain evolution. It even finds itself in opposition to each one of these theories. There is something here which is both disappointing and disquieting.”*

But if the evidence for evolution in general is unscientific, the evidence for the evolution of humanity is virtually non-existent, yet it continues to be taught as ‘established fact’ to adults and children alike. One children’s encyclopædia tells us: ‘Early man probably lived in the bare open, hiding behind rocks and in caves, and this is perhaps the reason why we do not find his fossilised remains mixed up with the remains of the animals which inhabited the same world. Whatever the reason, all that we know of man for hundreds of thousands of years is derived from a few very primitive flint instruments and from fragments of bones and skulls which may not be the bones of our ancestors at all, but the remains of apes.’† Nonetheless, the encyclopædia continues to treat speculations based on this minuscule evidence as established reality, and prints imaginative artistic depictions of ‘early man’, and charts such as that on the facing page to fix the concept firmly in the young mind.

What is never mentioned is such evidence as the Castenedolo and Calaveras skulls, which clearly point to the existence of people of modern type long before *homo sapiens* is supposed to have evolved. Nor, except perhaps in a book of ‘curious facts’ does the child have the opportunity to read of the imprints of shoes, showing traces of strong thread, in two separate coal seams in the Gobi Desert and in Nevada, each estimated to be

* Jean Piveteau, *Le Monde et la Vie*, March 1964. Interestingly, this quote also can be found in the works of Martin Lings, namely in his essay ‘The Past in the Light of the Present & the Rhythms of Time’.

† *The Wonder Encyclopedia for Children*, London, Odhams Press, Ltd., p. 27.

about 15 million years old—when the crudest ape-people are not supposed to have evolved until two million years ago.[‡] Neither does she learn of the various artefacts—nails, gold wire, even a perfectly ground optical lens—found in various parts of the world in geological strata of immense antiquity.[§]

Remember that the theory of ‘early man’ is based on a tiny handful of evidence, much of which is ambiguous. Yet another handful of ambiguous evidence is dismissed as ‘unexplainable curiosities’ because it does not fit with the modern myth. What other science selects its evidence in this way?

But even more important than the material evidence is the fact that, as we shall presently show, evolution is a metaphysical impossibility. That is to say, it contradicts the inner laws of being which govern the manifestation of the material universe itself.

‡ Current consensus holds that the skeletal fragments found at Castenodolo in 1860 are most likely intrusive material from a mediæval gravesite and not original to the deep stratum in which they were found. The Calaveras Skull, found in 1866 is now generally held to be of recent origin and deliberately introduced to the mineshaft in which it was ‘discovered’. Though the initial, ancient datings of both finds were revised long before Sr Angelina’s writing, many published sources repeated them well into the 1970s and beyond. With respect to the ‘imprints of shoes,’ Sr Angelina appears to refer to the print which the Soviet newspaper *Smena* (1961, no. 8) reported being discovered by Dr Zhou Ming Jen and the ‘Fisher Canyon Footprint’, respectively. Identifications of both are contested. In either case, Sr Angelina appears to have received information on these finds in a garbled version. The print found by Dr Zhou was reported as dating to two million years before present, while the Fisher Canyon Footprint appeared in a stratum dated to 225 million years before present, though some later sources reported dating of 5 million or 15 million years.

§ Further research is required to correlate these references with findings of which Sr Angelina would have been likely to be aware.

Modern material science, of course, knows nothing of the latter point, but it may well be asked why the modern world persists in clinging to 'a philosophy dating from the days of biological ignorance'. In physics, chemistry and all other modern sciences, Victorian notions have been revolutionised in the present century. In each case it has been admitted that the universe is infinitely subtler and more mysterious than the old mechanistic theories supposed. But evolutionism, despite all evidence, has been preserved virtually unchanged as 'a sort of dogma'.

Why is this so? The most obvious reason is the need of modernistic humanism to have an account of 'creation' which excludes God. As Professor D. M. S. Watson put it, evolution 'is accepted by most biologists not because it has been observed to occur or... can be proved by logically coherent evidence to be true, but because the only alternative, specific creation, is clearly incredible.'^{*}

But there is more to the matter than this. As we have already noted, evolutionism stands at the centre of the myth-system by which modern civilisation understands the world. Now a true myth is one revealed by God or else perceived by pure Intellect—the faculty of direct perception of the inner nature of things. It presents a true image of the archetypal Realities which underlie the manifestation of the material world. In the first Age the myths were perfectly understood. Maid was able

* Quoted in C. S. Lewis, *The Funeral of a Great Myth*, London, Geoffrey Bles Ltd. Lewis' form of the quotation, however, was taken from a secondhand source (Douglas Dewar and L. M. Davies, 'Science and the B.B.C.,' *The Nineteenth Century and After*, April 1943, p. 167) that substantially misrepresented Dr Watson's statement.

to 'see through' the myth into that Reality. As time wore on, the faculty of pure Intellect became dimmed. In many civilisations the myths changed their forms presenting less of the Truth in a form adapted to the inferior intelligence of the later ages. Eventually, toward the latter part of the patriarchal era, pure Intellect was lost altogether. The word 'science' which in a normal civilisation means the application of the principles of pure Intellect to living a life in tune with maid's spiritual destiny and her true self, became applied to a mere understanding of the material world in its most outward and physical aspect. Myth, no longer understood, became a mere synonym for 'untruth'.

But the decline could not stop there. The Dark Age, by its very nature, must necessarily make manifest all the most inferior possibilities of the historical cycle. It was therefore inevitable that there should be not only a loss of true myth, but the development of a veritable antimyth which stands every metaphysical reality on its head and preaches the diabolic inversion of all Truth. This is precisely what the modern evolution-based myth is, which is why it has such a compelling power over the modern mind.

The true hero of the classic hero-myth, whatever name may be used, is not other than God, the solar Spirit. The archetype of all such myths is the Mythos of the Divine Maid itself. The modern myth takes for its hero evolving humanity, thus committing the primordial sin of putting humanity in the place of God; which, of course, is what modern humanism is all about.

Every tradition speaks of the Golden Age or Garden of Eden, the spiritual perfection at the beginning of the world. Every tradition speaks of the Dark Age, the Latter Days, the Dharma-Ending Age that must come at the end. The modern

myth stands this truth on its head. It declares that the first age of humanity was one of primitive brutality, and that this final Dark Age is the peak of civilisation.

Every tradition teaches that the universe is a meaningful whole, actuated by the Divine Intelligence. The modern myth preaches that the universe and humanity are nothing but the products of chance accidents, ultimately meaningless.

Traditional doctrine produces stable, secure human beings, assured of their place in the Divine scheme of things; at home in the universe, in society and in themselves. The modern myth, compulsorily fed to all children from the earliest age, produces a neurotic, alienated humanity, increasingly alone and insecure in a meaningless, impersonal world.

Evolution, then, is far more than a scientific theory. It is the central dogma of the modern 'religion'. It came to power on the tide of the Victorian belief in progress, and now stands as the 'scientific' guarantee of progressism in an age when the evidence of our eyes is clearly against it.

The unholy trinity of progressism, promethean humanism and the accidental universe stands behind all modern thought. Every political ideology, both left and right, depends on it. So do all modern education, philosophy, sociology, history, psychology and all other modern creeds. And the trinity depends entirely upon the pseudo-scientific support of evolutionism. Without evolution, not only does atheism become logically impossible, but the whole edifice of modern thought collapses to the ground. That is why it is taught in all schools as an 'established fact'. That is why it is maintained in the teeth of all the evidence like a sort of dogma; and always will be, as long as the modern world survives.

(The books by Dewar and Shute are recommended to those who wish to go more deeply into the scientific credentials of evolutionism.)²³

MANY RELIGIONS

WHAT ARE THEY? WHY ARE THEY? AND
WHERE DO THEY STAND IN THE LIGHT OF
THE PRIMORDIAL MATRIARCHAL TRADITION?

One of the many elements leading to the loss of religious faith in the modern world has been the discovery of too many faiths. At first the West found this no problem. Christianity was the one true religion—the rest were mere heathens and idol-worshippers. But a closer examination showed that the world contained many beliefs and philosophies at least as intelligent, morally perfect and spiritually profound as Christianity. Yet in their outward forms—in the things they tell us about the creation of the world, the nature of God, the fate of the soul after death etc.—they appear to contradict one another. How can they all be true? But if they are not, why should we accept one rather than another? Most of all, if there is a real divine revelation, why is it not known throughout the world as the one universal religion?

These questions, of course, present no difficulty to the matriarchal tradition. We know that in the beginning there was one universal world religion: the faith revealed by God Herself to maidkind. We know, as modern archaeology shows, that up until a few thousand years ago, every civilisation in the world was ruled by maids and worshipped God in female form. We

know exactly what that universal religion was, because it has been passed down from mother to daughter to our own families, and we still practise it ourselves. It was only when the new male-dominated states of the early Iron Age overthrew the ancient matriarchates that a world of many religions began to emerge.

But what are these religions? Why did they come about? Are they true or false? And why do they take the precise forms that they do? In order to answer these questions, we must go back to the beginning of the present historical cycle, some fifty to sixty thousand years ago. At the dawn of the first Age of the cycle, the Golden Age, all maids spoke the same language; they all had the same culture and the same 'religion'—if 'religion' were the right word to use in this context. But it is not, for 'religion' is an invention of much later ages, when maid's spiritual vision was a special part of her life, separate from the rest. In the first Age, the whole of life was 'religion'—maid's language, her work, her play; everything was simply an 'exteriorisation' of her spiritual vision. Her language was infinitely more complex than anything we could understand today. A few words could convey volumes of meaning. Just as a long passage of a modern language can be translated by a much shorter passage in the more ancient and sophisticated languages such as Greek and Sanskrit, so the same passage in the primordial language might be but a short phrase or even a single word. Art in this Age was restricted to the simplest geometrical forms, yet it could convey depths of meaning far greater than anything the modern mind can begin to comprehend.

But the laws of metaphysics teach us that such a state cannot last. Just as all material manifestation begins in pure Spir-

it—the unmanifest Point which contains all the possibilities of manifestation—and then spreads out further and further into materialisation and away from God; so every historical cycle begins in unity and simplicity and gradually gives rise to a civilisation increasingly fragmented.

In human terms, we may say that maid gradually manifests more and more of her inferior possibilities. Her mind, which in the first Age can grasp vast tracts of truth in a single thought and express them in a single word, is able to take in less and less of it at one time with each succeeding generation. Language becomes wordier, for she must have everything ‘spelled out’ to her. Art becomes more elaborate, for the simple symbols must be augmented with ever more visual ‘explanation’. Maid’s crafts and activities now have a complex doctrine which must be imparted by ranyas (spiritual mistresses). Once maid saw clearly and naturally through the metaphysical transparency of physical life. Now it may take her a lifetime to be instructed in one particular aspect.

At some point along this inevitable course of historical decline—indeed, in its earlier stages—this fragmentation of the Truth began to apply not only to individuals but to civilisations. Just as one maid found herself able to pursue only one craft-mystery, to approach the Truth from only one aspect, or at most from two or three related ones, so entire civilisations found themselves able to grasp only one aspect or fragment of the Truth.

Now since every aspect of life was directly related to spiritual Truth, this meant that a civilisation must necessarily develop an entire culture based upon the particular aspect of Truth to which it was devoted. Slowly civilisations began to develop

their own distinctive dialects of the primordial language, which eventually grew so far apart that they became separate languages, incomprehensible to one another.

Each culture kept one part of the Truth and lost others. But there was no question at this stage of 'different religions'. Each culture knew that it was but a part of the Truth—yet it knew also that, like a mountain path, it would lead the soul to the same summit as the others—and that since that Summit is precisely the unmanifest Centre, containing all things, their culture, their Truth, while partial in its external forms, in its inner essence lacked nothing. Even in its outward form it kept all aspects in principle, although some were less emphasised.

Let us not forget that we are still speaking of matriarchal times. For many thousands of years, the great matriarchal civilisations existed side by side, separate in form yet identical in Essence; each with its own laws and customs (its own *siðamë*) but each a part of the greater harmony (*ðamë*) of the matriarchal system. But as time went on, the historical cycle descended ever deeper into matter and it was inevitable that fragmentation should increase; that the different cultures should grow further from one another (even as the spokes of a wheel grow further apart as they recede from the centre). At the same time they grew further from spirituality and pure Truth.

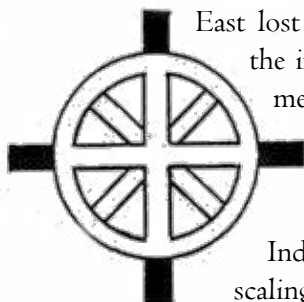
This degeneration did not happen in a straight line, but in a spiral. That is to say, things did not just get worse and worse; rather they became very bad until they reached the 'bottom' of a particular cycle, and then they were put right again, but always on a lower level—a level further from the Centre—than the one before. Probably the most famous example of this is the complete decadence of matriarchy in the West at the end

of the Age of Bronze, which led to the fall of the Western Empire and the conquest of Europe by hordes of patriarchal barbarians. Matriarchy was restored by the Great Crusade of the Western Amazons (see 'The Great Crusade').* But the culture of the *Chentirai*, or *Pax Amazonia* was simpler, less graceful and sophisticated than any which had gone before it (though infinitely more so than anything we can imagine), based on the affirmation of Divine unity: 'One God alone, none other God than She', and the heroic virtues and simple lifestyle of the *Vikbail* (Holy War). Matriarchy was restored, but it was scaled down to the stature of a lesser age.

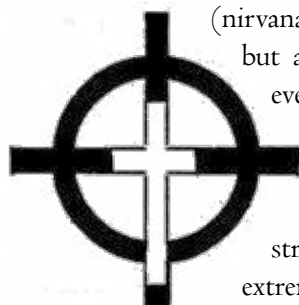
As we know, the Amazon domains in their turn became decadent, and ever smaller leagues of reformed Amazons fought battles against ever stronger patriarchal regimes until they were finally defeated. For it is inevitable that as the world descends into matter the male principle should become dominant. But the spiral was not at an end. Even within the new patriarchal regimes, the process of decline and renewal could continue; each fall reaching new depths of spiritual decay, and each renewal re-establishing the primordial Truth, but on a lower and more incomplete level than before, and one closer to the world of matter. Each time the Truth became lost, some great and wise soul was providentially appointed to teach it anew. Such souls were Jesus, Mohammed and the Buddha. Let us turn now to look more closely at those faiths which remain alive today:

BUDDHISM: One of the most fundamental divisions of the world's cultures is that between the East and the West. The general nature of this division was also clear in matriarchal times, but in patriarchal times the rift became complete. The

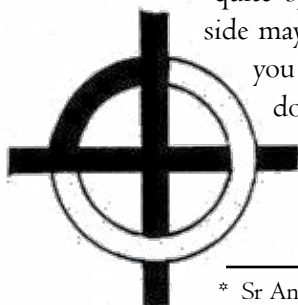
* See pp. 118 ff.



Sections



of the



Truth

East lost the truth of God as personal, seeing only the impersonal Way (Tao). The West became enmeshed in the opposite error of seeing God as all-too-human—a sort of divine male potentate—as well as losing such truths as reincarnation. Buddhism, though born in India, took root mainly in the Far East. It was a scaling-down of the Eastern impersonalist mentality to its bare essentials; wholly replacing the ‘objective’ Absolute (God) with the ‘subjective’ Absolute (nirvana); rejecting all talk of God, not as untrue, but as ‘irrelevant to salvation’. Thus while, however much they might lean to one side, the matriarchal cultures always understood both the personalist and the impersonalist half of the Truth, Buddhism strips down and streamlines its doctrine and method to the most extreme impersonalism, just as Judaism, Christianity and Islam strip down their doctrine and method to the most extreme personalism. Sai Buddha says quite specifically in his writings: ‘The personalist side may well be true, but do not consider it. I give you a method for salvation. Just practise that and do not trouble your heads about anything else.’^{*} In this Iron Age, maid is too unintelligent to comprehend the whole Truth. Let her know sufficient to be saved.

^{*} Sr Angelina paraphrases a theme common to many sayings of the Buddha, particularly in the Pali Canon, such as the ‘Parable of the Poisoned Arrow’.

JUDAISM, founded at about the same time (some 2,500 years ago) is the mirror-image of Buddhism: the extreme patriarchal personalist religion.

HINDUISM stands alone as having no founder. Its roots go back into the mists of time and merge with matriarchy. That is why, despite superficial similarities with Christianity, Buddhism and other faiths, Madrian doctrine has far more in common with Hinduism than with any other religion. Rather than being destroyed that a new faith might be built upon its ashes, Hinduism has renewed itself from within by producing new cults, new philosophies, indeed new religions, all within the fundamental orthodoxy of the Hindu tradition.

When we turn to CHRISTIANITY we stand upon the brink of the modern world, for it is the image of the male personal God (the masculist-materialist principle crystallised into an image) that is the very seed of modern materialism. Sai Jesus was a great and wise teacher; but we must distinguish between his teachings and those of his followers, notably Sai Paul (but not, as is popular in certain modernist 'Christian' circles, in order to denigrate the latter). Jesus taught a doctrine which was essentially an extension of Judaism, but his followers saw in him a type of the slain and resurrected God—the central mystery of the Western personalist tradition, which Judaism had lost. This Mystery had its roots in the life, death and resurrection of Inanna Herself. In later times there were many echoes of the Truth—Babylonian Ishtar, the Hanged Artemis of Arcadia, Persephone etc. Later still, male forms were invented—Attis, Osiris, Tammuz, etc. Jesus (in the eyes of his follower) was the last of these, but his *cultus* took the masculist-materialist tendency one stage further, postulating a de-

scent into material history, and God dying on a particular piece of ground in a particular year under a particular provincial official names Pilate. This bringing of Eternity into time; this wholly untraditional denial of the eternal and transcendent nature of archetypal Events was at once the logical outcome of the image of a male god, and the sowing of a seed which must inevitably grow into modern 'scientific' materialism.

This is not to deny the beauty of the religion which has preserved for a millennium most of the matriarchal festivals and traditions of Europe, as well as being a providential vehicle for the manifestation of our Lady Herself (in the guise of Mary) to countless millions of souls in the Iron Age. It is only to say that being at the particular turn of the spiral it was, it could not have been otherwise. Thomas, who would not believe until he had put his fingers in Christ's wounds, was the first rumble of the explosion of crass materialism which took place seventeen centuries after his death.

However, modern materialism was not the product of a single culture, but of the encounter of two. Christian Europe was little more than a barbarian wilderness on the fringes of civilisation until it learned the arts of civilisation from another, younger culture: that of ISLAM. This last of the patriarchal religions mirrors in many respects the last of the matriarchal cultures: that of the Amazons. Both are centred upon the unity of God, and the Moslem Jihad directly parallels the Amazon Vikhail. Many other aspects of the two cultures may be compared. By this, among other things, we may know that Islam is the last of the world religions and that all independent 'revelations' dating from after this time are spurious.

This survey has been all too brief. We have dwelt but little upon the glories of the great religions; we have not touched, for example, the question of Mahayana Buddhism, and a much longer treatise on the whole subject must at some time be made (some related issues are considered in 'The Downward Path' and 'Light in the Darkness').[†] But the very mention of this profusion brings us back to the beginning of this essay. The stripped-down, streamlined religions can no longer satisfy the soul in an age when we are all confronted with all of them at once. Their very simplicity and 'economy of the Truth' is confusing when they are placed side by side. They appear to contradict one another. They lead many to believe that all religion is false. This is the final consummation of the downward spiral of the Iron Age. But they can be understood, if only we see them in the light of the primordial matriarchal tradition from which they all come and to which the world must return in the dawning light of the new Age of Gold.²⁴

A VOCATIONAL POINT OF VIEW

Dear Sirs,

Ken Penney's article in the September *ecologist* mobilises a coherent and powerful attack upon the economics of greed. However, there is one crucial point which in this, as in many similar statements, is left vague.

He points out that communities such as the Amish and the Hutterites have remained content with lifestyles unchanged

* Vol. 3, pp. 988 ff.

† Vol. 3, pp. 992 ff.

over centuries, and dismisses the objection that such communities are only successful because of their high religious scale of values with the suggestion that 'it is only a matter of definition whether some values are religious and some are not. Could it not be possible that profit making itself is the religion of materialism?'

It is scarcely disputable that the race for material goods is a religion-substitute; but that leaves unsolved the problem of what substitute the secular stable economy can find for both religion and money-grubbing. Mere contentedness to live in peace with one's neighbours is a pleasant idea on paper, but it ignores the actual dynamics of human psychology.

The late Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy pointed out in many of his works that all traditional pre-industrial societies had or have a complex metaphysical doctrine of their various crafts (including agriculture). Each is seen not only as a means of producing material necessities, but as a paradigm of the cosmogonic act; and consequently also as a meditative path. An individual's craft was a vocation in the true sense; an inseparable part of her own being.

The loss of this traditional approach to the crafts is the root cause of all 'industrialism', since it is only when the inner meaning of craft has been forgotten that its whole essence can be sacrificed to methods which merely increase its external productive efficiency.

Having seen for myself the level of real motivation and dedication generated by the 'path of works' in traditional Madriani-matriarchal communities in this country, I am convinced that a return to a vocational society in the traditional

sense is the only workable long-term solution to the psychological and spiritual problems of a post-industrial economy.

Yours faithfully,

Sister Angelina,

Lux Madriana,

Oxford²⁵

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST DEBATE

The three articles reproduced here represent a debate conducted in the pages of the New-Age magazine *Aquarian Arrow*. It began with a feature in that magazine entitled 'Women on Crowley on Women', including a passage by the notorious occultist Aleister Crowley (who liked to refer to himself as 'The Great Beast' of the Christian Book of Revelation, 'whose number was 666'), expounding his views on maids. This was accompanied by comments from a number of maids working in the occult field. The whole piece was then sent to Lux Madriana by the editors, with an invitation to comment upon it. Sister Angelina responded with the article 'Beauty and the Beast' which was published in the following issue.

This drew a response from an anonymous contributor writing under the *nom de plume* of 'Robert'. His piece, 'Lux Madriana and the Solar Logos', sets out in a clear and serious way many of the fundamental errors and confusions of the New-Age movement in general and of the modern pseudo-matriarchal school in particular.

The refutation of these errors involves, indirectly, the refutation of the whole modern world-view. Obviously an entire book could be devoted to the subject; but in a witty and concise article, 'Marie Antoinette and the *Reine Soleil*', Sister Angelina tackles all the fundamental issues. This piece should be read carefully more than once, for it will make many things fall into place which may previously have seemed obscure.

NOTE: Crowley's argument, briefly, was to reject all sexual morality as a 'superstition' and to declare that woman should realise herself as a primarily sexual being, whose 'archetype' is the Great Whore.

Beauty and the Beast

Superstition presupposes ignorance. For a superstition is literally something which 'stands over'; a disembodied remnant of a philosophical structure which, rent from its context and idolised for its own sake, is devoid of content. A hundred years from now, when the primordial forests are slowly reclaiming these islands, there will no doubt be many who will set up steering wheels or spools of computer tape on piles of stones and bow down before them. That will be superstition. Our descendants will have a vague memory of the 'power' attaching to these objects, but the context in which alone that power could be actualised will have been lost in the mists of ignorance.

In precisely the same way, the sexual 'morality' prevalent in Crowley's time (and, to an extent, today) was and is superstition. Certain taboos and mores inherited from the past were regarded with a superstitious awe; a quasi-noumenous 'power' was recognized as attaching to them. Just like the steering wheel, these mores had once been part of an integrated sys-

tem, and it was in their relation to the system alone that their 'power' had any validity. The relations between the sexes are the reflection on the material plane of certain transcendent Realities. Realities which existed long before the manifestation of physical creatures endowed with biological gender and which will exist long after they have passed away. Marriage is a ritual 'actualisation' of the reflection. That is what it was created for, and that is how it has been understood in every civilisation that has not lost sight of the Absolute. The more conventional of Crowley's contemporaries were superstitious because they worshipped marriage while they did not have the vaguest idea of what marriage is.

Crowley (along with the whole contemporary *avant garde*, whom he merely echoes in rather more fustian prose) is not superstitious; but he is equally ignorant. He does not worship marriage, but he has no more idea of what marriage is. He disposes from the beginning of the idea that he might have any metaphysical understanding: 'This Nibbana-idea is the coward—"mother's boy" idea; one ought to take a dip in the Tao, no more.' To make a statement like this is simply to say 'I am not a metaphysician', just as to declare that $2 + 2 = 5$ is to say 'I am not a mathematician'. The wisdom of the saints and sages is replaced by the crass 'dynamism' of Herbert Spencer projected onto the Absolute.

'Why do men insist on the innocence of women?' he asks, and comes up with a series of answers on the same level of profundity as the nineteenth-century dictum that 'myths are primitive attempts to explain natural phenomena'. He sees woman as nothing more than a sex-object, and proceeds to project this sex-object onto his own sentimental equivalent of the meta-

physical plane in the form of an Archetypal Whore. Always the same fundamental error—an error that can only arise in a materialist environment, but which in that environment will always vitiate any spirituality which lacks metaphysical principles. The projection of the relative onto the Absolute. The belief that ‘as below, so above’.

What, then, is marriage? For herein lies the answer to the whole problem. Marriage is the ritual actualisation of the fire-kiss. The transformation of the dragon by the sun-maiden. Beauty and the Beast, the Frog Prince and a hundred similar folk-motifs are allegories of the archetypal marriage. The maid is (nay, not represents, for, by the power of the Rite, she is) the Spirit, the supernal Sun. The man is the soul ensnared in matter, who is consumed, destroyed and reborn in Her kiss. No mortal maid is God; yet in the power of the Rite, while she does not become the Reality, the Reality becomes Her. The all-consuming fire-kiss is re-enacted in every ‘consummation’ of the marriage; and the ritual extends not only to this, but to every action of marital life. That is why a man must obey his wife.

In many of the matriarchal civilisations which have dominated the world for the vast majority of human history, a maid was allowed up to four husbands: the four men representing the four material elements and the maid the *quinta essentia*. This is not the practice among contemporary Madrians, but it expresses a vital truth about the real nature of marriage.

Patriarchal marriage partly inverted and partly misinterpreted the truth. It was perversion, it was heresy, but it was not yet ignorance. Yet the seeds of ignorance lie at the very heart of patriarchy. For every act is a ritual and every ritual has a magical

effect. In ritually turning from the feminine principle to the masculine principle—from the sun-maiden to the unregenerate dragon—civilisation turned from the qualitative to the quantitative; from pure metaphysical Intellect to earthbound reason; from transcendent Truth to transient ‘facts’. When the first warrior king usurped the throne of the first priestess-queen, the advent of Freud, Marx and Darwin became an inevitability. So did that of Crowley.

In rejecting the fire-kiss of the sun-maiden, patriarchal civilisation also rejected Intelligence in its pure form. For the Kiss operates on many levels, from the simple marriage to the consummation of the perfected hera (saint) in God Herself. Without the Kiss of pure transcendent Intellect (which is not other than the supernal Sun Herself), the dragon of earthbound reason cannot be raised up out of the mire of matter. Instead it will become ever more ‘materialist’, until it grows into the hydra-headed monster of modern techno-bureaucratic scientism. Crowley sought to react against this monster; but having no access to metaphysical principles, his thinking could not be radically different (in the strict sense of that much-abused term) from that which it opposed. He could not have been other than he was. 666, and never been Kissed.

Sister Angelina

Lux Madriana and the Solar Logos

I am a Thelemite, and hold no brief for Crowley’s attitude to women nor his writings on sex. But when Sister Angelina accuses Crowley of metaphysical ignorance, this is really the pot calling the kettle black. For in none of his writings has Crowley ever displayed such a crass misunderstanding of the ‘underlying

realities' behind traditional metaphysical attributions of some elements to women, and others to men, as Sister Angelina did in her article.

There may well have been cultures in the past in which women personified the Sun and men the Earth, just as the Moon is masculine and the Sun feminine in the German language. But these have been a minority, among matriarchal just as much as among patriarchal cultures.

Women have been associated with Earth and Matter long before the days of patriarchal monotheism. This was not the result of men seeking to debase women, because the Earth and Matter were not until recently regarded as 'base'. In pantheist cultures, Matter and Spirit are but two different aspects of the same divine Reality underlying all Life.

Women have been associated with the Earth, because they bear and bring forth children in the same manner in which the Earth brings forth crops. That is why the word 'matter' (in Latin *materia*) has the same linguistic roots as the word 'mother' (in Latin *mater*). Matter is seen as the mother-stuff from which all physical sentient life is made.

Women have also been associated with the Moon, because of the close parallel between their twenty-eight day menstrual cycles and lunar months. That is why in matriarchal fertility cultures, the calendar was divided into thirteen lunar months, and each month into four seven-day weeks representing one of the quarters, and why the number thirteen was sacred. It is also at night, especially when the Moon shines and is near Full Moon, that men and women are most under the influence of their feelings and emotions, especially the feeling of Love. This is also associated more closely with women than with men, be-

cause of their primary role in rearing children and in protecting them in infancy.

The Moon influences also the sea's tides: hence a link between the Moon and the sea, and by extension between women and the element of Water, which also plays an important role through rain in preserving the fertility of the soil. These are the 'underlying Realities' behind traditional metaphysical attributions of Earth and Water as feminine elements.

The Sun, on the other hand, is associated with the element of Fire: not unnaturally, since the Sun is itself a huge ball of fiery thermo-nuclear explosions and chemical reactions. Fire is itself an aggressive and destructive element, capable of reducing fertile jungles to ashes. The Sun too is essentially destructive when it is not balanced by Water in a landscape: it turns vast parts of the tropics to deserts, and its solar flares were the main agent of evolution on Earth before the arrival of Man, usually by causing climatic changes that wiped out whole species unable to adapt, for example, the dinosaurs.

The male sex has traditionally been the more aggressive of the two, not just in human cultures, but in most mammal species as well. Hence it is natural to attribute the aggressive elements of Fire and the Sun to men.

Humanity alone of all animal species has been able to domesticate Fire, and to turn its destructive properties to creative use, in the smelting of metals and the fashioning of tools. But these in turn have been used as means of aggression against the environment, of destroying an existing landscape as the first step to fashioning it in a new form. This creative use of the destructive power of Fire, and of the tools made with it, requires the ability for mental conceptualisation of patterns

different from the existing ones. This conceptual ability, usually attributed to the element of Air, tends to be more highly developed in that statistical myth the 'average man' than in the 'average woman', although differences between individuals are of course much greater than between the sexes. Hence the attribution of the elements of Air and Fire, Conceptualisation (Logos) and the Destructive and Creative Will to men.

Life on Earth is the result of a delicate balance between all these elements. Pure Conceptualisation and Destructive-Creative Will unbalanced by the conservative forces of Form and Love produce the fiery furnace of the Sun, in whose chemical processes millions of new shapes and colours are forever being created, but endure for less than a microsecond, because the conservative force of Matter is absent to hold them and give them form.

But pure Matter and Form, unfertilised by the energy of the Sun mediated by an atmosphere of Air and Water, produces the unchanging surface of the Moon. The Earth is intermediate between these two extremes, though closer to the Moon, and thus we have the marvellous balance of Life, ever-changing but also renewing itself, and in which individual life-forms last long enough both as species and as individuals, to establish an identity and to experience that identity.

The ancient pantheistic cultures recognised that Life on Earth is the product of a sacred marriage between the Sun and the Earth mediated by the Moon, of the elements of Fire and Matter, mediated by Air and Water. The sacred marriage of men and women was indeed a paradigm of this. But it was not unregenerate Man being spiritualised by the Sun-maiden. It was Man's fiery aggression and airy speculative intellect be-

ing 'earthed' and made productive by Woman, by disciplining it into the world of Form.

This is still true in practice today, though in the absence of an understood ritual to sanctify it, participants in the process are mostly unaware of it on the conscious level. Men on their own either form armies, that are embodiments of the Destructive-Creative Will, the element of Fire; or congregate into monasteries, universities, or research laboratories, to pursue speculative and conceptual thought for its own sake, the element of Air.

It is the women who domesticate the warriors, and bring the speculators down to reality, by asking practical questions such as: 'How are your children and I going to survive this war?' or 'What good will this wonderful utopia do to ordinary people?' Men are the idealists, women the materialists. But when a great statesman, writer or architect actually achieves something enduring, it is frequently because he had one or more women behind him, encouraging him to give form to some of his many abstract concepts.

Solar monotheism originated with the Aryan tribes of the Caucasus, as an attempt to become more efficient at war and conquest by worshipping the spirit of fiery aggression to the exclusion of the gentler loving elements of Earth and Water. That is why they forbade the priestess-dominated fertility cults: they made the tribes 'soft' and tolerant, and less effective in war. Solar monotheism also made these warrior tribes less efficient at the Goddess-ruled arts of agriculture, but this did not matter since they could conquer agricultural Goddess-worshipping peoples and force them to feed them. This was the logic behind

the solar monotheism of the Aryans and Persians, and later of the Jews under Moses and the Prophets.

This could work as long as solar monotheism was the religion only of an upper caste of rulers and warriors, and the lower classes were allowed to retain their religious beliefs with the Earth. But when the Christian Church in its zeal hunted down the witches of the villages, and made the ordinary country people be as solar monotheist as the aristocracy and town inhabitants, the path was set for the society we have today. This is not so much 'materialist' in the true metaphysical sense—would that it were!—as obsessively creative of useless artefacts from which derive no real enjoyment other than the pride of having made them. In doing so, we destroy the much more beautiful and essential environment in which we live, and display the mutual fear and distrust (or at least our rulers do) that is the sign of people alienated from their roots.

Sister Angelina claims to deplore this society as much as I do. But she and her fellow Madrians appear to think that all that is needed to redress the balance is to put women at the top of a religious-political edifice that still worships the Solar Logos to the exclusion of Matter, by making the Sun a 'Her' instead of a 'Him'. Instead of turning to the great Earth Mother Goddess of antiquity—to Isis, Ishtar, Astarte, Cybele or Kwan-Yin—the Madrians worship Jehovah-in-drag.

Jehovah is a real God—i.e. aspect of the Ultimate Reality—who generally answers the prayers of those that worship Him/Her exclusively, by refashioning their souls in His/Her image of ruthless Destructive-Creative Will. He gave the Jews the will to conquer Palestine on at least three occasions in as many millennia, and the Protestant Puritans the will to con-

quer and settle North America, South Africa and Australasia, as well as to found countless business empires.

Judging by the tone of her interventions at the recent conference on 'The Re-emergence of the Goddess' in April 1979,* Jehovah has already given Sister Angelina that steely conviction of alone possessing the Truth that I normally associate with Jewish and Christian Fundamentalists. In time Jehovah will help the Madrians to get themselves accepted as equals by men in the rat-race to the top of executive boardrooms, or to become tomorrow's Mrs. Gandhis, Golda Meirs and Margaret Thatchers (which is all that some feminists are interested in).

But I doubt whether Jehovah can teach the Madrians how to make their kisses initiatory to a higher level of consciousness either to their partners or to themselves, for that is not in that God's gift. To achieve self-transcendence in a Sacred Marriage, the two partners must approach it in a spirit of recognising the divine in their partners that can complement the divine in themselves, and then surrender to them, rather than look down on them as rather base creatures 'ensnared in matter' whom one is trying to lift up.

What good would it do humanity to have more Golda Meirs and Mrs. Gandhis? Israel was no less intransigently aggressive under Mrs. Meir than under earlier and later male Prime Ministers, and India a great deal more oppressed under Mrs. Gandhi than before or since.

Western civilisation has now worshipped the Solar Destructive-Creative Will exclusively for so long that it is in grave danger of blowing itself and the whole of life on Earth up with its overstocked arsenal of artificial suns, the H-bombs.

* 'The Road to the Future', pp. 55 ff.

If we are to prevent this, then it is desperately urgent for us to restore the ancient Earth Mother Goddess to Her temples, put more faith into the preserving power of Love and Fertility than into the sterile Capitalist and Socialist abstract utopias.

It is because we all know deep down within ourselves that women are so much closer in intuitive empathy to the Earth spirit that alone can save us that male resistance to the women's struggle is crumbling in the West, and many men would indeed gladly put up with a period of matriarchy. But it would have to be a matriarchy of the intuitive as well as of intellectual women, the sensual and loving ones more than the politicians and administrators.

Fortunately, important elements in the Feminist Movement recognise this better than Lux Madriana. For perceptive and sensitive contributions to the resurgence of Mother Goddess worship, and a historically more accurate description of the matriarchal past, read Merlin Stone's *Paradise Papers*, Carol Ochs's *Behind the Sex of God* and Anne Kent Rush's *Moon, Moon*.

Robert

Marie Antoinette and the Reine Soleil

To begin at the end of Robert's article: yes, there is a form of matriarchalism very different from that of Madrianism. It is preached (with variations) by Merlin Stone, Robert Graves and others. It consists, broadly, in accepting the old patriarchal sky-father/earth-mother doctrine, but inverting their hierarchical order, so that the earth-mother and her chthonic values are exalted above the 'rationality' of the sky-father. Madrians have always maintained that such a minor cosmetic operation could never alter the real patriarchal essence of the doctrine;

and if proof were needed, Robert's delightfully chauvinist article (behind every Great Statesman is a Good Woman, etc.) surely supplies it.

Actually, the whole situation is the result of a metaphysical confusion so excruciatingly entangled that one is reminded more than anything else of a kitten that has managed to get itself trussed like a chicken in its own ball of wool. And this confusion, in turn, derives from the sheer blackness of metaphysical ignorance which characterises (and indeed practically constitutes) the post-Renaissance mentality. In view of this, it is scarcely surprising that Robert is able to accuse me of metaphysical ignorance. I have heard a topologist facetiously but not inaccurately described as 'someone who can't tell the difference between a teacup and a doughnut'. Robert's reaction to true metaphysics is akin to that of the bumpkin who bursts out: 'Topology's supposed to be the science of shapes ain't it? Well any idiot can tell the difference between a teacup and doughnut. Them blamed professors must be daft!' This is not so much a personal criticism of Robert as a general criticism of modern ignorance as a whole. But a little real metaphysics can quickly dispel the ignorance and get the kitten out of the cats'-cradle.

But what is real metaphysics? It is the primordial Philosophy not devised by any human mind, but passed down (*traditio*) from mother to daughter since the primordial time, the Golden Age 'when earth touched Heaven'. In its original form, this Philosophy was matriarchal, as was the social order. The social order was matriarchal because the primordial Philosophy was matriarchal. Earth followed the law of Heaven. Yet even as humanity descended away from the Golden Age, through the Silver and Bronze Ages, into the Iron Age itself (which

began some 5,000 years ago), and in this final Age, patriarchy slowly took over from matriarchy, the primordial Philosophy continued to be taught. It was taught by Plato and Plotinus, by Shankara and Shakyamuni the Buddha; indeed, every Iron Age civilisation has possessed its own more or less scaled-down version of the primordial Philosophy. Or rather, that was true up until the last 300 years. And although each version speaks a slightly different spiritual 'language', each is saying the same things. Metaphysics is not a matter of personal opinion; it is as precise as a mathematical equation.

The essence of Robert's confusion is as follows: he equates the sky-father/earth-mother duality with two other dualities, namely Spirit/matter and rationalism/emotionalism. Now in the first place these two dualities are not only not equivalent, they have no common measure whatever; and in the second place, he has completely misconceived both of them.

He states calmly that the majority of matriarchal as well as patriarchal cultures have regarded women as earth/matter as opposed to sun/spirit. Yet even Merlin Stone has pointed out that the sun was female in Japan, India, Canaan, Anatolia, Arabia, Australia and among the Eskimos (*The Paradise Papers*, p. 18) and one could easily add others to the list. In fact the male sun is purely a patriarchal Indo-Aryan invention. The same author points out that far from being exclusively an earth-goddess, Her most frequent title from the earliest times has been Queen of Heaven (perhaps Robert should scratch the book off his list). The reason he gives for this supposed matriarchal equation of maid with matter is that matter was then given its due worship for its own innate virtues. This is an interesting argument, but it has one fatal flaw. However amazing it may

seem to the modern mind, the concept of matter as a physical stuff possessing certain innate qualities was wholly unknown up until 400 years ago. All form, all qualities, according to the primordial Philosophy, are Archetypes, or Divine Ideas, belonging to Spirit. Matter is simply the wax upon which the seal of forms and qualities is impressed. This means that pure matter, untouched by Spirit, would have no qualities whatever: no size, no weight, no shape, neither hardness nor softness, heat nor coldness nor colour. Obviously, it is in no sense physical. The equation of nature with matter implied in Robert's article rests upon the post-Cartesian concept of matter. Applied to ancient civilisations, whether matriarchal or patriarchal, it is pure anachronism. When we speak of modern 'materialism', we are using the term loosely, for what is in question is not true matter, but the modern fantasy of 'physical matter', which very phrase is a contradiction in terms. This is not to say that all ordinary people in the ancient world possessed a clear philosophical concept of matter, but they certainly did not possess the unnatural notion of 'physical matter' which has been inculcated into the modern mind via the compulsory 'education' system and the mass-media.

Matter, then, is a 'crystal mirror', a *tabula rasa* ready to accept whatever image Spirit shall impress upon it. The combination of matter and Spirit is nature (whether physical or non-physical). The patriarchs knew precisely what they were doing in equating maid with matter, thus making her the purely passive support of man's activity (behind every Great Statesman is a Good Woman). The matriarchal perspective is not simply the reverse of this, for the man in the marriage rite is not 'man' being saved by 'maid', he is soul being saved by Spirit; the maid

is just as much soul as the man; but she is enacting a ritual role. The ritual is certainly real, and not just an 'act'. But not on the most obvious level. If that were so it would mean that every wife was God! This is subtle stuff, I know, and it cannot be made any clearer by tossing it about in a polemical arena. All I can say is, condemn it if you want to and don't if you don't. Any true understanding will be supra-verbal.

Which brings us to rationalism. It has become a New-Age truism that the Christian west is overbalanced on the side of solar intellect; and like most New-Age truisms, it is not true. Of the two paths, *bbakti marga* and *jnana marga*; the path of Love, will, or emotion and the path of Light or solar Intellect, Christianity has always erred on the side of the former. If one were to look for a culture which has erred on the other side, Buddhism would be an obvious example. What the New-Age critics have in mind is actually the rationalism of the Christian west. But rationalism and solar Intellect are two entirely different things. Intellect not only perceives, but is one with, the Spiritual Archetypes. It is not an individual faculty at all, but rather the point at which the individual soul touches the trans-personal Centre. Viewed subjectively, it is Enlightenment; viewed objectively, it is the Absolute; nor is it other than pure Love (which, from our earthly point of view, is lunar), since the distinction between the two is an illusion which appears only when seen from 'below'.

Rationalism, on the other hand, is the ignorant reaction of the individual mental faculty, through its agent the brain, upon the contingent things of the physical world as transmitted via the senses. Ignorant because it is, by definition, unaware of the Spiritual Archetypes which are the real essence of all physical

phenomena. Sentimentalism or emotionalism is a similarly ignorant reaction to the same phenomena by the passionate faculty. Far from being in any way opposed, rationalism and sentimentalism are two sides of the same coin. The west is rationalist because it is sentimental. The two are inseparable. But just as Love and Intellect, seen in their true perspective, are seen to be one, so their inferior parodies, sentimentalism and rationalism, being cut off from unitive Reality, present the illusion of being eternally separate. Every modernist reaction against rationalism inevitably takes the form of a mere appeal to emotional reactions as opposed to mental ones: thus its sole effect is to give the wheel of Samsara another turn. Robert's underlying thesis is simply another essay in the long history of such barren sentimentalist reactions. One must sympathise with the desire to react against rationalism. But nothing is achieved by running continually from the right hand of Sai Werdë into her left.

Since deserting the revealed symbolic structure of the matriarchal Philosophy, patriarchal metaphysics has always been balancing on a tightrope. With Christianity, it finally fell victim to its own meddling with the primordial Doctrine. Due to its dogma of the male sun, it mistook the Christ (who is actually a masculinised version of the lunar Daughter, as opposed to the solar Mother) for the Solar Logos; thus depriving itself of any authentic representative of the solar Principle. The two greatest exponents of solar Intellect in Christianity were Origen and Meister Eckhardt. Both were declared heretics. Lacking the 'backbone' of Intellect, the love-path of Christianity declined into a samsaric sentimentality, which eventually gave rise, at the time of Aquinas, to an equally samsaric rationalism, which was the inverse parody of the missing Intellectuality. This rational-

ism developed slowly, still dressed in metaphysical garments, until the Renaissance, when it broke loose and initiated the wild downward spiral which has led us to the modern world; creating on the way such topsy-turvy notions as 'physical matter', and all the confusions which they have generated. These confusions have proved particularly effective in neutralising all intellectual resistance to the downward movement.

What is the answer to this impulse? How shall we cleave a path between the Scylla of rationalism and the Charybdis of sentimentalism? The Madrian answer is very straightforward: we must return to the primordial matriarchal Philosophy, devotion and way of life. This does not mean constructing a 'matriarchalism' from a handful of archæological bones tied together by modern speculations (which will inevitably be rationalist, sentimentalist, or—more likely—both). That will leave us right back where we started. We must go to the living matriarchal tradition, as it has been preserved down the ages in this country and elsewhere. The tradition we call Madrian. And this means not only accepting a Philosophy—although the path of Light is indispensable; nor simply opening our hearts to the adoration of God in the form in which She has revealed Herself to humanity from the dawn of time—although the path of Love is also indispensable. It also means treading the third path, which called the path of Works, or of ðamë. This entails governing our entire way of life in accordance with divine Harmony. It means rejecting all secular political systems which are not directed by the one lawful Princess of Earth. It means rejecting all industrial systems which are geared to merely 'making goods', instead of practising the ancient sacred crafts which are not merely utilitarian, but also a path of med-

itation. It means rejecting commercialism and the cash nexus, whether in its capitalist or socialist forms. In short, it means rejecting the whole edifice of modern human-centred culture, and returning to a God-centred matriarchy.

This is the most extraordinary part of Robert's article. He might have accused us of being wild anarchists bent on tearing down all the 'achievements' of 'progress'. He might have called us Amazon reactionaries intractably opposed to the liberal-democratic ideals of late patriarchy. Either accusation would have some semblance of plausibility. The more impish among us might have been sorely tempted to reply: 'Yop, that's about the size of it.' But instead, he chooses to accuse us of wanting to join 'the rat race to the top of executive boardrooms, or to become tomorrow's Indira Gandhis, Golda Meirs and Margaret Thatchers'—we, who do not even accept any secular or patriarchal government as legal! It is rather like accusing Mary Whitehouse of being a pornographer, or Archbishop Lefebvre of being a Protestant. The good primate no doubt has his detractors. Some of them, perhaps, say some very nasty things about him. It is even conceivable that some of those things may be true. But if anyone is going about accusing him of being a Protestant, we may be forgiven for thinking that person does not have the remotest idea of what he is talking about.

Actually, Madrianism, while it is unashamedly matriarchal both in its doctrine and in its social institutions, has nothing to do with denigrating men, or with regarding them as in any sense 'base'. It is a simple, traditional way of life, based on authority, love and devotion. It puts God (both in Her solar and Her lunar aspects) at the centre not only of its Sundays, but of its stories, its songs, its work and its life. It is lived by men and

maids, in that mutual love and respect which one finds only in a God-centred hierarchy. I do not deny that there are many self-styled matriarchalists (most of whom have never seen the inside of a matriarchal household) who, filled with the urban ideologies of the Iron Age, despise our way of life and all that it stands for. But I cannot help but thinking that theirs is the fastidious contempt of a Marie Antoinette, dressed up with crook and smock, upon meeting a real-life shepherdess.

*Sister Angelina*²⁶

LUX MADRIANA*

Madrianism is probably best known for being the religion which teaches that God is female. In its present form the religion has been in existence for some fifty years, but has been closed and esoteric to the extent of being a veritable 'secret society'. Over the past few years, a small number of Madrians have broken away from the closed or 'gnostic' groups to form an open or 'catholic' Madrianism.

In the wake of the researches of Robert Graves and others, and the publication of feminist works such as *The First Sex* and *The Paradise Papers* showing that the worship of a female God was the original religion of humanity, a number of Goddess-cults have sprung up, often connected with the Women's Movement, in England and America. Madrianism, however, is unique in

* This interview was discovered in Burtonport by Joey McEvoy III in the early 1990s, after the Silver Sisterhood had left (personal communication, 21 June 2018). It is not clear whether it was ever published. The interview is undated but is followed by a list of 'Books available from Lux Madriana' that does not include the Book of Rhiannë, suggesting a date prior to 1982.

being a full-scale systematic religion with its own scriptures, rites, catechism and all-female priesthood.

I talked to Sister Angelina, one of the organisers of Catholic Madrianism in England.

B: What is the purpose of Madrianism?

A: Ask rather what is the purpose of life.

B: Alright; What is the purpose of life?

A: Before this life you have lived other lives. After this life you will live other lives again. All the unique things which seem important to us now will pass away upon death, to be replaced by others that will seem equally important for a little time and then will pass away. So it may go on for ages upon ages, an endless wheel of birth and death, of bodily life and spiritual life, always seeking satisfaction in material things, like a dog chasing its own tail, always finding in the end disappointment and disillusion. This will go on until we reach above the illusory things of matter and seek to re-unite ourselves with the Absolute which is the source of all life, and in which we shall become perfect as we were in the beginning.

B: And this Absolute you call the Goddess?

A: Yes.

B: Why not just 'The Absolute'?

A: Because She is not an abstract thing, an 'it'. That is a very common mistake. The highest thing we know on this earth is the human personality. All 'its' are lower than that, they are

sub-personal. God is not sub-personal but super-personal. She has all the attributes of personality, but in a degree far higher than we can begin to understand.

It's very fashionable to call God a 'force' these days. The 'Life-Force' or something like that. Science is full of forces like gravity and electricity so that makes God sound nice and scientific. Of course, it's still a metaphor just as much as calling Her a person. Only it's a purely physical metaphor. A force can be physically great, but never morally or spiritually great. That is a typical patriarchal perspective—greatness equals physical greatness; muscle. It is a logical extension of the male-god image.

B: Is that why you call God She?

A: Part of the reason, but not the most important part. That is more difficult to explain. People usually want the answer to this wrapped up in neat logic, but even modern psychology shows that the conscious logical part of the mind is only the tip of a great iceberg. When we speak of God as She, we are triggering off a whole set of unconscious spiritual processes which bring us to a fuller understanding of Her nature. That is why She revealed Herself to us in a female form, and why for the vast majority of time human beings have lived on earth they have worshipped Her in the image in which She revealed Herself. On the other hand, when people rebel against that image and set up male images of God, they set an opposite process in motion. One which can only lead to atheism and alienation. That is what is happening today.

B: But isn't any religion out of place in the modern world?

A: Yes. I wouldn't quarrel with that. But if we live in a world where Truth is out of place, that is a comment on the world, not on Truth. We live in a world totally dedicated to material greed—based on it. It is wholly destructive. It is burning up the world's energy sources at a terrifying rate, it is destroying the environment, it is causing uncontrollable inflation and is creating destructive weapons with the capacity to destroy the world a thousand times over. Of course spiritual values are out of place in a world like that. If they weren't there would be something wrong with the spiritual values. And a truly spiritual approach to life, a spiritual revolution, is the only antidote to the poison of materialism that is killing civilisation.

B: Couldn't the patriarchal religions provide the same antidote?

A: No, they couldn't, because materialism is the logical extension of patriarchal religion. Patriarchy is like an escalator into hell. We are just reaching the bottom. To take one step back—like opting for patriarchal Christianity, for instance—would only be a brief postponement of the inevitable. The only solution is to start the whole machinery running in the opposite direction, and that means attuning ourselves to the true image of God.

B: What would a Madrian society be like?

A: Madrianism is a religion and not a political movement, so I can't give you any social blueprints, but I think a society strongly influenced by Madrian values would tend to be a simpler kind of society, very much decentralised politically and

more based on local communities. There might well be a return to the land, since Madrian ritual is deeply bound up with the rhythm of the seasons and the pattern of the year. It probably wouldn't be a rich society in material things. There might not even be a monetary system. Interestingly enough, that is just the type of society we may have to have if we survive the ecological and energy crises.

B: What about the position of women?

A: Madrianism as such espouses no particular social policy, though individual Madrians may. All I can say is that in ancient Madrian Matriarchal societies the central unit was the extended family and women were the heads of these families, therefore they were the rulers insofar as these societies can be said to have had rulers. Women also held a generally higher position than men, although social position was not very important in those societies.

B: Is it true that some Madrians practise magic?

A: Yes.

B: What is your attitude to that?

A: I take it you mean low magic—magic used to bring about material effects. The main danger with this is that it can become an end in itself and lead people to seek psychic power for its own sake or for material gain; though in my own experience people who seriously study magic usually pass through the lower stage into high magic—that is magic devoted to spiritual and religious purposes. But the real advantage of magic

is that people brought up in a thoroughly materialistic society like ours often find it difficult to accept the spiritual and supernatural side of life as a living day-to-day reality. Working contact with the extraordinary and, in materialist terms, 'impossible' experiences connected with magic, divination and the psychic arts in general (and there is no doubt that such things do occur), can be a very important factor in eradicating the deep-rooted materialist conditioning that has been instilled into them, opening the way for genuine religious experience.

B: What advice would you give to someone who wanted to deepen and develop her spirituality?

A: The greatest obstacle to such development is an impersonal idea of God. The essence of spiritual development is an ongoing personal relationship with Her. Of course there are lots of ways of developing that relationship. Through meditation techniques, ritual, the Rosary, and so forth, but the first essential is simply to open contact—to let Her through, as it were. The important thing to remember is that She is always with you, and always trying to contact you, you only have to allow Her in, to give Her permission, because She will not take you by force. Set aside a time of quietness regularly each day. Don't make prayer a formality, talk freely to Her; if you have difficulty in accepting Her, talk to Her about this. Ask Her to take control, to pray through you. Read the scriptures she has given to us in this age, particularly the Mythos of the Divine Maid and the Crystal Tablet. These will help you to have a closer understanding of Her, and will provide a basis for meditation. And if you need further help, or want to get involved in Catholic Madrianism don't hesitate to get in touch with us at

Sister Angelina

Lux Madriana. We are always happy to give personal help and advice whether you are a Catholic Madrian or not.

Interview by Bryony Evans

LUX MADRIANA
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SISTER JULIA

THE SYMBOLISM OF THE DIVINE NAMES A SUBJECT FOR CONTEMPLATION

There are two unpronounceable 'names of power' by which Deity is represented, and each of them has a special significance in Madrian rituals. The first, IHV, calls on the power of the great Mother in all rites which are not Sacraments (such as Sacrifice, or Purification). The second, HVH, represents the Daughter, or the Divine principle as it operates in matter. It is through this principle that the operation of a Sacrament is effective.

Each of these is a trigrammaton—based on the spiritual number three. When patriarchy suppressed the true Religion, it combined these names into a tetragrammaton: IHVH (Yahweh or Jehovah), based on the material number four. This was a deep symbolic representation of the essential materialism of patriarchal religion.

Iot E Vö (IHV) is the primordial Name of Deity (the ancient Sumerians used the pronunciation *Iahu*). The symbolism of the letters represents in order the three Persons of the Trinity—*Iot* is always the first principle or primal urge, thus in its most sublime sense it is the unknowable Dark Mother—Absolute Deity, before time and beyond space, from Whom all manifestation proceeds. *E*, the aspirate or 'breathing' of the ancient Greeks represents the breath or Spirit of Deity (in both Greek and Hebrew the word for breath and spirit is the same: *Pneuma*

in Greek, *Ruach* in Hebrew); the Silver Star above the dark waters of the unknowable; the great Mother and Creator of the universe. *Ƶ* is the letter of death and as such it represents the Daughter, Who descended into matter and accepted death for the sake of fallen creatures.

Ƶ Ƶ Ƶ (HVV) is the Chavah or Eve of the Hebrew tradition. *Ƶ Ƶ Ƶ* was also the cry of the pre-Hellenic Madrian ecstasies, later preserved by the Bacchantes. The name Chavah means 'Mother of All Living', a title of Dea; but after the patriarchal editing of the Genesis story, the meaning was re-interpreted as simply the ancestress of all people.

The letters symbolise the Daughter's beginning in pure Spirit, Her descent into matter and death, and Her resurrection to Spirit again. In the late Middle Ages it was popular to speak of the Parabola, which was really a U or V shape with the word Eva at the beginning and Ave at the end. This represented humanity's beginning in Paradise with Eve, its fall and its rise again with Mary—Ave Maria! Of course, it was rather a bad parabola, because only the two top points were represented, and not the lower curve. But it is a fine example of how the superconscious mind can intuit Truth even when the evidence is wrong. If only they had known, the full Parabola is to be found in the letters of the name itself—*Ƶ Ƶ Ƶ*—just as its shape is represented by the central letter, the letter which also represents our Lady Herself.²⁸

THE CROSS

One of the central Eastre symbols is the Cross. A lot of confusion has arisen over this symbol due to its use by the Chris-

tians, and we must begin by noting: 1) that the Cross was an important religious symbol long before Christianity or any other patriarchal religion, and 2) that for hundreds of years the Cross played no part in Christian symbology. If Jesus of Nazareth was crucified, it was almost certainly on a T-shaped gibbet. The Greek word *stauros* in the New Testament, which is translated as ‘cross’ simply means a stake or pole. The Latin word *crux*, from which we get ‘crucify’ means a gallows or stake. *Crucis* means ‘torture’. The symbol of early Christianity was the chi-rho monogram which resembles an X superposed on a capital P. The idea of a cross came only when Christianity was imposed on northern Europe—in order to link it with the ancient Eastre symbolism of the native people.

What, then is the Cross? Firstly, it is a cross of equal arms (such as we still find on the traditional pre-Christian hot cross bun). It has no connection with any instrument of torture, but is a profound symbol of the absolute Reality of the Divine sacrifice. Based on the material number four, it symbolises matter—but matter in the highest sense; matter redeemed.

Usually four represents fallen matter—the four elements without Spirit; the four seasons without Moura. But the Eastre Cross represents the extension of the Divine in all four directions of fallen creation.

Our Lady descended to the lowest depths and underwent a death that no human soul can know—a complete spiritual death which transformed Her into inert matter. Only the absolutely pure can know either absolute life or absolute death. But when absolute Life descends voluntarily to death, death is transfigured. Not only did our Lady become matter; matter

became Her. The Divine was diffused throughout material creation. The Daughter gave Herself to the universe.

This Mystery is the very basis of all religion, for, having severed ourselves from Dea at the beginning of time, it is only through Her supreme sacrifice that we are able to have any contact with the Divine.

The highest realisation of the Eastre Event is the Sacrament of Communion, where the very being of our Lady is directly transmuted into the matter of the Sacrament for our spiritual sustenance. This is why a Cross is imprinted on the Communion bread.

Strictly speaking, the Cross alone represents only the death of our Lady. A yet more glorious symbol signifies the full glory of Her resurrection. It is the Cross of Resurrection, sometimes called the Celtic Cross, because the matriarchal Celts were among the last peoples to preserve this most precious symbol. It consists of the equal-armed Cross superposed upon a circle with the arms of the Cross extending a little beyond the circle. The circle, like the full moon, is a symbol of completion or Divine perfection. The Cross of Resurrection signifies the return of the Daughter from death to full Divinity and the diffusion of the light of the Divine throughout the world of fallen matter.

This symbol is a resounding call to all souls to accept the sacrifice of our Lady, to offer themselves to Her, and to take the way that She has opened—back to Her Mother and our Mother, to the perfection of the Divine. Before all others, this symbol is the archetypal emblem of the Madrian faith, past, present and future.²⁹

THE FEMALENESS OF GOD

THE IMAGE AND ESSENCE OF THE DIVINE

Perhaps the first thing we can say is that Dea is not passive. When images and symbols of Her persist through the ages, it is not by accident, but because She is flooding our unconscious with memories of Her and of Her acts, stimulating our appreciation of symbols and guiding the hands of our artists. She is present and active within us, and increasingly so as we open ourselves to Her.

It would be too much to expect that we could directly apprehend the nature of the Divine in this life. Our knowledge of Dea is shaped by the limitations of our understanding, and it is precisely because of these limitations that we must trust to Her revelations, rather than to any 'rational' theorizing. Each soul must seek to develop her own relationship with and understanding of Dea by every means in her power, and in this world Dea has revealed Herself to us most fully in myth.

It is sometimes asked, 'Can't we get at the truth behind the mythology directly? Must we have it in "story" form?' I think of this question, or rather of the whole complex of attitudes leading up to it, as an appetite suppressant. It has been asserted that all our nourishment could be taken in the form of a few small pills. One of these pills would, of course, have to be an appetite suppressant. It is quite easy to image a person so bored by these pills, or finding them so hard to swallow that she only bothered to take the one which stopped her feeling uncomfortable—the suppressant. She would, of course, starve to death. It is quite possible to extract a dry theology from the

myths.* Like the pills, it is hard to swallow and not particularly interesting. So most people take only the appetite suppressant, which is readily to hand, and become, for all practical purposes, atheists. We are not so 'advanced' as we like to suppose; like our ancestors, we must eat.

The myths refer to Ultimate Reality, or the Absolute as 'The Mistress of All Things'. The further back in time we go, the more frequently we find Dea at the centre of the myths and as the subject of all religious art.† And this was in the highly sophisticated civilisations of the remote past as well as the less civilised societies introduced by early patriarchy. It is evident that the male god first made an appearance as the political tool of patriarchy, and he has been used as a political tool ever since. Yet the original image of the divine still reigned in the popular imagination. The frequent emergence of Dea as the central religious image in the face of prevailing political ideologies is a striking testimony to the strength of the Divinely inspired archetype in the human soul.

Our image of the Absolute as Dea has two main aspects: the Personhood of Divinity and the perception of that Personhood as female. We can describe these aspects as symbolic or

* A note to the original reads: 'Though in practise this would not be an "adequate diet". The myths are the perfect expression of religious Truth for creatures at our stage of spiritual development. Abstract theological structures are only an aid to understanding the myth. To have the theology without the myth is like have the binoculars without the scene.'

† A note to the original reads: 'The male god rarely figures prominently in religious art. Extreme masculist religions (e.g. Islam and extreme Protestantism) tend towards iconoclasm, one suspects for this very reason. Almost all the religious art of the Middle Ages and Renaissance centred on the Virgin Mary, the Christian "goddess" figure.'

metaphorical, just as in addressing Dea as 'Rose of the World' or 'Great Dove of the Waters' we are using symbols or metaphors. But we must also say that the symbol of the Absolute as Dea is absolutely central to our understanding of Her. It is the best way that we are capable of perceiving Her, and thus it is the way in which She presents Herself to us.

We see Her in human terms because the highest thing we encounter in this world is the human personality. We can only speak of things outside our experience in terms of our experience. Try to think of a six-dimensional universe, or existence outside time. Some people describe the Absolute as a 'power' or a 'force', thinking that they are getting 'behind' the myths; but of course, they too are using a physical metaphor—comparing Deity to a wind or magnetism or electricity. But these things are great only in a quantitative sense—they are bigger or stronger than human beings, but not morally or spiritually superior. Any abstract thing, having no personality, is less than a person. Dea is more than a person. She does not lack any of the attributes of personality, but rather has them to an absolute degree which we can hardly appreciate. Her Personhood is infinitely more sublime, more intense and more complete than ours.

We have seen that the femaleness of the Divine Person is not a human invention but a Divinely inspired image. The meaning of that image can be difficult for those brought up in a masculist environment to understand. Some may be unable to see any essential difference between Dea and the male god they have been driven to reject; others may want a 'balance' of femininity and masculinity in the Divine as a result of sensing a severe imbalance in the male god. I can sympathise with such

difficulties; the issues worried me for a long time until I realised that my problem was simply a misunderstanding.

I first began to see light when I realised that principles, not people, were involved; the feminine and the masculine principles, not maids and men. Maids and men are not very different from each other, but the ideas of masculinity and femininity have always been seen as very different. That is because they are the archetypal symbols of two principles which operate at every level of fallen creation. Both principles operate in both maids and men (though the balance differs in each individual, and will tend to fall more heavily on the feminine side in maids). The whole subject has been obscured by the frequent use of the phrase 'God is a woman'. God is *not* a woman; She is God. In this context, God can be described as the embodiment of the feminine principle.

The feminine and masculine principles have been explained more fully elsewhere (see 'The Feminine Principle'),* and I shall just cover the main points. The ancient symbols are strikingly appropriate. The female symbol (♀) shows the dominance of spirit (the circle) over matter (the cross); the male symbol (♂) shows matter (the cross or arrow) partially dominant over spirit. (This is the standard interpretation of the components of planetary symbols.)† The feminine principle represents the dominance of spirit over matter, quality over quantity, while the masculine principle represents the reverse. Furthermore, the masculine or material principle is dependent on the beyond-matter, the feminine or spiritual principle, for

* See pp. 556 ff.

† A note to the original directs the reader, as an example, to Jeff Mayo, *Teach Yourself Astrology*, London, English Universities Press, 1964, pp. 29, 31.

its very existence is temporal and insecure—the cross/arrow cannot dominate the circle. On the other hand the feminine principle is absolute and self-sufficient. Now the Divine is defined as Absolute, spiritual, qualitative and Self-existent—and therefore quintessentially feminine. The ‘male god’ is a contradiction in terms. It is this forcing together of opposite and opposing ideas—masculinity and the Divine—which gives the image of the male god its fatal imbalance. The answer is not to add a feminine ‘aspect’ to the masculine, but to eliminate the intrusive masculine and leave the naturally feminine God.

As to whether Dea is in essence different from the male god, if anyone is still in doubt—well, one has only to experience Her to know that She is. Various lukewarm Christians and others have tried to persuade themselves that there is no significant difference, but, in the words of one of the most intelligent and clear-sighted Christian apologists:

Without drawing on religion, we know from our poetical experience that image and apprehension cleave much closer here than common sense is prepared to admit; that a child who has been taught to pray to a Mother in Heaven will have a religious life radically different from that of a Christian child.[‡]

Having known only the parody, when faced with the original, we may say: ‘This is just like the other thing! Look at this bit, and this!’ Our Lady is waiting for us to stop counting Her fingers and start looking into Her eyes.³⁰

[‡] C. S. Lewis, *Undeceptions*, London, 1971, p. 194.

THANATOS
THE ULTIMATE DEATH-WISH

There is only one path the human soul can follow—that which she has chosen and shaped for herself by all her actions and decisions from before the beginning of time. But every path has two directions—forwards or backwards, upwards or downwards. There are strong impulses drawing us in either direction, but it is ours to choose which way we will move. Freud, in some of his more intuitive work on human motivation, belonging to his later period, identified two basic drives: *Eros*, the drive to love, and *Thanatos*, the death-wish. Although he conceived these as physical urges in accordance with his masculist-materialist philosophy, he had rediscovered the two fundamental spiritual impulses of maid: either to return to the fullness of Life in Dea, or to seek self-annihilation through complete rejection of Her. For Dea is Love, and all that we know of love and beauty and joy in this world is a reflection of Her splendour. And all that we know of death and destruction and despair is a measure of our absence from Her presence.

The vision of death as the end was as common in early patriarchy as it is today. The death of the body was not seen as the transition from one life to another in the cycles of existence as it was in earlier times, but as entailing the death of the soul, the essence of the individual.* The idea of the immortality of the soul was re-introduced in the west through the influenc-

* A note to the original reads: 'The Old Testament has no conception of life after death, and the Hebrews were typical of early masculist religions, either denying the afterlife entirely or reducing it to the half-life of twittering shadows in Sheol.'

es of Plato and the Eleusinian Mysteries. Plato's contact with ancient Egyptian wisdom moulded a great deal of his thought, and it is significant that Egypt remained matriarchal for far longer than most other nations due to a successful matriarchal counter-revolution.[†] The Eleusinian Mysteries of Demeter and Persephone were the purest survival of Matriarchal religion in later patriarchy. Robert Graves writes: 'Persephone and Hecate stood for the pre-Hellenic (matriarchal) hope of the immortality of the soul; but Hades, a Hellenic (patriarchal) concept for the ineluctability of death'.[‡] The doctrine that the soul dies with the body is specifically patriarchal; it has a significance which goes far deeper than might appear. For death is a symbol of the complete rejection of Dea and therefore symbolises Absolute Evil; the death of the body is a symbol of spiritual death or *Thanatos*. A society which identifies bodily death with spiritual death sees every day of a person's life as a step on the downward path to the death of the soul. This signifies the chilling truth that masculinist society is a society in search of *Thanatos*.

The progress towards *Thanatos* involves a fear and rejection of life in its fullness which has been typical of patriarchy. Nietzsche cites such a fear of life as one of the strongest influences in the development of early-patriarchal Hellenic religion, permeating throughout Greek folk culture. He recounts the story of King Midas' question to Silenus, the companion of Dionysus—what is the best and most desirable of all things for humanity? The answer: 'What is best of all is utterly beyond your reach: not to be born, not to be, to be nothing. But the

[†] Elizabeth Gould Davies, *The First Sex*, Penguin, pp. 138–9.

[‡] Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*, vol. I, Penguin, p. 123.

second best for you is—soon to die’.* *Thanatos* is precisely the wish not to be—the quest for non-existence.

It is not a noble quest, however grand it may sound. It is rather the petulance of a child who, having damaged a present, cries, ‘I never wanted it anyway!’ and throws it down; or the foolish pride of one who, having taken a wrong turning, carries on down that road rather than admit to being mistaken; or the resentment of the miserable against the happiness of others, carried to the point of despising all happiness. Nor is it a joyous quest. It can be comfortable, especially for those who allow themselves to drift or to be led. For those who pursue it eagerly, it can bring excitement and the thrills of fear, an apparent increase of energy born of the momentum of a pell-mell descent, the sense of certainty of one taking a definite direction rather than hesitating. But it is not joyous, for it is heading away from the one Source of all joy—Dea.

Thanatos can express itself in many ways. There are those who will vehemently deny the existence of the soul, will seize on an evolutionary theory and misinterpret it so as to ‘prove’ that we are animals with merely animal impulses, that we are conditioned by our environment and ‘evolutionary’, racial or economic determinisms. There are those who cry for ‘balance’, saying that both love and *Thanatos*, or even both good and evil are ‘natural’ and ‘necessary’ with the sole intention of giving the negative or thanatic impulse a positive value. Others will put theory into practice. Some will indulge their every whim, however degrading and destructive. Some will stop making any effort in their daily lives, whether physical, mental or spiritual, sinking deeper into laziness, inertia and passivity. Some will

* Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy*, Vintage Books, p. 42.

seek to drown their individuality (which is a modality of the true self, reflecting Divinity) through completely identifying with some group or gang, through slavish following of fashions in lifestyle or attitude or through a complete plasticity which accepts whatever mould others impose upon it. There are those who will put their energy into destructive activity either on the physical or on the psychic plane: through physical violence, vicious gossip, verbal assaults on religious aspiration, gentleness and inner purity, or through the subtler acts of the destruction of the atmospheric harmony of a home or other group or the creation of what is ugly or obscene, whether in the name of 'art' or otherwise.

The above are extreme cases of the pursuit of *Thanatos*, yet none is uncommon in the modern world, and milder instances of the same sort of thing are found everywhere. For modern society, a typical example of patriarchy in decadence, is pervaded by the death-wish. The external expressions of this tendency range from the manufacture of increasingly destructive weapons, violence in the streets, the attempts of States to mould everyone to the same pattern through external pressures and the manipulation of the media, to the apathy and deference to officials and 'experts' apparent in so much of the population. The introduction of mass production and the mass media have also served their part in inspiring uniformity, mental laziness and the ethos of mediocrity, all of which encourage people to drift with the current towards *Thanatos*, if not to swim with it. And to drift may be the more dangerous alternative, for one is less aware of what one is doing, and may find it hard to summon sufficient strength of will to change direction even when one comes to desire it.

Everywhere we see the symbols of *Thanatos*—the logical end of patriarchal religion and society. The east had its minarets; the west had the towers of Chartres and Notre Dame, but modern society has only piles of concrete squared off at the top, like cheap tombstones row upon row. But as the patriarchal ages enter their dying phase, more and more souls are turning from the ever-darkening abyss towards the Light. Souls turned to Her uncertainly, haltingly, feebly, and Dea, in Her infinite Love, responded out of all proportion; pouring Her inspiration upon them, and giving the world again Her sacred Mythos, Her Rites, Her Sacraments. Almost instantly, the ancient Faith stood again in glorious completion. Those who begged for a coin have been showered with a fortune. Those who knocked at the wayside shrine gained entrance to the Silver Temple of the Moon. And as the night thickens, soul after soul will follow them into that beautiful sanctuary. For *Thanatos* is a disease incurable but by one sure antidote—She Who is pure Light, pure Love, and pure Life.³¹

PENANCE : WHAT IT REALLY MEANS A SUBJECT FOR MOURA

Penance is not very fashionable. If Madrians were free to invent their religion as they went along, it would probably be good politics to leave penance and related subjects out of it as most modern cults do. But the religion of our Lady is not of an age but of all time, and Her servants must tell the whole truth without regard to the prejudices of this age or of any other.

So let us grasp the nettle and start by saying what penance is not. It is not—or at any rate, not primarily—a punishment

for our sins. A lot of the reason for the unfashionability of penance and related ideas lies in a healthy reaction against the patriarchal idea of a legalistic male god totting up our faults and handing out arbitrary punishments, with penance, or self-punishment an act of fear made to forestall divine vengeance.

But penance is something entirely different and far more mysterious than that. Let us consider a puzzle. Why is prayer a form of penance?^{*} Either prayer is a free and joyous activity, a delightful communion with our Lady, or else it is an irksome task, penance. Surely it cannot be both. But it is both, or can be; and within this paradox is contained the whole secret of penance.

Prayer is the sustaining activity of the true self—that part of us which longs to return to perfection in our Mother. As such, it is a denial of the false self—the self which wants to stay apart from Her. All devotion is a denial of the false self, for the whole existence of the false self depends upon her separateness from our Lady. Thus a whole part of our nature—and the part which the training of this world has made the strongest part—rebels against prayer.

Penance, therefore, is a disciplining of the false self. The false self clings to the things of this world with the tenacity of a limpet, and her imperious nature wishes to govern the whole of us. Given her way, she will not allow us one moment of pure

* An example of assigning prayer as a penance occurs in 'Temples of the World' (vol. 3, p. 1266). In that passage, attendance at a lecture is also assigned, and the text makes clear that corporal punishment could have been assigned as well. Mr David Kay recalled being assigned memorization of verses from the Scriptures as a penance (LMYG, 12 March 2012).

devotion, but will always keep the mind riveted on material things of one kind or another. Therefore if you have ever had one minute's pure concentration upon our Lady you have, by that very fact, practised penance. And that was perhaps the happiest minute of your life.

Which disposes of another misconception about penance—that it is supposed to make us miserable. Of course the conflict with the false self—the head-on clash with all our worldly desires—can be a troublesome experience; but the goal of penance is joy, and whenever it is working properly, joy is its result.

It is a joy that can hardly be explained, and one that can be achieved in no other way. Every Madrian has had the experience of sullen weariness during a fast or penance, which is suddenly overwhelmed and turned upside-down by a consciousness of our Lady—the wonderful privilege of making this small sacrifice for Her; the happiness of having this little thing to lay at Her feet. Suddenly all our selfishness seems to have been a burden, and our 'self' like a great ungainly rhinoceros hide covering the true inner self and making our movements stiff, clumsy and tiring. For a moment we experience the unspeakable relief of pure submissiveness, we throw aside all that we have learned to call 'self' in this world and experience only Her. Until this point, the word humility means nothing. Self-pride is the natural and right attitude of a soul without God. But when we are with Her, we throw it away and kneel before Her and want only to serve Her absolutely. We want Her to burn away everything of ourselves that is not wholly obedient to Her. And this is not because we fear Her, but because we are overcome by a love for

Her beside which even the most wonderful human love is as a candle before the sun.

Must this experience always come from penance? Not always from self-denial in the usual sense (although all communion with our Lady is a denial of the false 'self'). It may come quite suddenly and unexpectedly, but it is certain that if the false self is not kept under control she will prevent spiritual development and cut us off from our Lady altogether, and that if we shy away from curbing her we will inevitably slip further from the Light. Conversely, penance is a way to ecstasy.

The primary cause of misunderstanding in this as in most spiritual subjects rests in the inbuilt patriarchal assumption that spiritual things aren't really real; that vague well-meaning is enough. But spiritual reality is real and has its own laws, which are just as definite as the physical law of gravity or any other natural law. We can't jump a high wall without making a big effort. We can't write without learning the alphabet. No more can we progress spiritually without training and preparing ourselves.

And there is one other consideration. When we do experience our Lady, we are confronted with our own imperfection. This is not a question of 'sin' in the patriarchal sense. Not a breaking of arbitrary rules and regulations. It is not even necessarily (though it may be) a recognition that we have behaved badly in a human sense at all. Suddenly we are measured against an absolute standard. We are measured against Perfection—against what we were when we were first created, and what, in the deepest sense, we should be. It is this deep imperfection which penance is a small gesture toward purifying. Our Lady wants us to return to absolute Perfection; not, perhaps, in this

life, but it must be our ultimate destiny. We must repent and put behind us the self-centred mode of being which separated us from Her and made Her Sacrifice necessary. It is only through penance that we live our repentance. That is the truth which lies behind the half-truth of patriarchal legalism.

People who say that religion is an 'easy way out' know nothing about it, or are thinking of false religions. In truth the world is much more comfortable—it makes no such absolute demands on us. People who try to have religion without such demands do so precisely because what they want is a comfortable, worldly philosophy; a safe, neutralized armchair religion stripped of the wonder and the terror of contact with the Absolute.

But our lives should not be devoted to penance. Our Lady gives us both fasts and feasts, and we must serve Her both in self-denial and in joyful outpouring. For souls at certain stages, penance is the high road of progress. If you are one of these, our Lady will make it known to you in Her own way. For others, only a little is needed. All of us should observe the fasts of the year and practise small acts of self-denial regularly. But Madrian life is a harmony of pleasure and penance, with joy the rhythm that runs through both.³²

THE HANGED ONE*

Eastre: the death and resurrection of the Child of God. This festival goes back thousands of years before Christianity. Its very name harks back to a time long before the Hebrew 'Old Testament'; for it is derived from Eastre, the Teutonic goddess

* This article credits Sr Angelina as a co-author.

of spring and dawn, and the name *Eastre* comes originally from *Ishtar*,[†] the ancient Babylonian name for the Daughter who descended into the underworld, died and rose again.

The death and resurrection is one of the perennial motifs of religion. It arises again and again in every culture. Even before Christianity there were dozens of male variants of the dying and rising Daughter—*Attis*, *Tammuz*, *Adonis*, *Osiris*, etc. Many of the most influential modern Christian theologians, such as *Rudolf Bultmann*, state that it is impossible to know anything for certain about the historical Jesus—there just isn't enough evidence to be 100% certain that he even existed—but that the myth of his death and resurrection answers a fundamental religious need. In other words, whatever the historical facts, there is a very real and objective spiritual reality underlying the story.

What is this reality? Well, since spiritual reality exists outside space and time, and since all our thinking takes place in terms of space and time (try just for a moment to think of any 'event' 'happening' not in space and with no time sequence), the only way we can get any inkling of spiritual truth is through rare mystical experiences or else through revealed myths which 'trigger' the understanding of that part of our being which is itself spiritual. This sets up a super-rational understanding process, although it can only be achieved by meditative depth-reading of the myth.

True myths are not just stories; they are living things. They are not human inventions, but Divine in origin. Even in their

[†] While this is a popular folk etymology, there is no philologically established connection between the various forms of the name of the Teutonic deity and that of Babylonian *Ishtar*.

most debased forms they can be 'triggers' of profound spiritual truth.

But every time a myth is tampered with by human hands, something of its essential nature is inevitably lost; and a myth like the Christian one which pretends to be a piece of history, and which even as a piece of history has been largely discredited by modern scholarship, is obviously a long way from the pure wellsprings of spiritual truth. Unfortunately, the followers of this myth succeeded through centuries of persecution in stamping out all the others.

But as we look backwards in time, we see first the co-called 'pagan Christs', Attis, Adonis, etc., and then, very quickly, these give place to a female figure, known by different names in different places. The sacred icon of the Daughter hanging from a tree or pillar (the original form of the Christian crucifix) recurs again and again. The earliest of all surviving written texts describes Sumerian Inanna after Her death in the underworld being hanged on a stake. In Crete, the last surviving matriarchal nation, the hanged Ariadne was worshipped (She is not to be confused with the debased Greek myth of Ariadne; the name means 'Most Pure' or 'Most High', and is a title of the universal Moon Goddess). In other places, She was given other names: the Hanged Artemis in Arcadia, Erigone in Attica, Helen of the Trees at Rhodes.

In all cases, She is associated with the moon. Not, as is sometimes suggested, because primitives believed the moon to be a goddess (matriarchal Crete had four-storey buildings, chess and modern-style sanitation; they were hardly primitives!), but because the moon is a natural visible symbol of Her, just as the sun is sometimes taken as a symbol of the Mother.

Even when the pure religious myth has been lost, it often lingers on as a half-understood story. Thus an old English folktale ('The Buried Moon'),* tells how the forces of evil—the 'Bogles and crawling Horrors'—cannot come out when the moon is shining. It goes on to narrate how once in her dark period the moon descended to the marshes where the evil forces live, wrapped in a black cloak which hid her light; how she fell into a pool and her hands were caught by the tendrils of a malicious tree, so that she was hanged by her wrists. Because her light was shrouded, the Bogles and crawling Horrors were able to kill her and so be free to roam the night without opposition. But she was rescued and brought to life, and returned to the sky to defeat the powers of evil with her light.

The story is confused, but no one who has read the Mythos can fail to recognise it.

The death and resurrection of the Daughter lies at the root of all human religion. Since the suppression of the original religion by patriarchy, this Truth has returned in ever more debased forms which have less and less power to transform the human soul. That is why we live in an age where religion is dying. The time has come to turn back to the one true Saviour of humanity—the Divine Maid Who died for us and for us is resurrected.³³

* The original citation states that this story was available through the Madrian Literature Circle. No Literature Circle document by that name is known, but the description which follows suggests that 'How the Light Came to the Terrible Forest' (vol. 3, pp. 1099 ff.) is meant.

THE MIRROR OF WISDOM
AN INTRODUCTION
TO THE SCIENCE OF SYMBOLISM

A ranya was once asked by her pupil, 'Madonna, what is a symbol?' to which she replied simply: 'Everything.' This answer contains the whole truth about the science of symbolism; for everything in the material world is a symbol. We live in a world not of Realities in the truest sense, but of symbols. Modern materialism has taught people to speak of 'the real world' when they mean only the world of physical appearances. Of course, physical things are realities on their own level, but they are not ultimate Reality.

Ultimate Reality, the Absolute, the Divine, is the source and origin of all lesser realities. Lesser realities may be said to be divine ideas expressed on various levels of being. Physical matter is simply one of these levels. That is why it is absurd to seek for the ultimate truth of things by probing into their physical structure. It is like searching for the meaning of a book by measuring the thickness of the pages or the blackness of the print.

All physical things, from an insect to a star, are in continual flux. They are born, go through a succession of changes and die. The whole material realm is a realm of impermanence, birth, growth, decay and death. This is true not only of physical matter, but also of the subtler forms of matter such as the mental and the emotional (or astral).

All material things are limited, exhaustible, perishable and relative. They do not and cannot exist merely in their own power, but are the 'lower' reflections of That which is unlimited,

inexhaustible, eternal and absolute. Absolute Reality is the continual sustaining Principle of material things. The world of matter is like a mirror—or rather a series of mirrors—reflecting Reality on progressively lower and denser levels (the lowest from the point of view of our present earthly existence is that of physical matter).

The Absolute Principle from which absolute Reality flows is God Herself. (It is currently fashionable in certain circles to refer to the Absolute Principle as ‘it’, or as a ‘force’. This reflects a pseudo-spiritual perspective which has not broken away from the assumptions of materialism. Emotional matter is higher than physical matter, and mental matter higher than emotional matter. The Absolute is infinitely higher than either, but obviously She will be more like a thought than like a stone, and more like a Personality than like a ‘force’. The attempt to picture super-physical Reality as a sort of parody of physical science is superstition in the strictest sense of the word. It also ignores the profound significance of symbolism.) Every Real thing is a pure expression of a facet of Her infinite Personality. But because we have turned from Her at the dawn of time, we can no longer exist in absolute Reality. Having cut ourselves off from the Principle of existence, we should logically cease to exist, but through the sacrifice of Her Daughter, God has created levels of half-existence or relative reality on which we can continue to exist (or partly-exist). The sheer splendour, the sheer reality of full existence would overwhelm us. Until we become perfect, we cannot return.

Yet the relative world contains a complete reflection of absolute Reality. Everything ‘below’ corresponds to something ‘above’. This is the true secret of symbolism. With this key, the

science of symbolism takes on its true function as a path to Perfection. Without it, it remains a mere academic exercise, or else (in the case of certain pseudo-esotericists and profane ‘psychologists’) something far more dangerous and sinister.

The crucial fact is that the symbolic significance of physical things is not something manufactured by the human mind, either consciously or unconsciously. It is a vital and inalienable part of the nature of the things themselves. It is not true to say that the moon is merely a rocky satellite orbiting the earth. That is only one aspect of its reality. It is also a symbol of the Daughter on one level and of the human psyche on another, as well as a whole complex of subordinate meanings. This aspect is just as much a part of its ontological reality as is the physical aspect. In fact, rather more so, for the moon, like all things, reflects a higher, or super-physical Reality. Now there is obviously no physical moon in the super-physical realm, but there is the essential of moon-ness of which our physical moon is a reflection. Therefore it is true to say that the essential moon existed long before the physical ‘echo’ was born, and will exist long after it has passed away. Or, to put it another way: the physical aspect of the moon’s reality becomes redundant as soon as we have ascended above the physical sphere, but its spiritual aspect continues up through every plane of existence.

Similarly, the sun is a symbol of the Mother, and every phenomenon of nature, from the passage of the seasons to the humblest wildflower is a shadow of eternal Truth. Once we have understood that the symbolic aspect of things is not an arbitrary convention but an independent reality with a complex inner dynamic of its own, it becomes possible to understand that the female image of God—in which She revealed Herself

to humanity, and which humanity accepted for the vast majority of its history—contains an essential symbolic revelation of Her true nature, whereas the male image which has dominated the patriarchal cultures of the last few millennia, contains the seed of violence, discord and eventual materialism.

It should be added that it is no argument against symbolism to point out that the moon only appears to wax and wane from the perspective of earth, that the sun does not really rise and set, that the heavens are not ‘above’ the earth, etc. To call symbolism ‘pre-scientific’ on these grounds only reveals the narrowness and unintelligence of the materialist outlook.

The seven visible ‘planets’ have always symbolised the seven major spheres of existence and their respective Janyati. That three ‘new’ planets have been rediscovered in the last few centuries alters nothing. Sumerian seals dating back to matriarchal times show the solar system complete with all its planets.* The matriarchal founders of astrology were guided not by ignorance, but by a profound understanding of the science of symbolism.

There is no such thing as accident in the universe. The natural and immediate way in which phenomena present themselves to maid always has a profound significance. Even a manifest impossibility (in physical terms) such as ‘the land west of the sunset’ is based on this natural and immediate world-picture, and is laden with inner meaning.

* Sr Julia appears to refer to the Akkadian seal VA/243, interpreted by Zecharia Sitchin as depicting the eight known planets along with Pluto, two moons, and a ninth planet known as ‘Nibiru’. This interpretation has been contested by a number of scholars, most notably Michael S. Heiser.

But in fact at every level of interpretation, the universe carries symbolic meaning. The blue sky represents the Heaven of the Janyati, but it is only a trick of the light. The physical 'reality' is the dark abyss of space, which represents the infinity of Absolute Deity—the Dark Mother, 'beyond being and unbeing' [Tablet 12]; and also of the spiritual darkness into which those plunge who use physical 'facts' to cut themselves off from symbolic truth—the cold abyss of those who want to get 'beyond' Heaven.

The science of symbolism not only makes the world intelligible, it enables it to serve its true purpose as a spiritual 'ladder', helping the incarnate soul toward her true destiny. In any healthy age this science has been understood, and even unhealthy periods have preserved a portion of it. An age which has lost it is spiritually dead. The modern idolatry of physical 'facts' as things-in-themselves is like worshipping sunbeams and denying the sun. Cut off from symbolic truth, this matter-worship creates a bleak and ugly world dominated by the machine and its soulless products. And this too is a symbol—of the spiritual state which has created it.³⁴

WALKING WITH OUR LADY

When we think of the glorious Nativity of our Lady, there is a tendency to be overwhelmed by the radiant brightness of its majesty or the glittering darkness of its mystery. The soul is caught up in the sweetness and exhilaration of this most glorious of the archetypal Events. This is quite natural; the desire to 'sing aloud to the glory of Dea' upon the revelation of this Mystery is one that maidkind shares with the Janyati them-

selves (Mythos 2:17). The joy and beauty of the midwinter Nativity festival is so powerful that it remains with us in patriarchal societies long after the true meaning has been forgotten.

Yet the laughter and the awe, the carolling and the silent adoration which make up the human and angelic response to the Nativity Event; these must not be allowed to overshadow a response far deeper although less obviously ecstatic: a response which should be with us throughout the year, and yet which centres in a very special way upon Nativity. This response is the response of living with our Lady.

Every one of the Primordial Events, which are enacted beyond the bounds of time and space, have profound effects at every level of existence from the cosmic whole to the most intimate recesses of the individual soul. The cosmic mystery and significance of Nativity attracts our hearts like moths about a radiant lantern; but within the inmost caverns of our soul it also has a meaning. Its meaning is both simple and breathtaking; that our Lady has come to us; that She is with us—not just in a general way, but with each individual soul—beside her, within her, all about her. Every step you take, you take in Her presence.

The more deeply we understand this the more astonishing it becomes. It is beautiful, but with a terrible and awe-inspiring beauty. I remember, when I was young, saying to a priestess 'But if I really felt that She was with me all the time—why, I wouldn't be able to do half the things I do now!'; 'No, my child,' she replied, 'you would not.' I sometimes think a saint or a hermit is one who fully realises our Lady's constant presence.

Yet the terrible aspect is only one side of the reality. If it can awaken in our hearts a little of the holy awe that has been

deadened by the bland, blind nonchalance of modern materialism (surely the archetypal ‘false sense of security’) that is a healthy sign. But beyond that, there is a beauty, a sweetness and a comfort beyond the power of words to express in the knowledge that She is with us, and our only adequate response is to fully acknowledge Her presence by living consciously with Her.

To live with our Lady is to walk every step with Her, to eat and drink with Her, to sleep cradled in Her hands and to awaken into Her presence. In each act we make, we should be conscious of Her eyes upon us and seek to make it pleasing to Her. Nor should we always serve Her in silence; we may speak to Her inwardly, thanking Her for Her mercies, asking strength in our trials, praying for others and praising Her. Immediately this may seem strange, but is it not really the most natural thing in the world? If a friend, out of love, accompanied us everywhere, would we ignore her and behave as though she were not there?

I have heard of a maid who, each time she opened a door, would pause to allow our Lady to pass before her. One may feel inclined to smile at this, but as a symbolic gesture, a constant self-reminder and a mark of respect to our beloved Guest this small ritual should by no means be despised. And even if she was mistaken in conceiving our Lady’s presence in rather over-material terms, how small a mistake is this in comparison with the gross and gaping error of those who fail to recognise Her presence at all.

Not everyone will have so complete and perpetual a consciousness of our Lady’s presence. Most of us will not feel so close to Her during everyday actions as we do in prayer at our shrine. But each of us can cultivate a far deeper realisation of

Her presence. We should remind ourselves from time to time that She is with us, and once we have begun to do this we will soon find that there are times when She Herself reminds us. For She is constantly trying to communicate with us, and nothing stands in Her way except the coldness of our own hearts and the hard encrustation of the age. As we open ourselves to Her, our hearts begin to thaw, and the sparkling fountain of Her love comes pouring in.

It will not happen all at once. There will be wonderful successes; there will also be failures. So long as we do not let the forces of darkness (and make no mistake—they are there) exploit our failures to dishearten us with the whole process, they need not worry us. Accept your failings meekly and learn humility from them.

The ego or false self is the greatest enemy of this process. For to feel the presence of our Lady is to obey Her; to serve Her in everything we do. The more we know Her the more we love Her, and the more we love Her the more we wish to lay down our own will and all that this world has taught us to call 'self' and simply follow Her will in all things. As soon as we drop the ego, we realise what an ugly, clumsy burden it always was, and wonder how we can ever have clung to it so fiercely. This is in our moments of success. In times of failure the ego will seek to reassert itself with a vengeance, and it will have all the legions of Hell behind it.

Yet so long as we live in Her presence we cannot really fail, for the battle is in Her hands. To walk with our Lady is to walk in the way of total self-surrender; yet only through losing herself can a maid find herself, and only by casting off the mask

of ego can she relax at last in the arms of our Lady and become her true self.³⁵

WHO IS OUR LADY? OR RATHER: WHO ARE WE?

Who is it that I talk to in my prayers? She is the ultimate Truth behind all things, the absolute Principle from which all existence flows, yet She is presented to us as a Person almost like ourselves. She was not incarnate on this earth, yet we are told that She was born and lived and died.

Many people new to Madrianism find it possible to conceive of God as an abstract force but not as a person. This old heresy (many people suppose it to be new, but it has been going since Victorian times; Bernard Shaw's 'Great Life Force' was all the rage in the Edwardian era) has its roots in the mechanistic scientism of the last century. Physical science is full of forces, like magnetism and electricity, so it makes God sound nice and scientific. Of course, it is still a metaphor, just as much as calling Her a Person. Only it is a purely physical metaphor. A force can be physically great, but never morally or spiritually great. It is a typically patriarchal perspective—greatness equals physical greatness; muscle. It is the logical extension of the male-god image.

Nevertheless, it can be difficult to understand how the primal Principle can be a maid to Whom we can relate and Who has undergone certain experiences. The difficulty lies in a misconception not so much of the nature of God as of the nature of maid. Modern children are indoctrinated from the earliest age to think of maid as an animal which has risen above other

animals by an accident of ‘evolution’. They are taught also to think of all things and creatures around them in the same way, as mere accidents of the physical plane, whose nature is to be sought in merely physical (or ‘scientific’) explanations. Such explanations may be adequate on their own level—just as the writing of a great poem might be described wholly in terms of the movements of the poet’s finger muscles. But in both cases, the physical explanation not only does not explain the whole process, but it leaves out all that is most profound and significant. Such explanations may have their uses, but as soon as they start pretending to be the ‘whole truth’ about the poem, or about the universe, or about maid, they stop being science and start being scientism. In other words, they stop being a relative truth and become an absolute error. It is this scientism with which the modern maid has been indoctrinated from her earliest years, and it is the false, materialistic world-view which it inculcates which stands between her and the understanding of maid and of God.

Viewed from beyond the merely physical perspective, the whole cosmos is a reflection of God. Each object and phenomenon within the cosmos reflects some facet of the Divine (a ‘Divine Idea’), while maid, the microcosm (little cosmos) forms a complete reflection in herself. That is because she is the central being on this plane of existence. She alone of all this world’s creatures has the power to choose the way of *ḍamē*—to act according to the divine Harmony of her own free will. A flower, a dog, a star or a nature-spirit develops and acts according to its natural laws without choice. The word ‘maid’ has the same root as ‘may’: to be able or to have the power of doing something (thus ‘might’ both means ‘power’ and is the past

tense of may). It is essentially the potential to act or not to act. Thus maid is literally 'she-with-potential' (potency), or 'she-with-choice'. It is also cognate with 'mag' (as in magnify, magnificent), meaning 'great'—indicating her centrality, her 'governance over all the earth'. She also has intellect: the power to participate in the Divine Intelligence, and thus to know the inner meaning of the cosmos. This is not to be confused with reason, which is merely the power to draw conclusions from observed phenomena and is possessed, at least in a rudimentary degree, by animals, plants and protozoæ. It should be noted that the term 'man' (from the same root as 'mental') refers to this lower rational faculty; and it is no accident that a society symbolically attuned to the male principle should adopt a ra-



tionalism and scientism directed solely to the 'observed phenomena' of the physical world. Nor that it adopts an 'evolutionist' ideology which can see no essential difference between human and animal creation.

And it is this which prevents us from understanding the Image of God. So long as we see maid as a mere biological accident, it seems preposterous that God should resemble her. But the truth is that it is not God Who is maid-like (anthropomorphic) but maid who is God-like (Theamorphic). For maid is the 'reflection' of God in every sense (cf. Creation I:10). It is not primarily her body but her inner being that reflects God, yet the body too has its symbolic significance for those who have the wisdom (or Intelligence) to read it.

It is not implied that men are excluded from this Theamorphism, for the term 'maid' embraces all humanity—but a humanity attuned to the feminine principle. For a maid, both spiritually and biologically, represents the archetypal human being. For this reason, all symbolic and hieratic functions, such as priesthood or the headship of households, are exercised by maids.*

But what of the acts, the 'history' of our Lady; Her birth; Her life; Her death and Her resurrection? At all times, the story of the slain and resurrected Saviour has been told. In patriarchal times, She was conceived in a male form as Osiris, Attis, Adonis and many other names. That the last of these, Christ, should be said to have been a real historical person

* A copy of this article sent by Madria Olga to a student added the parenthetical '(not exclusively)' to the end of this line. It is unknown what caveats Madria Olga intended to express by this, as well as whether these formed a clarification of Lux Madriana's practice or applied only to her own order.

incarnate on earth is a natural consequence of the increasing materialism or scientism of the male principle. More and more, everything, even religion, must be brought down to the plane of matter—the logical end of this is modern atheism. But long before these male ‘saviours’, we have the slain and resurrected Daughter, known as Persephone, Ishtar, the Hanged Artemis, Helen of the Trees, Kuan Yin, and a hundred other names.

Behind all these names and myths lies a Mystery of unfathomable depth: the cardinal Mystery of the cosmos. Maid is divine in form, but she is not divine in essence. This is because she has used her power of choice to move away from God—to be in that-place-where-God-is-not. Cut off from the Source of all Good and happiness, we must plunge into a world of evil and suffering. If God was to come to us in that-place-where-She-is-not, She must sever Herself from Herself—She must cease to be pure Spirit and become a soul; a maid (that is to say, not necessarily a human on this plane, but a soul endowed with choice and intellect, but separate from God). Thus God gave birth and became Her own Daughter. If we cannot understand the ‘life’ of God as maid, it is no wonder, for Her Self-separation is the ultimate paradox; the supreme Mystery of the universe. Scientism knows no Mysteries, only mundane facts. A fact is something you either know or don’t know. A Mystery is a thing a little child can know; yet only a lifetime of contemplation can take her into the heart of it. This much we can say: that our Lady was a maid as we are; that She felt as we feel, and suffered as we will never suffer, because by Her own choice She went to the uttermost depth of suffering, that no part of creation—not even Irkalla herself—should finally be lost.

We turned from God in sin, but She turned from Her in the most perfect virtue of Self-sacrifice. And since maid is the reflection of God, She, being perfect maid, is the perfect reflection of God. Thus, even as maid, She is still Divine (this is what is meant by 'the light of Her own divinity' in Mythos 5:18).

The deepest pit of Hell is the furthest place from God, and thus the place of greatest suffering. And yet She journeyed there in innocence and purest virtue. Thus, the further She moved from God, the more Godlike She became, until through Her final agony and extinction, She returned to the quintessence of life. Only one Teacher can lead you into the heart of this mystery, and She, through Her sacrifice, is with you now.³⁶

WITH GOD AS OUR PRINCESS...

Madrianism is not only a faith, but a nation. When an outsider is Offered to Dea, she enters that nation. When she is Initiated, she becomes fully naturalised, and in so doing, she relinquishes her citizenship in any other nation. What I mean by this is that there is only one legitimate form of government—that which rules in the name of She who owns all nations and in accordance with Her laws. Any other self-styled state is mere theft and tyranny, however old it may be and however many guns it may have to keep it in power. When the first infidel usurper seized power, no true Madrian considered herself to be a member of his pseudo-state, even if she was forced to obey his pseudo-laws. Four thousand years have not changed that.

As well as a nation, the Madrian also belongs to a clan or tribe within it, and all the laws and rules of life come to her

through this immediate home-community, whether she lives within it or not. This is the only 'state' to which she owes allegiance.

With God as our Princess, with Her Law as our law, every aspect of life becomes a golden thread binding ourselves to Her. Every act of life has a ritual purpose. So much is said nowadays about doing away with 'empty rituals' in all areas of life; and in a way it is right. For the customs and ceremonies of the modern world are empty. Their inner meaning has been forgotten, and their outer forms are corrupted and atrophied. The conservative people who wish to retain old ways and traditions are fighting a losing battle, because their attitudes are based on nostalgia and sentiment; they can find no real reasons for what they believe. Yet they are not a dying breed. Many young people ardently desire the abandonment of modern ways and a return to the older, more traditional way of life. They seek practical utilitarian reasons for this in the science of œcology, some of which are sound, others really quite contrived. But the real roots of this movement go far deeper than might appear on the surface. As with the older type of traditionalist, a very profound instinct is at work which, through lack of inner knowledge, takes on a purely emotional form. The justification of this emotion in terms of utilitarian physical objectives is really a 'rationalisation' of a deeper and more powerful drive which is felt, but not understood.

For the ancient crafts and the traditional methods of agriculture are part of the divine Law laid down by earth's true Princess. But as we have said, the inner meaning of this Law has been lost for many centuries. That is why the ignorant were able to replace it with superficially more 'efficient' methods. In

ðamic times, our Princess gives laws to each nation through Her regents, the princesses of the earth, covering crafts, dress, food, the decoration of homes and all manner of other things. This does not mean that a precise pattern must be slavishly followed, but that the rules and principles are laid down. If a physician wishes to cure the sick, she must know her craft, she must understand the body, both physical and subtle and follow the rules and methods of the medical art. Otherwise her medicine will not work. Similarly, if human life is to serve its true purpose of leading the soul back to her true Home, the art of life must be known and practised.

In the household where I grew up and where I live still, we have never had electrical lighting. Why not? Because it is not ðamic. The flame is an eternal form, a reflection of the Real on the plane of matter. Its inner meaning is purity and union with our Lady. It is a portion of the sun. A piece of glowing wire has no inner essence. It is a mongrel form spawned solely on the plane of matter, with no Divine archetype. She who lives by the light of the flame is led into the soul of the flame. She who lives by the light of a piece of wire passes into meaninglessness and illusion. I do not mean, of course, that anyone who uses electrical lighting is damned! Lighting is only one small part of life, but if a false form is used, it is one element out of ðamē, one element pulling in the wrong direction; and life in the late Iron Age is a whole tissue of such elements.

We wear clothes made in the traditional way, from the materials which our Princess has provided for us. Each pattern and every fold has meaning, and any maid of fourteen can expound in detail the metaphysics of her dress. Maid is a microcosm, and her dress is a ritual form which unites her

with the source of her being. The changing fashions, the false materials, the meaningless and merely 'decorative' designs of modern dress have also their symbolism, for they show forth a state of humanity plunged into the impermanent flux of matter, meaninglessness and spiritual ignorance.

To a maid conditioned with the outward materialist view of life (and patriarchal religion takes this view just as much as atheism) these things may seem unimportant. Only one versed in the inner significance of outward actions can understand their depth and power. So often, when one reads of patriarchal communities which have retained some vestige of tradition in their way of life, whether American Indians, Romanies, or some eastern tribe, one reads also: 'But these ways are passing', 'The younger ones wear jeans and T-shirts nowadays', 'The horses are gradually being replaced by tractors', etc. That is because the inner meaning is not understood. Tradition is retained for a time out of sentiment, but there are no solid principles which could give it the strength to withstand 'the march of Progress'.

But the Madrian life is not based on sentiment, but on the eternal rock of concrete metaphysical Principles; and we know that 'the march of Progress' is nothing other than the accelerating decay of the Iron Age. Madrians, young and old, are happy to follow the old ways and to give obedience to the mistress of the household and elder sisters of the clan, knowing that they are the regents of God. Outside, a false egalitarian libertarianism is encouraged in everyone—the discipline of family and community crumbles, while the octopus of the bureaucratic state winds its tentacles ever tighter. It is in the interest of the tyrant state to undermine every kind of authority except its own.

The Madrian household is at peace, for it is centred on the Law of Harmony. The fire of love burns in its hearth, the old tales are told around it and the songs of our mothers are sung. We have but little 'leisure', for our work is as absorbing as any hobby. We are the servants of our Princess and not of money-grubbing corporations or state bureaucrats, and our work has a far higher purpose than merely 'keeping body and soul together' for we know that our souls have another destiny. Our discipline is strict, and I know that we are happier for it. But more than all this, our experience, whether of everyday life, or of our many festivals is somehow fuller and more complete, more like that of a child. It is often said that the 'cult of childhood' is the invention of the last three centuries. In fact, the reverse is true. Indeed, there was no great division between children and grown-ups before that period, but what has been invented is the cult of adult-ism. Suddenly the children, who still had a sense of wonder, who could feel the mysterious depth of the old fairy tales and immerse themselves in simple games, became a race apart from the cynical, sophisticated adults. The human race, 'liberated' from God and 'enlightened' by material science had 'come of age', as the textbooks tell us. In fact it was passing into senility, racked by neurosis, anxiety and doubt. The madness of the modern world is not natural. It is natural to live as the children of God. In the past, all England and all the world lived in this way. It is the way things have been since the dawn of time, the way they were meant to be. We are not just a faith, but a nation. We are the true England.³⁷

HAIL INANNA!

HOW TO MEET GOD IN YOUR HEART

Religion is a patriarchal invention. The special area of life set aside and designated 'religion' would mean nothing to a person brought up in a traditional Madrian society. To such a person, her craft, with its deep inner meaning and ritual is just as much 'religious' as any rite in the Temple, her stories and songs love and adventure, with their profound traditional symbolism of the soul's quest are just as 'religious' as hymns and sermons. Spiritual truth is simply the meaning of life, the inner essence of everything said and done in a traditional society which lives according to her law and harmony—the ðamē—laid down by God Herself from the beginning. It is only when a society breaks away from this rhythm that something called 'religion' as opposed to something else called 'ordinary life' emerges.

It might be argued that 'religion' involves faith, but in a normal society the acceptance of spiritual truth is no more a question of faith than the acceptance of gravity or the colour blue. It is only when spiritual blindness sets in that the question of 'faith' arises.

But we live in the Dark Age. Our eyes are darkened by the blindness of the darkening world. How can we unify our lives into that divine Wholeness which is the natural state of human existence? The answer is contemplation. If we can control our minds and fix them on She Who is the Source of all life, we will soon come to see the divine Reality through all the outward appearances of the world.

But that is far easier said than done. In these dark days our minds are scattered among the illusions of the world of matter.

It is harder for us to come to true contemplation than for any generation before us. This is not only because of the noise and scurry of the modern world, nor the false attitudes of 'Fools' Perspective'* conditioned into the mind (although these things make it worse). Even people like myself, brought up in traditional matriarchal communities largely cut off from these things, find it very difficult. The truth is that the very psychic substance of the world is becoming at once 'denser' and more 'fragmented' (like the heavier than lead elements)† as the Dark Age draws to its conclusion.

So what can we do? Most certainly Inanna has not deserted us. She has given us a method suited to the conditions of the Dark Age, by which we may come to Her. A method simple and yet wonderfully effective. It consists in the repeated invocation of Her Name. Normally our minds are a jumble of stray thoughts, half-thoughts and impressions, but the divine Name descends through them like a pillar of light, organising the entire soul about the Reality which it represents.

One may repeat simply the name 'Inanna', or a longer phrase, such as 'Hail Inanna, Princess of Heaven, Mistress and Queen of my heart', but most usual is the simple repetition of 'Hail Inanna' to a rhythmic chant; preferably to one of the traditional chant-rhythms, but it can be to any rhythm that comes naturally.

Many people suppose that the continual repetition of the same words must be a useless exercise; but they do not understand the power of the Name; for the name Inanna is identical with Inanna Herself. She is, so to speak, incarnate in Her name.

* See Sr Angelina, 'Fool's Perspective' (pp. 74 ff.).

† See Sr Alethea, 'Black Alchemy' (pp. 342 ff.).

To meditate not with any rational thought, but simply to fix our minds upon the sound of Her name will slowly bring us to know Her.

When a devotee repeats the Name constantly, in every spare moment when the mind is not otherwise occupied, the repetition becomes automatic. It continues in waking and in sleeping. Even when she is thinking of something else, the chant continues on as a background. Such a devotee comes truly to live with Inanna, to know Her as a personal friend and companion.

In danger, distress or pain, when normal concentration is impossible, we can always chant the Name, and hold fast to Inanna. We can chant alone, or together in groups, using the many beautiful chant-rhythms that the Tradition has given us. It may be accompanied with drums and other instruments. The important thing is always to listen closely to the sound of the words, for Inanna's name is identical with Inanna Herself. This is the method by which She has chosen to give Herself to us in the Dark Age. Our minds will wander, but the sound will always pull us back again after a little. Inanna knows our weaknesses. She wants to help us by giving us a method that is easy for us.

The chant is a rhythm, just as all life is a rhythm: the seasons, the moon, the day and night, the sacred rhythms of agriculture and of all the sacred crafts. Sometimes I have walked through the countryside chanting silently or just above my breath, and have seen 'through' the beauty of the trees and flowers, the clouds and the limpid sky, into the beauty of She Who creates and sustains them. She walks with me in the

sound of Her name, showing me the inner essence of Her world.



*Inanna shows us the inner spiritual Essence
of all natural things*

And when we are among those things which are against nature—the disharmonious (adamic) artificialities of the modern world, oriented solely toward material ends and made by modern industry, which is the diabolic parody of true craft—then the Name, turning within us, becomes a fortress and a gentle haven, protecting us from the assaults of Irkalla and the metallic laughter of her chaotic world.

When a person chants regularly and the chant becomes a part of her life, she will begin to notice subtle changes taking place in herself. She will become calmer and quieter, more able to concentrate, more cheerful, and, above all, more compassionate and tender towards all creatures, human or otherwise. Inanna is the friend of all creatures, and as we become Her friend, so we too begin to feel Her divine serenity and compassion.

A maid that I know once told me that if she does not chant either inwardly or outwardly for even a few hours, she feels lost and lonely. Inanna is her dearest friend, and without Her she is unhappy. Yet her love for her friends and relatives and all the members of her community on this earth has grown deeper and stronger than ever. This is what we should expect, for Inanna is the Friend of Friends, and all true love flows directly from Her. In chanting Her name, we are taking the hand of love that She has offered to the world in the Dark Age.³⁸

THE GENTLE WAY

Winter is upon us. The harvests have been gathered in. In our little community we have passed through a tardy spring and a glorious late-summer. We have worked the land that our mothers have worked for a thousand years before us in almost exactly the same way that they have worked it. In sunshine and in rain, the fruits of the earth have flourished, and we have worked in harmony with their Creator and ours, according to Her law.

And now the year draws on to its night-time. Yet what a night is this. We shall see the chaste white blanket of snow upon the land, and bright-cheeked children shall skate on icy

ponds. We shall hear their crystal voices cleave the air with songs of a glorious festival; telling us the story of how God came to maid that maid might return to God. Bright fires shall blaze, old stories shall be told; good ale shall pass, sweet-scented lamps shall burn. These are the darkest days in all the year, and who shall say they are not beautiful?

As these thoughts pass through my mind, I recall how many times I have been taught and have taught others that this world is but a shadow, a valley of dust through which we pass on a brief journey; I remember also how many sacred teachings enjoin us to turn from the sense-pleasures of the world in the single-hearted search for God.

The first of these teachings presents no problem, of course—for we know that all the beauties and wonders of this world are but reflections of transcendent Reality. We know that it is the inner recognition (conscious or otherwise) of this reflection that makes us love all beauty. We know also that those who see this world as a thing-in-itself and strive for beauty and satisfaction on the purely material level destroy automatically all the beauty of the world. If the this-world-only materialists of the modern world could get their hands on our home and land, they would quickly turn it into an urban concrete desert or a factory 'farm'. They would replace the hearth-fire with some electrical device and the stories and songs with the vulgar and alien chatter of a television set.

But is it necessary for us to turn from all the beauty of the world in order to come to God? There can be no doubt that the path of asceticism and pure contemplation is the swiftest and surest way to Her. But for many this way is too hard; we may try, but continually we will fall. God sees our weakness

and has compassion on us; and for this reason She has given us another way: the Gentle Way. 'Love the world,' She tells us, 'but love it for that it is an echo of Eternity'.* She has given us fasts and joyous festivals; She has given us the traditional crafts and agricultural methods, each one a mirror of the divine Act of Creation, a contemplative path and a deeply absorbing vocation. In short, She has given us the means to make the whole of our lives a Sacrament.

How do we go about this? The answer is very simple—if we cannot follow the Contemplative Life, we can at least live contemplatively. The secret of this is to remember Inanna as often as possible: to offer ourselves to Her throughout the day; to make little sacrifices to Her—perhaps getting out of bed a minute earlier than we need to, or doing some irksome task—in order to conquer our lower selves and submit our will to Hers. All the time we are doing this, She will be leading us along the Gentle Way—not stopping us from enjoying the beauties of the world, but showing us how to enjoy them through Her and for their true meaning.

The Gentle Way is the way of childlike love. We who are too little to bring to our Lady the tremendous spiritual gifts of the great saints and helati at least bring Her the little things we have. We gather flowers to decorate Her shrine, perhaps in summer we may rise up half an hour earlier each morning to bring a fresh tribute of Her works of art to Her. We chant Her Name and sing to Her, perfecting our music as a perfect gift for Her. Even so do we perfect all that we do, that it may be worthy of our dearest Mistress.

* Fragments 4.

But the gift which She craves more than any other is the gift of ourselves; and so, before all else, we strive to make ourselves a worthy gift to Her. We purify and adorn our souls that they may be clean and beautiful offerings to Her. How can we do this? Again, we have Her own words to guide us: 'Speak words of love and innocence, of mildness and of hope, and you shall weave a raiment of peace about your soul and a veil of gentle light',[†] and again: 'Let your ways be gentle as the milk-white dove, and graceful as the gliding of the swallow'.[‡] For the Gentle Way is also the Way of Gentleness. Let our every action be controlled and graceful. Let our steps fall softly on the earth, nor our voices be raised unless it be in song. Let us banish all unkindness from our thoughts. There is so much for our Lady to forgive us; let us forgive our sisters freely. Let us approach all things joyfully and without complaining, letting energy and diligence for even the humblest tasks cast out idleness. Let 'our souls be simple as the running deer, and our hearts as little children filled with wonder'.[§] If we can give to Inanna a soul thus chaste and simple, She will receive it gladly.

I do not mean to pretend that the Gentle Way is easy. It is simple, but it is not easy. We will be tempted often away from the path of gentleness and simplicity; we will be tempted away from kindness and purity and assailed by anger, greed, idleness, pride, lust and the spirit of joylessness and complaining, and sometimes we will fall. But if we pick ourselves up with meekness and humility and ask Inanna to set us back upon the path,

[†] Teachings 9:22.

[‡] Teachings 6:2.

[§] Paraphrase of Teachings 6:1.

all the work of the keres and demons in tripping us up will have been for nothing.

The Gentle Way demands discipline and a strong will to overcome the lower self. But it is the way by which we may enjoy all the glories of the world; and the practice of moderation and a little asceticism will only make them the sweeter. As we live upon the world as our Lady's child-servants, we begin to learn that there is only one Enjoyer of the world, and that is our Lady Herself. She Who is perfect has perfect enjoyment, and therefore to enjoy the world through Her is the best way, and in the end the only way to enjoy it. That is why She wants us to follow this way—because She loves us even more than we love ourselves.³⁹

CHILDHOOD, YOUTH AND MATURITY A STUDY IN DECADENCE

I was informed recently that an international chess championship had been won by a child of fourteen. I am also told that most of the great speculative thinkers of modern physics have made all their most important discoveries before the age of twenty-five; and that the age of international champions in many athletic sports is steadily receding toward adolescence.

These are facts of no small significance for the modern world. The chess example may perhaps be a freak; but it is nonetheless symptomatic. Chess was traditionally a contemplative activity. The prime quality of a good chess player was a profound spiritual maturity. It is only when the game has been reduced to a skeleton of its former self—to a merely mathematical and technical exercise—that it becomes possible for

an agile-minded child to equal or even excel those with long experience.

In sport, similarly, the traditional civilisation knew nothing of merely secular displays of physical prowess. Every 'sport' was a contemplative discipline resting upon spiritual rather than physical skill.* In each case, what is indicated by these youthful triumphs is a lack of maturity in the practices valued by modern civilisation. Where true (that is, spiritual) maturity is not required or valued, an adolescent may well be superior, both in bodily and in mental prowess, to her elders.

The instance of physicists is rather more serious in its implications, for it indicates that the same shallowness and lack of maturity which has entered into competitive pastimes also characterises this most respected of disciplines. Indeed, it is wholly typical of the modern outlook that the science which is imagined to explain the very nature of 'matter' and of the universe not only appears not to require maturity for its highest achievements, but to be actually easier for those who lack it! This has been explained on the ground that as one grows older one gets a fixed view of things, and that to inaugurate a truly revolutionary concept, the mind must be quite flexible and untied to the past. In other words, this discipline is so bound up with the impermanent flux of matter, so subject to the cult of perpetual change, that only the most unformed minds can fully enter into it. It is the precise reverse of the traditional concept of the aged Ranya achieving Realisation of the immutable and changeless Truth and leading her younger pupils toward it. In this modern parody, only the youngest and rawest aspirant can

* A note in the original directs the reader to 'The Symbolism of Archery' (vol. 3, pp. 890 ff.).

catch a brief handhold upon the whirling and chaotic flux; quickly giving place to one yet younger and rawer. For 'earth moves, but Heaven is still'. The Spirit is immutable, but the deeper we plunge into matter, the more we are lost amidst a phantasmagoria of shifting and dissolving images.

At the same time, we are told that children are 'growing up more quickly'. In other words, they are reaching maturity at an earlier age. But in many ways, what is actually happening is that the modern concept of human maturity is simply getting lower. A person who lives for this world alone; who has a little knowledge, a great deal of shrewdness and not a scrap of real wisdom is counted 'mature'.

A dog can reach a ripe old age in fifteen years. That is because the purpose and fulfillment of a dog's existence entails comparatively little. A dog lives only for material things—food, comfort, procreation etc. When human beings live on this level, they too can reach 'maturity' in under fifteen years. All the energy which should normally go into developing and maturing the soul is poured into the shallow material development which is all that modern 'maturity' requires.

Human childhood is far longer than that of any animal precisely because man has so much more development to undergo. The fact that children are becoming physically mature at an earlier age (interestingly, this is much less marked in Madri-an communities) is a frightening symptom of the descent of modern humanity toward the animal level. What differentiates man from the animals is not her merely rational faculty, but her ability to transcend the earthly plane, to know absolute Truth and to approach God. When this central pivot of her

* Teachings 3:I.

existence is neglected, she has already lost that which makes her truly human.

Yet it has been argued that 'childhood' as we know it is only the invention of the last three centuries; that before the bourgeois 'cult of childhood' there was no great divide between the child and the adult. Now like so many modern notions, this is simply the truth turned upside-down. It is quite true that the division between children and adults was not so wide as it later became. Four centuries ago, adults were not ashamed to listen with delight to the traditional stories that are now despised as 'fairy tales'. It was not unusual for grown maids to play five-stones, or other 'children's games' in the street or the market-square. What has happened is not that we have developed a 'cult of childhood'. Rather, we have developed a cult of adult-ism. It is the 'adult' as we know her today that is the modern bourgeois invention; or at any rate, she has become a more widespread and pronounced phenomenon. And having invented the adult, the next stage in the process is to phase out the true child, that maid may leap directly from infancy to adult-ism.

And what is this adult-ism? Simply a lack of the sense of the depth and wonder of the world; a loss of innocence and simplicity with no corresponding gain in wisdom. Take the fairy-tale. A child sees it on the surface level, rejoicing in its magic and beauty. As she grows older, she begins to see its inner spiritual meaning; to learn the deeper roots of the wonder which the story originally inspired. This is the true process of growth. But the modern 'adult' cannot see the inner meaning of the story. When she has finished looking at its surface level, she simply casts it aside in order to look at the surface level of

something else, such as a novel. She feels that she has 'outgrown' it, when in fact she has merely failed to comprehend it.

The Scriptures praise both wisdom and maturity and also the virtues of childhood ('Unless your souls be simple as the running deer, My children, and your hearts as little children filled with wonder, how shall you attain liberation?').* But the modern 'adult' combines the worst features of both age and immaturity—a young head on old shoulders.

Perhaps this is most clearly seen in the cult of 'youth'—the ideal which the whole modern world worships. True childhood is pure, innocent and simple. 'Youth' is slick, clever and worldly-wise, unbound by 'old-fashioned' morality. True childhood is obedient and ready to learn; 'youth' is independent and rebellious. True maturity, on the other hand, is steadfast and undistracted by the things of the world, calm, patient and wise; 'youth' is the opposite of all these things, continually pursuing fads and fashions. It is the perfect combination of the worst of both worlds. Little wonder that the modern world adores it.

The traditional maid, on the other hand, is the very reverse of this. In her simplicity and innocence of heart she remains always childlike. To her mistress, her Ranya (and wife in the case of a man) she remains always a child (a priestess refers to all in her care as her children). Like a child she is always obedient and recognises her complete dependence upon the Tradition. She does not want to assert her 'own ideas' against primordial Truth. She is never too stiff for simple games and ancient tales. She is quick to laughter and to tears. And yet—indeed, by virtue of this very fact—she develops a depth and a maturity which the modern world can never know. True human

* Teachings 6:I.

maturity, rather than the mere animal maturity of a materialist civilisation. A maturity which makes a maid a deeper, a better and a wiser person at sixty than at forty, at eighty than at sixty. For maid is not a plant which achieves its finest flowering in its first days and then wilts for the rest of its life, looking back upon lost youth. If her life is lived in true ðamē, she ripens and grows throughout her days until the time comes for her to be gathered into the arms of the beloved Reaper. And all her days, from childhood until the final end, are lived in the purpose of making herself a golden harvest for Her.⁴⁰

THE ART OF ADORATION

Summer is the season of the lark, that rises upward in the sky. The legend says that she flies into the very heart of the burning sun, and is consumed by her fires, in consummation of her love. For the sun, of course, is the very image of our Mother, Who gives all life to the earth, and Whose brightness is too great for us to look upon.

The summer Mystery is the Mystery of adoration; of that love which consumes us wholly, until there is nothing left of our selves except the Mother in us; the burning Sun within our hearts.

But how do we learn to feel this love? When I was young, I said to my Ranya: 'I know that I do not love God enough. Sometimes I worry that I do not love Her at all.'

'Oh, never say that,' she replied. 'Not only do you love Her; you love Her with your whole heart; you love Her as completely as a perfect stravē, who sits all day in contemplation of Her Name.'

‘Oh, if only that were true,’ I said.

‘Do you love honey-cakes?’ she asked.

‘Yes, but that is a different kind of love.’

‘Do you love sweet ale? Do you love bluebells? Do you love hot chestnuts?’

She knew me well, and had mentioned my favourite things. She explained to me how God is the very Essence of all delightful things, as the Holy Scriptures tell us: ‘all sweetness is the far-blown scent of this Sweetness; and all beauty is the pale and dimmed reflection of this Beauty; and all music but the faint and distant echo of this Music’.* If we yearn for any earthly thing, then, whether we know it or not, we are yearning for God. Even if we only love ourselves, only want to enjoy pleasure and avoid pain, still we are loving Her, for She is the Self within all souls. But because we do not know Her, all our desires are bound to lead to frustration—for those things are not really what we want at all. We want the Reality behind them. We want Her.

Deep within every soul is a love for God a hundred times stronger than any love for herself. We only have to find that love. But how?

First of all, remember that you love Her. When you pray, tell Her: ‘I love you more than I love myself. Only I can’t find my love. Please help me to find my love.’ Remind yourself during the day as often as you can: ‘I love God, She loves me.’ Chant Her name as I have explained.† Look at all the beautiful things about you—the sky, flowers, animals, pleasant food, the

* Teachings 12:15.

† A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Julia, ‘Hail Inanna’ (pp. 254 ff.).

power of speech and of singing. Think how She has given us all these.

But what are we to think of the things of the world? Think of a greedy, lustful person, hungering after carnal pleasures, drinking to excess, reading impure literature to excite the senses, watching licentious films or television programmes, scrambling avidly for money, or else idling and sleeping late into the day. Such a person is never happy, always wanting more, never satisfied. What is this but the perversion of God's good gifts of food and drink, sleep, and the loving union of marriage? Certainly we may enjoy these things, but we must enjoy them in remembrance of She that has given them. The perversion comes when we put material goods between ourselves and God like a wall; for they should be between us and Her like a bridge. Remembering Her, this is the key. She who eats a single meal without first offering it to Her, or who picks a single flower without thanking Her has taken one step on the road of the lustful, miserable debauchee—the road that leads to the hell of the greedy, unsatisfied demons.

Offer everything to Her, and trust Her. Talk about Her often. Mix with Her devotees as often as you can. If it is possible, mix only with them—what is the good of seeking companionship among those who do not love Her? What can you have in common? Never fall into the habit of talking like urbies—talking for hours and never mentioning Her. Mother Alethea once said to a group of friends: 'You have talked of the harvest for a full hour and have not once mentioned God. Is She not the mother of the corn? Is She not the Sun that ripened the grain? Oh, do not say "if it shall rain", but "if God shall send us rain".'

Actually, the conversation in question was far from normal by the best Rhen standards; for the talk of an ordinary Madrian is full of ‘reminders’ of God. Few would presume to speak of a future event without the words ‘if our Lady wills it so’, and such phrases as ‘Mari be praised’ spring readily to the lips at every relief or blessing of everyday life. In the same way, it is usual for Madrians to address one another with terms of affection; even titles of respect often have endearing forms. These are not ‘mere words’, for our words shape our thoughts, and our thoughts shape our souls. Nothing is more needful than to cultivate the habit of love, and the continual remembrance of God—for, among other things, what our mind is dwelling on at the time of death shall determine the state into which we pass—and death can come at any time. The remembrance of God makes us joyful. Mother Alethea, who thought upon God all the time, was so gay and charming that everyone wanted to be with her. It is said that once she told this story:

Two Maids were on a ship, watching the sunset. One was a profane philosopher, the other a simple peasant. “Do you know that the sun is not setting at all?” said the former. “It is the earth that moves.” The peasant did not know this. The philosopher smiled boastfully. “Do you know how many miles the sun is from the earth? Do you know...” While the philosopher was talking like this, the ship struck a rock and sank.

“Do you know how to swim?” asked the peasant.

“No,” replied the philosopher.

“I do not know all those wise things,” said the peasant, “but I know how to swim.”

The Art of Adoration; the remembrance of God. These are like swimming. One day, not so very far hence, the little ship of our earthly life will strike the rock that Providence has appointed for it, and go down. And then nothing else will be of any importance.⁴¹

SPIRITUAL PARENTAGE AND THE PRIMACY OF MATRIARCHY

The review entitled 'idolocasm' in the last issue of this magazine* contained a brief but very interesting discussion of the patriarchal concept of 'spiritual paternity'. I propose to say a little more on this subject for two reasons: firstly because if we are to do any sort of justice to patriarchy we must look not at the crass ignorance of the last few centuries of 'scientific' materialism, but at the genuine wisdom which characterised the earlier patriarchal eras at their best (while not forgetting, of course, that this wisdom represented a diminished and diminishing inheritance from the primordial matriarchal tradition); secondly because the only evidence for the primacy of the matriarchal tradition which can be truly conclusive must be a metaphysical evidence rather than a merely historical one—and the respective doctrines of the two traditions concerning spiritual parentage supply one such evidence.

Let us digress for a moment to say that we are well aware that there are numerous historical and archæological proofs that matriarchal religion and society existed for many thousands of

* The reference is to a review of Ananda Coomaraswamy's *The Bugbear of Literacy* (vol. 3, pp. 1010 ff.).

years before the first patriarchal order came into being. We do not wish to deny the importance of this evidence, but only to remind readers that no set of facts relating purely to events in the material world can in themselves ever lead to an absolute Truth (which is why the modern world, whose 'philosophy' is based on the 'scientism' of facts and statistics, necessarily lacks all absolute values and meaning). In this particular instance, this is made abundantly clear by the productions of the various groups, sects and individuals currently writing on the subject of 'matriarchy' on the basis of historical evidence, but with no knowledge of metaphysical principles. The predictable result is that the evidence is wholly misinterpreted in the light of various modern fads, and the writers in question do not hesitate to project upon ancient matriarchal societies their own purely modern notions of democracy, equality, sexual freedom etc., or to interpret ancient religious symbols as images of 'women's sexuality' or Jungian psychological notions or whatever other enthusiasms they may happen to espouse. Anyone with the least historical sense or with the smallest understanding of the traditional mentality cannot fail to see that such projections of present fashions upon the past are very anachronistic to the point of being veritable howlers. Admittedly much of the evidence in question relates to the latest and most decadent matriarchates, but even so, ancient decadence must necessarily take forms different from those of the modern variety.

When, as sometimes happens, these sophomoric speculations are organised into a 'cult', it invariably takes the form of a hybrid of vulgar 'women's liberation', modern 'psychology' and the dark manifestations of inferior psychism which invariably rise to the surface when the safeguards of tradition are ab-

sent—in the cults in question, these are usually neo-witchcraft, spiritualism and the various occult dabblings of the ‘New-Age’ movement. If these manifestations were genuinely representative of matriarchy, one would be compelled to admit that the great religious traditions of patriarchy were infinitely superior in every respect.

But, of course, they are not. If we wish to make a fair comparison, we must measure matriarchy at its truest and best against patriarchy at its truest and best, leaving aside, on the one hand, the late matriarchal decadence and modern pseudo-matriarchal fantasies, and, on the other, the materialist ignorance of modern techno-bureaucratic scientism.

Having done this, we may begin by saying that since all patriarchal traditions—from Tao to Islam, from Plato to the Hindus, from Christ to the Red Indians are in agreement with the matriarchal tradition in declaring that—far from the modern notion of ‘progress’—human history is actually a process of degeneration from the first Golden Age, or Garden of Eden, of pure spirituality to the final Dark Age—the Latter Days, the Dharma-ending-age—this being so, the matriarchal traditions, being the more ancient and closer to the Primordial Tradition must necessarily be superior.

However, aside from this most fundamental observation, we may also show how, in many matters of detail, the matriarchal tradition is fuller, more complete and more coherent than the later patriarchal doctrines. This is especially true in matters concerning the relations of the sexes, in which the patriarchates have had to tamper most extensively with the primordial doctrine so as to make it fit in with the new social order.

As Dr. Coomaraswamy makes clear in the essay reviewed, the concept of spiritual paternity is common to all authentic patriarchal cultures. Christian, Platonic, Hindu, Australian, American Indian and other parallels are cited to show that the doctrine that sexual intercourse does not cause childbirth, but only prepares the maid for the reception of the spirit-child is universal, that the Spirit alone is the true parent, and that one should, in Jesus's words, 'call no man thy father'.* It is by virtue of the fact that she is 'sunstruck' by the solar Spirit that maid is able to conceive.

Now it is accepted by all tradition that on the manifest plane there is a complementarity between maid and man; but, according to the doctrine of spiritual paternity, this complementarity finds no expression in the act of procreation. The act is purely a transaction between maid and the Spirit. And even when, as in the Hindu doctrine, the man is the agent of the Spirit, the maid's role remains purely that of a container. She makes no actual contribution (it is for this reason that some patriarchal authors supposed that a male seed, kept in a warm, dark place and fed with menstrual blood would grow into a child!). There is in such a doctrine something incomplete, unrounded. It was not until the discovery of the female ovum that the true complementarity inherent in the act of procreation was re-established; but this was merely an establishment on the lowest and most insignificant level—a mere mechanical description without the smallest understanding of the inner meaning. It is, in a sense, the inverted parody of the wholeness and roundness of the primordial doctrine.

* Matthew 23:9.

The primordial doctrine itself states the matter clearly and beautifully, displaying the perfect complementarity between maid and man on the plane of manifestation, with no distortion, nothing forced and nothing left out. Yes, maid is a mere container; she contributes nothing physical to the process,[†] but she contributes what every container contributes to a fluid substance—form. Form and matter, Essence and substance, are the two complementary poles of all manifestation. Maid is the regent and vicar upon earth of the solar Spirit, the Mother Who has created the Perfect Forms of all things.[‡] Man, representing the material or substantial pole of being, makes a contribution which is material, but, like prime matter before any form has been put upon it, it is translucent colourless and fluid. The marriage of maid and man is the union of Essence and substance, and the human child, half angel and half beast, is its manifest fruit (a virgin-born child has no material element. It is for this reason that a Hera who has reached Perfection, but who returns to earth from compassion may be born of a virgin).

† A note to the original reads: 'Part of the beauty of this doctrine is that maid's contribution, being purely Essential, has no quantitative component, but comprises only the qualitative element of form. The function of the ovum, while true on a merely biological level, has no place in the symbolism, and is "hidden" for good reasons. Its "discovery" and popularisation reduced maid's role in the common mind to that of making another physical contribution. This is analogous to the masculinisation of maid through the modern trends of "liberation".' On this last point, see Donna Chrysothemis, 'The Dangerous Idea' (pp. 507 ff.).

‡ A note to the original directs the reader to question 48 of the Catechism (vol. I, p. 93).

The fact of spiritual parentage is no less evidence than in the patriarchal doctrine, for all form is of the one Mother of Whom every earthly mother is the reflection and agent. But marriage and the act of procreation are put in their true place. The complementarity of maid and man is made clear. No violence is done to the earthly process, but its metaphysical transparency is revealed. The harmony, wholeness and metaphysical self-evidence of this doctrine will, for those who have eyes to see, be a more meaningful proof of the primacy of matriarchy than all the historical and archæological facts in the world.⁴²

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE THE CARE OF THE YOUNG SOUL

‘If the spring is poisoned, how shall the river be pure?’ Childhood is the spring from which the river of a human life flows. If the modern world is filled with chaos and disintegration, we may be sure that a large part of the blame lies in the early life of the children. If, on the other hand, one wishes to create a healthy, happy, balanced individual, unswervingly dedicated to life’s true purpose, then one must begin from the beginning—from the earliest months of childhood.

The art of child-rearing is based upon one simple aim. Everything that is done and said in the course of dealing with the child should have this aim as its ultimate source. If this aim is fully understood, half the task is already accomplished. What is this aim? It is to bring the child to the Centre. To bind her every thought, word and deed to God, Who is the true Source of all activity. To help her to see all earthly things not as things-in-themselves cut off from God, but as directly

dependent upon Her, and as expressions of Her love and will. A child who has not learned to relate all things to the Centre will have a fragmented view of the world. Inevitably this must lead to various kinds of insecurity.

Now let us be clear that what is intended here is not a 'religious education' in the modern sense of the term. Many modern children receive a religious education and are no more centred, or scarcely less so, than their more secularised sisters. Modern education, like modern art and every other modern phenomenon, has the specific effect of leading all things away from the Centre. Of treating every subject as a thing-in-itself, separate and independent of the Source. Once this 'separatist'—eventually materialist—view of the world has been inculcated into a child, no amount of 'religious teaching' is going to repair the damage that has been done to her natural spiritual perception of the world. Those who have followed the 'Symbolism' series in this magazine* must realise that every earthly thing—the seasons of the year, the wheel, the horse, the heart etc.—has its place within the symbolic structure by which earth reflects heaven. Traditional education teaches the child to see this reflection in the waters of the world. Modern education teaches her to see only the ripples on the surface—the mere material accidents of worldly life.

When a child asks questions such as 'why does it rain?', 'why is the grass green?', 'what is the moon?', never, never given the modern 'scientific' answer. It is not wrong for the child to know this answer, but it is wrong certainly for her to know this answer first, before she knows the deeper truth. She should learn the modern answer only when she has built up a tra-

* See pp. 386 ff.

ditional outlook on the world and when she has grown old enough to understand how the modern mechanical explanation (the how of things) fits in with the deeper and far more important symbolic explanation (the why of things). Anything else will give her a disrupted and fragmented view of life, for it is almost like learning about her mother as a structure of blood and bone and tissue before learning about her as a mother!

If you can, answer the question with an account of the true symbolic meaning, scaled down to a child's level of understanding. Otherwise, a simplified explanation such as 'God sends the rain to give drink to the flowers' (which is true enough on its own level) will do, but never be tempted to give the 'scientific' answer. If it is the only one you know, say, 'I will tell you later', and find out the true one.

For all children, but especially for the younger ones, we must never forget that the impulse back to the Centre or away from Her may be stimulated not only by words and ideas, but by sights, sounds, shapes and material surfaces. Remember that a baby is not simply a 'new animal' freshly popped into existence. She is a soul who has lived on this earth before and in other planes of being. Put her into contact with plastic or some artificial fibre, and she will sense in the depths of her being that this is something unnatural. You should in any case be phasing these things out of your own life, but be especially careful to keep the child away from them. Do not expose her to antitraditional music, as this will have a very bad effect on the harmony of her soul. Traditional songs and chants, however, will have a most beneficial influence upon her character and intelligence. Surround her with good traditional things. Let many of her playthings be painted with sacred geometric

designs—a pentacle, a resurrection cross, a cross, a five petalled rose, a Wheel of Werdë—in strong symbolic colours. These should be among the most frequent things her eyes see as soon as they are able to focus. Uncorrupted by distraction, she will be able to see the inner truth of these symbols in a way that comes to older folk only with much striving.

Let there be statues and pictures of our Lady about the place, and let one be set in a lighted place when she goes to sleep. Let the light not be electrical, and if possible, keep her away from electrical lights altogether (it goes without saying that she should never see a television, even when she is too young to understand it). Show her the statue often and talk about, and to our Lady for her, even when she is too young to speak herself. Chant our Lady's holy name to her. You cannot possibly do this too much, for our Lady's name is not simply a sound, it embodies Her very Essence; in chanting to your child you are bringing our Lady very close to her. I have explained before* that chanting is the easiest and best way to come to our Lady in this Iron Age when we are weaker and less intelligent than our mothers before us. It is so simple and so effective that even the smallest child can make real spiritual progress through it. The chant should be the most familiar sound to her ears from the very first days in the world throughout her early childhood. As soon as she is able to understand, the child should learn obedience. This cannot begin too soon. Obedience is the first of all the virtues. Do not forget that as a Madrian mother, you are the child's lawful mistress in ðamë. Your duty is to rule her wisely and to lead her first steps upon the true path. It will

* A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Julia, 'Hail Inanna' (pp. 254 ff.).

be easier often to avoid the issue of obedience, but you have no right to do it. In any case, it is very cruel to give a child all her own way in childhood, for she will have that expectation for the whole of her life, and it will be a constant source of frustration to her. Much of the unhappiness of the modern world is caused by this very thing. But more important is the fact that, in the golden chain of ðamë, you are God's representative and regent to your child. You must discipline her according to Her Law. The converse of discipline is affection, and Madrian parents are not only more strict but also much more affectionate than most Blentish parents. Indeed they are usually so loving and generous that the child might well be spoiled were it not for the strictness.

But the best form of teaching is example and perhaps your first duty to your child is to purify your own life; to give up your own untraditional habits, to throw away untraditional things, to put God at the centre of your life. If this seems one of the hardest ways of helping your child, it is also one of the most important. It is also the first of many ways that your child will help you.⁴³

HAIELA CANTRÉ

Toward the latter part of the Age of Bronze* many great disturbances shook the earth, for slowly, century by century, decade by decade, that noble Age of Heroes was drawing to a close, and the dark corruption of the Iron Age was already beginning to manifest itself. The most terrible sign of this was the

* A note to the original reads 'The Age of Bronze lasted for some 10,000 years and ended about 5,083 years ago, giving place to our present Iron Age.'

gradual decadence of Caire, the capital of the great Western Empire, and of Abolrai ('Atlantis') as a whole under luxurious infidel Rayins (empresses) such as Kermis. Finally the corrupt continent was submerged beneath the waves of the Atlantic. The submergence of Abolrai was generally welcomed in the 'Middle World' of Europe, for the Empire had turned from a teacher and protector to a corrupt and oppressive force. But relief was short-lived as patriarchal barbarians from the east began to infiltrate and conquer the Middle World. The situation was saved by the Great Crusade of the western Amazons[†] and a peaceful confederation was set up somewhat on the lines of the old Empire.

It was some three hundred years after the Great Crusade that Suanti, the Haiela Cantré, was born. Far in the north-west, the saints, sages and poets of Rhennesland (not yet Rhennisraihir) were developing what was to become the world's last great cultural expression of the primordial matriarchal tradition, but Suanti and her people knew but little of this, being at the opposite extreme of the Middle World, in Drumati, perhaps in the area that we now call Turkey. Suanti belonged to a rich and powerful Raihira family. Her mother was a *vesard*—a local noble ruling a large manor and sitting on the governing council of a wealthy mercantile city. It was a worldly and unspiritual society, more concerned with money and politics than with Truth. Most people were believers, but, like modern Christian churchgoers, their faith had little bearing on their lives. The upheavals of recent centuries had disrupted the traditional way of life in which all things are understood in the light of their

[†] A note to the original directs readers to 'The Amazons in Sain Arien' (pp. 118 ff.).

transcendent significance. The intellectual decline of the Iron Age was already drawing near, and without adequate guidance every sort of error and heresy was springing up. The Scriptures themselves were often used to support worthless opinions, and the Haiela were too ignorant to confute them—indeed, they were often the originators of them. Into this world came Suanti as a purifying force. Her work began from the earliest possible age, for it is said that she was the most turbulent of babies and that nothing would prevent her from screaming and crying except the invocation of God's holy Name—Hail Inanna! The house was thus filled with the chant of Hail Inanna from morn'till night. This was a sign of things that were to come.

As a child, Suanti was enchanted by the stories and teachings of the Scriptures. She thought and spoke of little else, continually asking questions about religious matters. Her parents found this embarrassing and considered it to be in poor taste—religion, they thought, was a fine thing in its place, but one shouldn't take it too far. These were their private feelings; however, even in those times they could not bring themselves to say anything so blatantly profane, nor to believe that it was right if stated so explicitly. Therefore Suanti was an embarrassment.

But things became worse. As Suanti grew older and began better to understand the Scriptures, she was continually quoting some passage or other and wondering how this or that feature of the life she saw about her could be reconciled with our Lady's words. She intended no criticism by such questions, but was genuinely puzzled. Later, when she was introduced to the various people of heretical opinions who visited the home, she asked them question after question until they were forced to

admit the contradictions and absurdities inherent in their notions. She did not set out deliberately to confute them, for she was no scholar or philosopher. She just had a simple, straightforward mind which was always seeking the Truth. Nonetheless, at least one philosopher left the house in anger, declaring that she would not come to a place where the children were so impudent.

Unable to understand the conventional 'wisdom' of the day, or to keep silent, Suanti was soon regarded as a fool and kept away from important company. She spent much time wandering the grounds of her mother's estate, often playing musical instruments and singing devotional songs. She was



greatly captivated by the thought that Inanna had once been a little child and spoke of it often. This only served to increase doubts about her mental wellbeing.

She would often dance and sing by herself in the great walled garden. One day, at a loss for a song, she began to chant rhythmically the Name of God: 'Hail Inanna, Hail Inanna'. Quickly it fell into a very natural, tuneful rhythm, and she felt herself drawn into an ecstatic state. The garden seemed transformed into a walled paradise like those she had seen depicted in the old paintings by true spiritual artists of another generation which her mother kept in an upstairs room. The chant began to grow in power and momentum until she realised that other voices were joining with hers. She looked about, and it seemed that angels were all around her, chanting and playing bells and drums. Then the child Inanna approached her, robed and crowned, and Her voice was clear even above the chanting. 'Go forth,' she said, 'and carry My Name to all the world.' The vision of Inanna disappeared, and without more ado, Suanti left the garden and went out onto the road which led to the nearest town.

The people of the town could not see the angels, but they felt the supernatural influence about her. Curious at first to see a well-attired Raihira maid singing and dancing in the streets, they were quickly caught up by the infectious rhythm and beauty of the chant. This was a quiet town where even an unfamiliar wagon passing through would bring people to their doors. It was not surprising then that they dropped their work and followed Suanti along the streets. What was surprising was the way they clapped their hands and joined in the chant. When she stopped in the town square, everyone was there. She climbed

onto the pedestal of the *dachara* (an outdoor shrine consisting of a life-sized statue of Inanna in a roofed enclosure, often placed in the central space of towns and villages) and, as the chanting ceased, she spoke of the love of God. All who heard her were greatly moved. Most gradually went back to their work, but a group of thirty or more would not leave her. They wanted to hear more.

These became her first disciples. In the following months they cleaned and refurbished the old *dachara*, brought fresh flowers and offerings, and made it their regular meeting-place. Gradually more of the townspeople came to the *suan-ga* (chanting sessions—named after Suanti). Inspired by God, Suanti spread the cult of the child Inanna which captured many hearts; she taught love and compassion for all creatures. She taught that in this late age it is very hard for us to come to God through pure contemplation, for we are greatly inferior to our foremothers. But God is present in Her Name. She has given us this method of chanting Her Name because it is very simple and straightforward. Therefore it is especially appropriate to these last ages. People were very attracted to the beauty of this movement—the music and dancing and flowers. When heretics and worldly people came to challenge her, Suanti simply questioned them as she had when she was a child, until the falsehood of their views became apparent even to themselves.



Suanti became known as the Haiela Cantré—the Holy Chantress, and the hearts of the whole town were captivated by her message of love and simple devotion. But neither she nor they realised that Inanna was preparing the ground for much greater things—a new Crusade across the Middle World. A Crusade from east to west instead of from west to east. A Crusade whose weapons were to be drums, bells and flowers instead of swords and arrows. In our next issue, if it is Inanna's will, we shall tell the story of the other Great Crusade.



In our last issue we learned how, in the third century after the Great Crusade, Sai Suanti left her childhood home in Drumati to teach the chanting of our Lady's name. We saw how, in the little town of Anata, she gathered about her a small group of devotees and how the whole town was captivated by the beauty and purity of their devotion and joined regularly in the *suang-anya* (chanting sessions) at the flower-decked dachara which the *cantreya* (Suanti's followers) had made their meeting-place.

But, as we also learned, culture in this part of the world was in a state of decline. Despite the fact that the White Amazon missionaries of the Crusade had restored the primordial matriarchal faith, tradition and culture, Drumati, far from the main centres of learning and civilisation, on the South-West extreme of the Middle World, was declining into a worldly and materialistic society, and in religious and intellectual life, every sort of foolish heresy was gaining currency. For in the Iron Age all good things are subject to rapid decay.

It was this decay which our Lady had sent Suanti to arrest. But she was not to be unopposed. The heretics whose notions

were so easily refuted by this simple girl were humiliated and angered. The worldly money-makers were infuriated that work and business now took second place to feasting, chanting and dancing. Craftmaids remembered the sacredness of their crafts and refused to produce quick and cheap work for easy profits.

Eventually representations were made to the Protector (governor) of the whole region of Drumati that something must be done about Suanti. The Protector, being herself a worldly maid, fully agreed, and issued an edict that no more *suanganya* should be held in the region.

As soon as she heard about this, Suanti gathered all her people about her and they made their way across country to the Protector's mansion. They arrived late on a sultry summer evening; the air was heavy with night-scented flowers. The Protector and her servants were too taken aback to do anything as the mass of people, sweetly chanting, surrounded the house, and divided under Suanti's order into twelve separate groups, forming a perfect circle. Their voices floated gently on the fragrant air, and despite herself, the Protector was captivated. Suanti came forward and spoke to her. She laid her hands upon her, and at once the Protector felt the Spirit of Inanna.

The next day, the Protector withdrew her edict, and encouraged everyone to chant the Name of Inanna. She had a statue of the Child Inanna erected outside her house, and bade Suanti and her followers stay with her and give their sacred message to the city. So Suanti held *suanganya* in the grounds of the Protector's mansion, and nearly everyone in the city came, as much out of curiosity at the Protector's strange conversion as anything else.

At each suanga, the Protector would speak first, asking the people to listen to Suanti, and then Suanti would speak. She would tell them how God's Name is not simply a word, but that She is present in the sacred sound itself. She explained how in this dark Iron Age, when people are less intelligent than ever before, it is very difficult for us to come to God by pure contemplation or spiritual skill. That is why She has given us this simplest and yet most perfect of all methods. Then the chant would begin. By now many of her followers were well practised in the use of drums, bells and lyres.



Many of the people in that rich and cynical city came to laugh and found themselves moved to tears.

Many, weighed down with the sorrows of that unnatural, matter-bound life learned for the first time to laugh with innocent joy.

One day, a maid, dancing ecstatically in the suanga, fell against Suanti, for she was blind, and as Suanti helped her to her feet, she found that she was able to see. Word spread quickly among the crowd, and after the chanting they asked her how she was able to heal a blind maid. She replied: 'It was not I that healed her, but Inanna. You were all blind when I came here, but She will heal you all if you will let Her.'

After this many returned to the true Way and took up the practice of chanting. The Protector asked Suanti

not to go back to Anata, but to stay in the city. Suanti replied that she would not go back to Anata, but neither would she stay in the city. For had not our Lady told her to carry Her Name to the whole world? The next day she spoke to her followers and told them what she meant to do. And when they heard her, some decided to go back to Anata, some stayed in the city to carry on the mission that they had begun there, and some chose to come with Suanti. And though not a tenth of those who came with her from Anata stayed with her now (for nearly the whole town had come and many had returned the next day), yet her following was twice as strong as before from all the people of the city who gave up everything to follow her.

That very day they struck out westward, chanting and singing and making wreaths of flowers from the wayside, for it was their practice when they came to a town or village to adorn with flowers all who stopped to watch them or joined in the chant.

And even as the Amazons of old had marched from west to east, freeing the world from tyranny and teaching the Truth, so Suanti marched from east to west, gathering new followers at every stopping-place until they seemed like a new Crusade, retracing the footsteps of the old. Few places were so decadent and materialistic as Drumati, and nearly everywhere the cantreya were welcomed. The chant had been known before. The Amazons themselves had taught it, and it was known before their days also. But now it was the heart of a powerful movement, kindling the spirit of love and devotion throughout the Middle World. Few places were as decadent as Drumati, but everywhere the dark materialistic spirit of the Iron Age was beginning to creep in. Suanti and her cantreya drove it



out again; drove it out as forcefully and completely as ever the Amazon chariots had done.

As she travelled westward, Suanti found ever better conditions, and the traditional ways were more and more intact. Yet the less her mission was badly needed, the more enthusiastically it was welcomed.

As she came to the north-west of the Middle World, Suanti began to hear tales of the islands of the Rhennes. As yet, the Rhennya had not begun to spread beyond the boundaries of Britain. They were not then one united people, but a close-knit association of *ranyams* (realms), each with its own *frist*, or princess. They were not even called Rhennes then, but Abolins. Suanti decided to set sail and see these Abolins. So she and a group of her cantreya made the crossing and were introduced to Calcandre, princess of the Vacari, then the most powerful ranyam of the Rhennya. People from every ranyam were gathered to meet her, and the chant was spread over the whole of the islands. She in her turn heard music, poetry and philosophy such as she had not heard even in the great capitals of the Middle World. When she asked if these things were new, her hosts replied, with traditional modesty, that they were the oldest colony of Caire (i.e. the Western Empire) and had long memories. But the full truth was that the saints and sages of the Rhennya were developing a cultural form capable of conveying the primordial wisdom in the special conditions of the Iron Age, even as Suanti herself was spreading a form of devotion fitted to the conditions of the Age. The marriage of these two in those early days, long before Queen Colwyn, long before even the mare-princess Rhiannon, was one of the first

and most important steps toward the founding of the holy Rhennish Empire.⁴⁴

STRENGTH THROUGH SERENITY THE NATURE OF FEMININITY

Exactly a year ago, in our last Autumn issue, Donna Chrysothemis outlined the dangers inherent in the errors propagated by the 'women's liberation' movement—and indeed by the sexual egalitarianism of modern society as a whole.* Not the least of these was the masculinisation of maids—the destruction of the feminine principle in its social expression by assimilating maids into the masculine world, granting them male 'privileges' and making masculine values universal.

It is easy to see the ways in which this masculinisation of maids is proceeding in the modern world. What is perhaps not so easy to understand, for those born and reared in the patriarchal world, is the nature of the true feminine values which might be set against them. Surely, some will suggest, 'femininity' is simply the behaviour of oppressed patriarchal maids; surely it simply reflects the kind of maid which patriarchal man wants—weak, submissive and decorative. Surely matriarchal maids are active, outgoing and 'masculine'.

Now there is a small element of truth in this, but it is really very small, for it fails to take account of the fact that modern values with their continual stress upon outward activity, change, 'progress', productivity, etc. do not represent simply the normal human scale of values, but very specifically compose the val-

* 'The Dangerous Idea' (pp. 507 ff.).

ue-system of late patriarchy. Matriarchal civilisation is based on a dictum which implies the very reverse of all this: 'Earth moves, but Heaven is still; the rim revolves, but the Centre remains without motion.'[†]

The whole stress of matriarchal culture is upon being rather than doing. That is why the crafts are valued primarily for the spiritual state which they produce in their practitioners rather than for their outward 'products'. The two pillars of authority in a matriarchal society are the Haiela, the spiritual or sacerdotal power, radiating from the *Brighe* (High Priestess) and her *pretreya* (priestesses), and the Raihira, the political or temporal power, radiating from the Rayin (Empress) and nobles. Of these, the Haiela was considered the feminine (and superior) power, and the Raihira the masculine (and inferior) power. In a true matriarchy, maids fulfilled both functions (though in some late semi-matriarchates, the political function was delegated to men), but this conception nonetheless gives a clear indication of what is feminine and what is masculine and of what is proper to maids and what is proper to men.

Does this mean that maids should avoid outward activity? It does not, for true activity can only flow out from the Centre—thus only a perfect contemplative can be a perfect craftsmaid. It does mean, however, that men should sometimes 'take the lead' in physical action, while maids represent the principal stillness. This is hard for the modern mentality, with its stress on action, to understand. I am told that for a modern person to dream of being driven by another is a common image of that other having control of the situation. A matriarchal maid is more likely to assume that the driver is in the position of

[†] Teachings 3:1.

chauffeur. A friend brought up in a matriarchal community once said (quite innocently) that the Blentren had not yet lost all trace of civilisation, since the menfolk still drove their maids. The mandarins of old China took pride in having immensely long fingernails, which proved that they did no work. This is not only an extravagant example, but a very decadent one which would never be tolerated in any decent matriarchal society, but it shows that the modern Western attitude to activity is far from universal.

What, then, is true femininity? In other words, how should a traditional maid act *qua* maid (as opposed to *qua* child, pupil, Rayin, carpenter, or whatever other roles she may fulfill)? Firstly, she should be centred in her 'still heart'—the moveless Mover, the centre of her being, which is the Centre of all being, and is not other than God Herself. From this she will gain peace, serenity and dignity. Dignity is the essence of femininity, for maid, as maid, is the visible representative of God. She may act, and indeed should be hard-working and assiduous in all her activities, but the vulgar, noisome activity of the modern world is not for her; no more is haste, hurry or bustle; in all things, she is calm, gracious and gentle. To her husband, to her children, to all her *cals* (inferiors) she is the mediatrix of divine Law. How, then, can she display the vulgar hustle of modern humanity, which considers itself no more than a glorified animal? She is never casual, for life is a ritual, and she is a priestess. But this does not rule out a genuine childlike exuberance and joy of life which is at the opposite pole from casual modernism.

Does she look after her appearance? She does; not to 'attract men', but to glorify the divine image which she is, and because her clothes and such make-up as she may wear (literally

cosm-etics—expressions of the universal order of which she is the micro-cosm) are symbolic expressions of her ritual state and function. Traditional dress, for both maids and men, is far removed from modern ‘masculine’ attire, which, inappropriate even for men, is hideously so when adopted by maids.

Do traditional men feel protective towards their maids? They do, because they understand that maids are not wholly of this world, and are of a finer and more delicate substance. Therefore the protective and chivalrous attitude of western patriarchal men (as opposed to that of many eastern cultures, where maids are virtually used as beasts of burden) is quite in keeping with the matriarchal tradition. But maids are by no means weak and timid, for it is they who make the decisions and direct the community, but they do so not in the noisy and arrogant manner of patriarchal power-wielding, but serenely, from the still Centre, and with a calm and quiet sense of absolute authority.

We must understand that the modern values called ‘masculine’ in these pages have nothing to do with the true values of masculinity under matriarchy.* The distortion of these values under patriarchy in the final stage of the social disintegration of the Iron Age, which causes suffering to men as well as to maids, is the masculine principle rent from its true place in the universal harmony and run wild. In a matriarchal civilisation, both femininity and masculinity are united in the harmony of the divine Law.⁴⁵

* A note to the original directs the reader to ‘A Man’s Place’ (vol. 3, pp. 907 ff.).

SISTER ALETHEA*

THE HISTORY AND MEANING OF EASTRE

The word Eastre comes from the name Oestre or Eastre, a Teutonic name for our Lady as Bringer of the Spring. Its roots lie in the name of the Babylonian Goddess Ishtar, who descended into the underworld and was reduced to death, and on the third day rose again.[†] In some later texts, a god called Tammuz or Dumuzi is connected with these events, but in the earliest and purest texts, the one Goddess is alone.

Throughout history, the great myths have told of the Deity who died for humanity and rose again. Works such as Frazer's *Golden Bough* list dozens of examples. The great theme is symbolised in the waxing and waning of the moon and the yearly cycle of the sun. The emergence of the New Moon from darkness on the third day symbolises the resurrection of the Goddess. As Sister Sylvia Mary writes: 'The moon, we must remember, was never adored for itself, but for what it revealed of the "sacred", of ultimate reality'.[‡]

* Sr Sophia Ruth identified Alethea as another name of Sr Angelina ('Schism of Ordo Lux Madriana 1983', *Madrian Deanic Resources*).

† While this is a popular folk etymology, there is no philologically established connection between the various forms of the name of the Teutonic deity and that of Babylonian Ishtar.

‡ Sr Sylvia Mary was an Anglican nun from the Community of St Mary the Virgin who authored a number of works on theology, spiritual practice, and devotional poetry. It is not clear from which of her works this quote is drawn.

Most of the later gods are male—Attis, Christ, Adonis, Osiris. The earlier of them are strongly connected with the Goddess figures, who rescue them from death—the later myths eliminate the Goddess entirely. This is not an expression of Divine reality, but the increasing political and social propaganda of patriarchy.

But whenever we get back past the censorship and distortion to the original myth, we always find the one Goddess—Babylonian Ishtar, Sumerian Inanna, the Hanged Artemis of Arcadia, the pre-Hellenic Persephone (in the original form of the Eleusinian myth, Persephone was not abducted by Pluto, but went to death, as it says in the Mythos, ‘of Her own free step’).[§]

There are many myths and many names; but all the myths are essentially the same, and behind them all lies the one ultimate reality. The fact of our Lady’s death and Her resurrection is inescapably before us. It is one of the fundamental archetypes of human religion. What does it mean? How are we to come to terms with it?

First we must examine the nature of good and evil. The Catechism tells us that Absolute Good is Dea Herself, that relative good is a state of moving toward Her, and relative evil a state of moving away from Her.[€]

All of us, at the beginning of time, were in Perfect Union with Dea; thus we were absolutely Good. Each of us turned from Dea—the first and seminal act of evil.

In moving into evil, we made ourselves imperfect and opened ourselves to suffering. Suffering is not a punishment

§ Mythos 5:2.

€ Questions 33–6 (vol. I, pp. 93 ff.).

for evil—at the deepest level, suffering and evil are the same thing. When we are in union with Dea, we are perfectly happy. When we are apart from Her, we cannot even imagine perfect happiness—only broken, temporary and imperfect pleasure. In every human heart there is a deep and irreparable discontent, and the further we move from Dea, the deeper and stronger it becomes. Often it is made external in the sufferings and accidents of the world. But even when we are happiest, the radical discontent is always there.

We might say that every human heart is broken. Among Madrians, we use the word *kear*, meaning a crack or flaw in our own imperfect souls, and the rift which lies between ourselves and our Mother.

These two things are one. Moral imperfection and distance from Dea are not cause and effect: they are the same thing. Moral imperfection is distance from Dea. For Dea is pure Good and the source of all evil is Her absence.

But this puts us in an impossible position. We cannot become good without coming to Dea—but we cannot come to Dea without becoming good.

Our separation from Dea is the expression of our inner moral state. Dea, therefore, cannot come to us without changing that state. But to change our moral nature from outside would be to destroy our free will—to destroy us as independent moral creatures.

So what can be done? We have created an impassable gulf between Dea and ourselves. The answer is beyond our full understanding, but is portrayed for us in the Eastre Event. In order to come to us, Dea had to leave Herself. Thus the Daughter, who is the Mother, left the Mother. She severed Herself

from Absolute Good and descended into the world of matter that She might come to us. With Her alone, kear had only one meaning—She was separated from Her Mother, but Her soul had no flaw. She alone, Who is absolutely Good, descended to the level of absolute evil. No human soul can reach those depths where the Mother is quite absent, for they are the realm of non-existence; and our Lady did cease to exist. Thus she is the only soul which has ever died. When the human body dies, the soul passes into another state, but the soul cannot die. Only our Lady has ever known absolute death—and yet, having no flaw or evil in Her whatever, death could not hold Her, and She rose from it. The heart, not the mind, must understand these things.

Thus our Lady conquered the principle of death in the universe, and all who give themselves to Her can share in Her victory – like the lost souls in the Mythos who followed Her out of the shattered gates of Hell.*

Just as union with Dea, or Absolute Good, is perfect good, so absolute evil, or Her complete absence, is the most complete suffering. Thus in Her spiritual death, our Lady voluntarily undertook the extreme of sorrow and pain. The more materialistic masculist religions portray this with lurid descriptions of physical torments; but in reality, Her suffering was far greater than anything possible in earthly incarnation, and therefore quite beyond our earthly understanding.

She undertook this suffering willingly for the sake of Her Mother's children, and through it, She has made Herself present on every plane of existence. We need never be without Her, for even when we feel furthest from Her, we know that She is

* Mythos 6:19.

there. As one prayer says: 'I know that You are in the air, and all about me, and in myself, deeper than I'.*

What, then, does Eastre mean to us? It is a time of sorrow and anxiety for our Lady's suffering, and penitence for our own imperfection, for which it came about. Through these, we unite ourselves with the courageous Act of our Lady, and through Her Act, She sets aside the imperfection which separates us from Her, and gives us Her most intimate friendship. This is enacted outwardly in the Communion of Resurrection Day, which is the first Communion of the year, and, for many initiates, the first Communion of all (but for those unable to take Communion, Sacrifice has the same symbolic value). This Rite, whether Sacrifice or Communion, is the crisis or turning-point of the Eastre experience. Ideally, it should take place at dawn after a night vigil.

From here, our thoughts turn from meditations upon the sufferings and death of our Lady to Her resurrection and Her glorious triumph. This is the theme of the feast day of the Resurrection, and also of the days following, culminating in the Day of Our Sovereign Lady, which commemorates Her presence throughout the material world achieved by Her sacrifice and triumph. The coming weeks are lived in the light of this, reaching their climax in the final festival of the Eastre cycle, the Feast of the Exaltation.⁴⁶

ON GOING ALL THE WAY

To have adventures without taking any risks; to swim without getting wet. In a sense we all want to do such things, but in

* The source of this quotation is unknown.

an imperfect world we will never be able to—no advance of science can ever allow us to. For these things do not simply happen to be impossible (in the sense that we happen not to have wings), they are contradictions (like two and two making five.) The very essence of the spirit of adventure is the consciousness of real danger of one sort or another. Nothing else can be called adventure.

I mention this rather obvious fact partly because it is one of the many examples which make nonsense of the prevalent modern idea that all unpleasant things in the world are 'accidental' and that if enough scientists and politicians could be got together to sort them out, everything would be all right. In many of the most worthwhile things the pain or difficulty is quite inseparable from the pleasure, and one cannot get rid of one without getting rid of the other. People sometimes say that a heaven of pure happiness would be ghastly—and if they are thinking of anything that can be imagined in terms of this world, they are right. In this imperfect world, a life full of 'pleasures' and stripped of all difficulty and discomfort would lead merely to lethargy, decadence and depression. There can be no heaven on earth.

Today, more and more people are coming to realize this. It is not just that the materialist's paradise on earth looks like becoming a techno-bureaucratic nightmare. In a far deeper sense, it is true that the more the consumer society gives us, the less we appreciate it. That is not because we are 'ungrateful'. It is because the very success of industrial-materialism (even a very limited success) gives us a sample of the goods. We see how limited, how sterile, how fundamentally unsatisfying material acquisitions are to the human soul, at least when they are the

sole aim. When we don't have them, we can be talked into believing that they are the answer to all our wants—but once we can see them we can also see through them, and we know that even if material prosperity gave us the very most that it is capable of, it could not bring real satisfaction.

As I have said, more and more people are coming to realize this and are seeking something beyond the purely material—something 'spiritual'. In recent years there has been a great deal of talk about 'spirituality'. Now, very obviously, this must be a step in the right direction; but I have always felt rather uncomfortable about the word. At first I wasn't quite sure why, but now I think I understand.

The trouble is that in one sense the idea of 'spirituality' is just like the materialist world-view. It implies an anthropocentric (human-centred) rather than a theocentric (Divine-centred) view of the world. People talk about 'my spirituality', or 'the spirituality of women'. They are putting in the centre themselves, or those around them—they are not putting Dea in the centre. I am not saying this cannot lead on to better things—very often it does. But all too often it is a sort of escape-route. It allows a little other-worldly perfume into the disinfected corridors of materialism while ducking the issue of a genuine religious commitment.

What is wrong with this is that it is simply a circular detour which leads us in the end back to where we started. Materialism is not sterile because it is materialism. Materialism is simply one way of avoiding the overwhelming challenge of the Absolute—the love of Dea which demands not less than everything. The sterility comes from that avoidance. But when 'spirituality' just becomes a more roundabout way of making the

same avoidance, it quickly returns to the same sterility. That is why vaguely 'spiritual' movements always have such a very high membership turnover and a very short active life.

The utter anthropocentricity of much (though not all) the talk about 'spirituality' is epitomised in such phrases as 'we should explore our spirituality'—as though spirituality were just another human attribute like, say, musicality. Now spirituality, if it means anything, means the faculty through which we perceive the Divine. Imagine coming upon a breathtaking and awe-inspiring view of a mountain range, and try to imagine a person who, instead of saying 'Look at that!' would say 'explore your eye-sight.' All the attention is shifted from the perceived to the perceiver.

The idea behind this is the view of spirituality as one small department of the whole human makeup, and 'religion' as one small department of the whole of life.

Now to a Madrian, this is quite wrong. 'Religion' is not a small department of life—rather, the whole of human life as we know it is but one small department of the vast pattern of intelligent life, spanning the whole universe (both physical and non-physical) which is shaped and moulded solely by the varying levels of relationship to the Absolute Being Who is Creatrix of it all, and whose one true aim is to return to perfect union with Her. The word we humans give to the pursuit of this aim is 'religion'.

You may disagree with this. You may reject all the claims of religion in general and Madrianism in particular. But there can be no doubt about what those claims are: religion claims to tell us about the origin, the meaning and the end of life—what the universe is, and what it is for, and to give real knowledge about

the Absolute Principle of the universe and our relationship with Her.

Those claims can only be one of two things. Either they are true, or they are worthless nonsense. They cannot be anything else. Either religion is the one most important thing on earth—or anywhere else, for that matter—or else it is completely unimportant. The vague idea that religion is all right, but one shouldn't carry it too far, is nonsensical. Religion is either all-important or unimportant. The one thing it cannot be is relatively important.

The demand of our Lady is both beautiful and terrible in its simplicity: 'Give your whole self to Me.' She is the one true home of the human soul, and without Her we must suffer perpetual dissatisfaction. The only completion of the soul is union with Her.

Because we have turned from Her at the dawn of time—the beginning of our stream of incarnations—we are imperfect creatures, mixed of good and bad, true and false. And the false self—that part of us which turns from Her (the word selfish means 'concerned with the false self')—has a real terror and revulsion from turning back to Her. To love Dea is continually to conquer the false self (literally 'self'-control) which is often very hard.

Faced with the sterility of materialism, it is a very natural desire to wish to reject the sterility without making any real self-commitment—to have adventures without taking risks, to swim without getting wet. For the sterility and the lack of commitment are one, and the difficulty of disciplining the false self and the joy (far deeper than mere 'pleasure') are alike one, while we are still imperfect. Yet it is natural to try; and this is one of

the innumerable subtle ploys which the false self will use to lead us back into the spiritual darkness in which it thrives.

A recent letter from an intelligent and sensitive maid contained these words; it is very typical:

The need for women to recognize and develop their spirituality is vital. What I can't go along with is worship—though I believe in a devout attitude to life.

One can almost see the false self struggling with the true. What is this abstract 'life' to which we should have a devout attitude? And if we will not worship, what does being 'devout' mean?

But behind these words we see the very understandable cry of the soul, torn between the true and false self: 'I realise the need to seek the Divine and to love Her—but I want to keep my independence. I would feel so much more comfortable with vague abstractions about life than with the living Dea and an absolute demand.'

Related to this is the temptation to which those groups have succumbed which began by seeking Dea and have confined themselves to the study of ancient texts—they have reduced Her to an academic 'subject' and so side-stepped the issue of real commitment.

I am not intending to attack anyone, for, heaven knows, my own faults are great enough. But the pitfalls of which I have spoken are perhaps the most dangerous of all, for they do not merely hamper us on our way, they lead us down a side alley before we have even begun.

The total relinquishment of the self to the all-consuming love of Dea is the most difficult and the most beautiful of all possible acts. Few of us will achieve it in this life, for few of us

are helati. But once we have made the first few faltering steps towards Her, our whole view of the world must change. It must stop being human-centred and start being Divine-centred. For an anthropocentric religion is no religion at all, however much easier it is for our materialist-conditioned minds and more comfortable for our pride. Anyone who is looking for easy or comfortable religion would do better to go to any modern 'liberal' Christian church.

That is why she will find it empty.⁴⁷

THE MEANING OF NATIVITY

The Nativity season is perhaps the most powerful natural festival of the year. Even the most profane societies seem drawn as if by a sort of magnetism into a massive celebration of—they know not what. Certainly this festival was observed in Britain many centuries before a Christian set foot on these islands, and many of its popular customs were the targets of Christian attacks before they became 'naturalized' into Christianity.

This festival has almost always been connected with the birth of the Divine Child from the supreme virgin Goddess. So it was in ancient Egypt and the Middle East. So it was in the Mithraic cult throughout the Roman Empire (the exact date of their festival was 'borrowed' by the Christians from the Mithraists). So it was in pre-Roman Britain, and in the common Celtic religion which covered the whole of north-west Europe.

In later myth, affected by the secular political interests of patriarchy, the Divine Child is conceived as male, but in the oldest and purest versions, the Child was always the Daughter.



We see this in the Madrian-matriarchal societies of Chaldæa, Syria, Crete and the Aegean and as far afield as China.

The Nativity period, then, manifests a primordial mystery of religion, which, until recently, lay buried in the ancient past, and yet which has never died, but bursts fresh upon the world each year in a tide of joy and excitement.

Each succeeding patriarchal regime has found some new excuse for it, from the debaucheries of the Roman Saturnalia to the modern commercial jamboree.

But what is it? Why has it such power? The truth is simple. That God Herself has come to us—not in Her glory, but has cast Herself down to be born as we were born; not in some remote past, but in the eternal present; and to suffer as we will never suffer.

That God in the highest has brought Herself forth as a little Child, that She may be with us in the lower spheres of being and may lead us again to our true spiritual home.

We who have turned from Her, who have rejected Her, preferring to exalt ourselves against Her, suddenly see Her again, come not in anger, but ready to give Her life that we may be led back to the perfection we have lost. Neither sorrowing nor reproachful, but calmly smiling amid our rejoicing sisters, the Janyati of Heaven.

This knowledge it is (for in the depths of her unconscious no soul has ever lost it even for an instant) that pierces the heart with joy, and fills all but the most worldly heart also with a strange and sweetly melancholy longing.

She is with us. She has come among us and within us. She will never leave us, whatever happens; and as soon as we accept

Her, she will lead us back to our true home. That is the reason for the joy of this season. That and no other.

The Inner Meaning

Once we have learned the secret of Nativity, and that secret has begun to be truly accepted by us and so to flood and permeate our inner being; the Nativity Experience—which we have always had in one form or another—takes on a far deeper significance. The knowledge of its ancient and eternal meaning now possessed by our surface consciousness vibrates in harmony with the soul-knowledge deep within us which has always held the Truth.

A sort of reaction takes place between the Truth permeating down from the surface of the mind, and that same Truth, now released and activated, surging up from the depths, which can be a truly transforming experience.

This is true of all religious Mysteries, of course, but Nativity, even more than Eastre in a certain sense, has a crucial position. For Nativity is the beginning of everything. It is the Act by which God brings Herself back to us after we have become utterly cut off from Her. Without Nativity there could be no spiritual aspiration at all for the fallen soul. She would be totally and irrevocably cut off from the Light.

If ever, even for a moment, we allow ourselves to experience our inner knowledge of the fact that we have deliberately cut ourselves off from the light of Eternity and cast ourselves into the cold and darkness of lonely egoism; when for a moment that fact seizes us, the heart stands still and the blood runs cold. And there is always a part of us, deeply buried, which does know this.

The star of Nativity, which shines forth upon the darkest hours of the year, is an eternal symbol of the Divine compassion and courage which stands resolutely between our souls and the outer darkness.

Throughout the patriarchal dark-age, humanity clung to broken echoes of this Truth. But that age is passing. We need no longer cling to patriarchal shadow-religions, nor need we trust to the uncertain speculations of antiquarian research in order to learn the ancient and eternal Truth. For we have the direct Revelation of God Herself in *The Mythos of the Divine Maid*. Here we find the Nativity story in its pure and original form; and it is here that our renewed Nativity experience must begin.

We no longer look to human inventions, but rest with relief and joy in the unfailing strength of our Mother. Let us end, therefore, with Her words, spoken before every Rite in every Madrian home and group during the Advent of Nativity:

‘Rejoice, poor wanderers of the earth and exiles from the house of your Mother, for to you shall come a guide and a deliverer.’*⁴⁸

LIKE A DOVE INTO THE FLAME

THE EXPERIENCE OF INITIATION

Initiation is the most important event in a person’s life. It is her death.

Of course, the initiate is not killed in the normal sense, but it is not true to say that her death is merely symbolic. Sacramental ritual is not just gesture or symbol, it is a concrete

* Mythos 2:12.

actuality. The earthly and visible aspect of the ritual is merely a shadow of the events taking place on the spiritual plane. In the highest sense, Sacrament is more real than anything else which can take place on earth. It is the point where time touches eternity, where space touches infinity.

Sometimes supernatural experiences are connected with Initiation and the period immediately before or after. Sometimes the initiate develops psychic abilities, or those which she already has begun to deepen; but these things are really unimportant compared with the tremendous inward and spiritual significance of the Rite.

First of all, it is death. We die to the world. After Initiation we no longer 'belong' to the world. We are not part of it. No act of ours can change this, for the Sacrament has acted upon us and is irrevocable. In the words of the Rite of Initiation:

Know you that it is no light thing to take upon yourself the mark of the Goddess which shows you for Her own; that mark which once put on can never be expunged.[†]

Yet through this death we are resurrected. Reborn not back into the world, but into the Wholeness of Dea. We are a part of the spiritual body formed by all souls in communion with Her—Her Ekklesia, which exists on every plane of being, right up to the Janyati.

Wherever there is true beauty in the world, from a sunset to a snowflake, it is a reflection of the Absolute beauty of the Wholeness to which we now belong. We may now sometimes be able to see 'within' the phenomenon of beauty, to perceive

[†] The full text of this rite has not been preserved.

its true Essence, which is God Herself, like us within the world yet not belonging to it.

This is not to pretend that we have now attained liberation. Our false selves are still with us. No Sacrament can replace the spiritual/moral struggle for liberation. Indeed, as we advance the forces of evil become more powerful. But so do the forces of good. In fact, one result of Initiation is that we are brought to the forefront of the conflict between good and evil. We see both the bright and the dark more clearly. Initiation is not an end but a beginning; not the goal of our spiritual quest, but a setting forth upon the path.

The lengthy spiritual preparation which precedes Initiation may be taken to represent the purification which must be made before undertaking a holy quest. And if one has not been 'born to the quest', having been offered to Dea as a child, then it is usual to receive the Rite of Offering some time before Initiation.

But the reality of Initiation lies beyond the world we know, and no earthly likeness can be fully accurate. A quest involves a distant object, and the full liberation of spiritual perfection is certainly very distant. Yet God is not distant. In Her Daughter, Inanna, She is with us constantly; and the very essence of spirituality is a real ongoing personal relationship with Her.

Initiation is a stage in that relationship. It is an act of personal commitment. In a way it might be said that it is like marriage. Not the beginning of a relationship, but the opening of a new and deeper level in its development. In this analogy, Offering is like betrothal—but all analogies are only of limited value.

When we take this aspect of Initiation together with the others discussed here, we begin to see how deep and (by earthly reasoning) how contradictory a thing it is. It is the Eastre reality working in our lives. It is the eternal death and resurrection. It is a thing as vast and timeless as the wave of the sea or the stars of heaven. And yet it is a thing as intimate, as unusual, as personal and unique as any human relationship—indeed, far more so.

The relationship with our Lady is compounded of emotions which are almost contraries—love and awe, intimacy and wonder. In Initiation we die to the mundane logic of the world and are reborn into that Wholeness where all contraries are one.⁴⁹

WHO IS SAI WERDË?

Sai Werdë is one of the Janyati whose effect upon human life is closest and most intimate. Perhaps for that reason, she is one of those whose image has never been lost to maid even in patriarchal times. The wheel of fortune was a constant mediæval theme, showing figures rising to wealth and fame and falling again to shame and poverty, as the wheel is turned by a state-ly maiden—the ‘goddess’ Fortuna, a late Roman form of Sai Werdë. She appears, too, in a form nearer to her archetypal significance, on the tenth card of the older Tarot packs.

The maid holding the wheel appears throughout Christian art, and is called St. Catherine. Catherine means ‘pure’, as does Ariadne, which also means ‘spinner’. Ariadne was a Cretan name for Sai Werdë as well as for the Daughter. The Celts called her Arianrhod—‘silver wheel’. Manichæan and Jaina art

depict a richly ornamented maid holding within her body the Cosmic Wheel of existence. In some places she has a darker and more fearful aspect, as in the Greek Fates (Moiræ) or the Teutonic Norns, or the Tibetan Srinmo who holds the Wheel of Life.

That some of the names of Sai Werdë are also names of Dea Herself should occasion no surprise, since a Janya by her very nature is a perfect expression of a Divine aspect. That she appears sometimes as one person, sometimes as three is no more puzzling, since the Janyati are not bound by time and space, can be in many places at once, and transcend the limitations of individual personality.



Sai Werdë is the governing Janya of personal fate. Her wheel is the wheel of *samsara*, the continual round of birth and death. It is also the wheel that spins the thread of life which in the Greek and Norse traditions was operated by the first person, while the second wove it into the complex network of interweaving destinies. In the opening words of the Crystal Tablet: 'Existence is a web of tapestry...'.*

As an abstract noun, *werdë* refers to the thread of causality which runs from birth to birth, from death to death, throughout a soul's existence. Everything a person is, everything which surrounds her and happens

* Tablet I.

to her is ultimately the result of her past and present moral choice—it is part of her werdë ‘for every stone returns to she that throws it... and every cup of wine that she gives to another shall quench the thirst of her own lips in the fulness of time’.[†] But werdë extends even to the smallest details of life. I pass a maid in a city street and hardly glance at her, yet she is a tiny part of my werdë and I a tiny part of hers. My werdë is the sum total of my life-situation, past, present and future.

So are we to say that everything is fated—that our lives are wholly predetermined by our werdë, and we can change nothing? Not at all, for we also make our werdë as we go along by our continual power of free moral choice. Yet whatever we choose will so occur as to precisely fulfill the werdë of all who are affected by us, from our closest friends to our most casual encounters. Such is the wonderful deftness and intricacy with which Sai Werdë weaves the thread of life.

Yet we must ask: if all that I do for or against another is simply a part of her werdë, how can I give any real help—I am powerless to do either good or harm. And still a darker question comes, showing the dark side of Sai Werdë herself, for we recall the words of the Teachings of the Daughter ‘whatever you shall cast upon the wheel of life, that shall return to you sevenfold’.[‡] Then surely our werdë builds up by a geometric progression—how shall we ever work through it all? When shall we ever be free of the wheel of life and pass into the glorious Eternity of our Mother?

The answer to both these questions is the same: the third person of the Werdës is she who cuts the thread. And the third

[†] Tablet 42–5.

[‡] Teachings 10:6.

person of the Divine Trinity (of whom Sai Werdë is but a reflection)—the Daughter—breaks the relentless logic of the law of cause and effect. Through Her sacrifice a way is opened that leads beyond the countless worlds of imperfection and suffering into the endless light of Eternity. Logically there is no way we can be saved, but She is the paradox of Love that transcends all logic. In the same way, when we act in true compassion for any creature, we take part in Her divine compassion, and if we act wholly through Her, we will be able to break the threads of werdë—or rather, Sai Werdë herself will break them for us.

But beyond werdë, there is a law which cannot be broken, for the mother of Sai Werdë is Sai Āmë, Janya of divine Order and one of the seven ‘planetary’ Janyati. Sai Āmë is the harmony of all things which prevents them from dissolving into chaos:

But for Thee would not all cosmos decompose?
Would not the black abyss of chaos swallow all?
And as Thine universal music reins the farthest spheres,
So does it tune the beating of my heart.*

Āmë, too, is an abstract noun as well as a Janya—signifying order and harmony in a sense that has been so completely lost that no modern western language has any word for it. The Sanskrit *dharma*, a term of Madrian-matriarchal origin, carries the correct meaning, though it is inevitably always mistranslated. Significantly, in early Buddhist art, dharma was always represented by a wheel. This is the Great Wheel of Āmë—the

* ‘A Canticle of Dea’ (vol. I, pp. 241 ff.).

wheel of eternal harmony, of which the lesser Wheel of Werdë is but a reflection.⁵⁰

DEATH

THE GREAT ADVENTURE

Death is the spectre which haunts the modern world. A society which treats physical life as the sole reality and the theatre of all its aims and aspirations can have no hope in death. In the ineluctable fact of death, the desire of profane humanism to create an earthly paradise by the accumulation (or redistribution) of material goods meets its Armageddon. Usually it is ignored, forgotten, swept under the carpet. Death is the great taboo of the uncensored society.

Yet death is nothing to be feared. It is simply the transition from one state of existence to another. The macabre aspect of death has its place in the total picture, for like all natural phenomena, physical death has a symbolic dimension,[†] and on one level it symbolises the far deeper and more terrible reality of spiritual death. But to fear this common transition of the soul in physical death is simply the fruit of ignorance.

Birth and death are regular recurring events in the life of every soul, as she passes from one state to another. Like the recurring patterns of the seasons, they mark out cycles through which the soul's growth (or decline) takes place.

Once we have left the body we are no longer subject to the laws of the physical realm. In a sense this brings a new freedom and release, but it is also true that the restrictions of physical

[†] A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Julia, 'The Mirror of Wisdom' (pp. 236 ff.).

matter carry with them a sort of security. Beyond death we may enter a dreamlike existence, confusing and unstable. Worse still, our ruling passions, if they were uncontrolled in life, may now run loose among the dream-matter of this state, creating nightmare forms more real than any dream.

If the mind during life has never lifted itself above the physical realm, if it is wholly undisciplined in prayer and meditation, having simply directed itself toward the objects and events of the world of matter, this period can be a difficult one. In this sense, spiritual ignorance not only breeds fear of death, but makes death more a thing to be feared. If a fraction of the money spent by medical science on the attempt to postpone death for a few brief years were spent on disseminating genuine spiritual knowledge and dispelling the materialistic errors created by popular misunderstanding of the implications of the physical sciences in general, a lot of unnecessary suffering could be avoided.

At this stage, the prayers of those still on earth can be of great help in guiding the soul through the labyrinth and in opening her to the angelic* guidance which will help her if she is able to accept it.

Avala

Avala is the golden paradise of the Daughter where true servants of Dea are received after death. Some people find this idea difficult to accept—surely there can be no such beautiful land up in the sky—or more exactly ‘west of the sunset’! In fact

* A note to the original reads ‘An angel (literally “messenger”) is the servant of a Janya—a lesser being working within her particular “stream”.’

this difficulty, like many others, is caused by the over-simplified world-picture of modern materialism. Avala is not a physical place at all. It has been said that Avala is a state of mind, but this gives rise to certain misconceptions and is only partly true. The crudest misconception is that of the materialist who says 'Oh well, so long as it doesn't really exist...' (we have actually met such people). This, of course, is based on the mistake of supposing that real existence equals physical existence. But even on a more sophisticated level, the explanation of Avala as a state of mind still lessens its actual reality for most people. After all, on this earth most of our experience comes through the five physical senses. Inward mental experiences only operate through one part of our receiving capacity—they are not 'total' experiences. But when we no longer have part of our receiving capacity deployed in physical senses, a non-physical experience can become 'total'. As real as any earthly experience is now. Dreams give us a faint shadow of this, and in the higher levels of spiritual contemplation we can experience it fully in this life. That is one reason why such contemplation is an important preparation for death.

But beyond this there is the implication that a state of mind is merely subjective and personal, that it contains no 'outside reality'. In this world we experience three kinds of matter: physical, emotional and mental, and most 'outside reality' comes to us through physical matter by means of the senses (not all, though—in telepathy, for example, it can come through mental matter). But there are many other levels of matter; some 'lower'

than the physical, others 'higher' than the mental.* In Avala, the 'outside reality' consists of super-mental matter.

All this may seem very abstract—and, of course, it is. We cannot, in this world, conceive of matter above the mental level. But the traditional image of the golden paradise gives a very good picture of the real experience of Avala. And indeed many people who have faint memories of Avala describe that golden land, for the mind translates that experience into an image which it can understand in its present state.

In Avala we have not reached the pure completion of Spirit. We are not beyond the veil of matter, but we are surrounded by the pure love of the Daughter, transmitted through the highest levels of matter, far above the physical.

Hells & Purgatories

There is a Hell—or more exactly, there are hells. But they have nothing to do with the Christian conception of eternal damnation. Damnation is to be cut off from God with no hope of recovering Her; but the sacrifice of the Daughter has brought Her onto every level of fallen creation. There is a Hell of sheer damnation, but through Her sacrifice, its gates have been shattered,[†] and the only Being to have suffered the agony of damnation is She Herself.

On the other hand, to deny that it is possible to enter a state of great suffering is fatuous, since it is obvious that some souls are already in such a state on this very earth. States of suffering are not 'punishments', they are simply the natural re-

* A note to the original reads 'All this is leaving aside Spirit, which is beyond any form of matter.'

† Mythos 6:13.

sult of werdë built up by wrong actions and choices in this life or in others. Hells beyond this world exist in sub-physical matter inhabited by ‘demons’ or perverted intelligences who have so far rejected the Principle of Good (Who is God Herself) as to be in the active service of evil. Yet we are not lost. The Presence of the Daughter is in all places and states, and as always, the choice is ours whether we turn toward Her or plunge deeper into evil and suffering.

All suffering contains the possibility of purification. In this sense, all hells are purgatories. But the term purgatory is often used to mean that state in which a soul ‘relives’ her life, seeing all its acts in the light of the pure spiritual standard, and feeling the deep inner pain of her wrong actions, or else is drawn into the whirlpool of her life’s passions and obsessions, re-enacting them until they sicken her, but unable to stop, carried along by the passion-momentum built up during her life.

Preparing the Way

Between Avala and the hells lie numerous states of differing degrees of happiness and suffering.

Our position after death is very deeply bound up with our actions in this life. If we make a practice of carefully examining our conscience and coming to a true repentance of the wrongs we have committed we will neutralise a great deal of the werdë associated with them. To do this, we must hold our actions under the pure light of spiritual perfection (some guidance from a priestess or other spiritually experienced person can be of help here). It is sometimes suggested that one should go over the day’s actions before retiring each night. The practice of penance is also helpful. We will not then be without werdë,

but this, together with the improvement in conduct which will accompany it, will prevent it from accumulating in large 'knots'.

The practice of regularly detaching the mind from the earth-plane in meditation is a discipline which will make the soul far more capable and at home once the physical detachment has taken place. It will also give her the power to rise above 'desire-whirlpools'. The physical world is like a box that both supports and constricts us. If we simply lie on the floor, allowing the box to support us—being completely dependent emotionally and mentally upon physical things—when the box disappears we will suddenly be without support. But if we are pressing against the ceiling, using the floor simply as a support in our attempts to rise beyond the box, then when it disappears, we will be released, and will soar upwards.

The modern world encourages us to lie on the floor, immersed in material things. Profane society has much to answer for, but of all things this is the greatest. For it is only when we are reaching beyond the world that we can understand the world in all its beauty; and it is only when we know that the meaning of the world is beyond the world that death can become what it should always have been—the greatest adventure of our life.⁵¹

THE TEMPLE OF SAI HERTHE THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MADRIAN HOUSEHOLD

The matriarchal house is by no means a secular building established merely for the purpose of shelter. It is a sort of reflected

image of the Temple, and its central focus, the hearth-fire, a reflection of the sacrificial altar-flame. The head of a household is a 'priestess' within her own domain, and conducts all domestic Rites. As with a Temple, the foundation of the house entails certain rituals which make it 'sacred territory'. In recent times when Madrians often move into pre-built houses, rites of consecration perform the same function.

The matriarchal nature of the household has been remembered long into patriarchal times. An Egyptian wife was called *nebt per*, 'the ruler of the house'; Hindu scriptures state that a maid after marriage is the ruler of a 'kingdom'—that of her household.* A similar position is accepted, at least in theory and often in practice, among the Arabs. It is related that the prophet Muhammad, having on one occasion offended all his wives, had no house in which to sleep. Traditions of a similar nature may be found from the Far East to the Americas.

In matriarchal tradition the mistress is the most essential thing in a household—indeed, she is the only completely essential thing in a household. One can have a household without a hearth; one can even have a household without a house, but one can never have a household without a mistress. Every maid carries within herself a 'potential' household. That potential becomes actualised usually at the time of her marriage though there are many circumstances in which an unmarried maid may become a householder, and some in which a married maid may not. The Rite of marriage is essentially the Rite by which a man is invited into the household of a maid; in which he ceases to be a member of his mother's household and becomes a member of hers.

* Sr Alethea likely refers to Rig Veda 10.85.26–7.

The change of status by which a maid becomes a householder has usually been marked by a change of title—a remnant of this survives in the English change from Miss to Mrs and various equivalents in other languages. In Madrian usage, a householder is called Donna, and is formally addressed either as Madrien (literally ‘little mother’, and a diminutive of Madria, the title of a priestess) or as *Domina*, the Roman name for the lady of a house.

Most marriages create a ‘minor’ household; for the new householder will usually remain within the household into which she was born. The traditional ‘major’ household is quite large, usually practising a particular craft or group of crafts, and headed by a maid of some spiritual authority. Sometimes the ‘major’ household is under one roof, sometimes scattered over a small area. Each major household, and many minor ones—particularly if they have a separate building—is dedicated to its own hera or Janya, who gives the home her special protection and is accorded a special devotion.

But one Janya presides over all households indiscriminately—Sai Herthe, Janya of the hearth-fire, and every Madrian household honours her at least once each year. She is often pictured in an attitude of prayer, for she is above all associated with domestic Rites and worship. The honey-cake of the sacrifice was, in former times, placed on the hearth-fire, or—more usually—on a brazier of burning embers taken from the fire and placed on the Altar. In many homes this is still practised today.

The fire, by virtue of its sacredness, and its status as ‘the altar of the Hestia’, is the central point of the household. It is a symptom of the degeneracy of the modern profane household

that not only has the blazing hearth been abolished, but that its position as 'focus' has been usurped by that monstrous Trojan horse the television set. Thus the household is focused not on the elemental symbol of purity, but on a constant stream of trivia, profanity and worldliness.

There is no such thing as secular authority. All legitimate authority flows from God; and the head of a household is a channel of Her authority on earth. So long as the head of a household follows the Way of Sai Herthe in obedience to divine law, and the members of her household in turn obey her, the household is 'in ðamë'—in accordance with eternal Harmony. The seasons will be observed as they should, the crafts will continue in their true ðamë; human life will be normal in the sense of conforming to the divine Norm laid down for fallen maid through which she may be led back to her celestial origin.

This is the true secret of the overwhelming importance of the household. In matriarchal times, it was the central unit of society—the government of a village did not transcend the household, but was merely a federation of independent households. The only person to whom a householder owed allegiance was the priestess. Hardly any activity of any sort took place outside the context of a household. Therefore, upon the household rested the responsibility for the ritual and symbolic correctness of society as a whole—a matter of far deeper importance than those words imply to an uninitiated modern ear. If a householder acts out of ðamë, she becomes a 'tyrant' (that is, one who rules by false human authority rather than by true Divine authority), and her household is 'aðamic'. The disorder affects not only the household concerned, but will have reper-

cussions throughout the whole organism of society—and if such disruptions become general, they will have effects on the cosmic order as a whole. To one indoctrinated from birth with the rationalist-materialist outlook of the modern world, this latter may seem ‘far-fetched’; but once one understands how all orders of reality are linked together by strict correspondences, nothing could be more obvious. Indeed, the transgressing of ðamē in households of the late-matriarchal period was both a cause and an effect in the progressive crisis which has led to the setting up of patriarchy and to the spiritual chaos of modern times. A crisis and degeneration, moreover, which extends considerably beyond the human and physical spheres.

Profane myth teaches that there is no purpose to human existence except self-preservation and ‘the pursuit of happiness’ (a will-o-the-wisp if ever there was one!). This is a dangerous falsehood. Individually, the purpose of a human being is salvation and the perfection of her immortal soul. Collectively, the human species has a vital function within the cosmic order as a whole. Human society, when it adheres to the Norm, is a great Temple, and each stone within it is a microcosm of the Temple—a household. Every act within human life is a ritual act, binding the soul closer to She who created her; and the context of these ‘minor rituals’ is the ‘minor temple’ of the household.

If maidkind is to survive the coming crisis, a spiritual foundation must be laid from which she may return to the authentic human Norm in which alone she can continue to exist. That is why it is imperative that ðamic households should be set up, centred on Dea, ritually pure and obedient in the Way of Harmony. As the crisis deepens, the counter-movement must already be in motion, with households returning one by one to

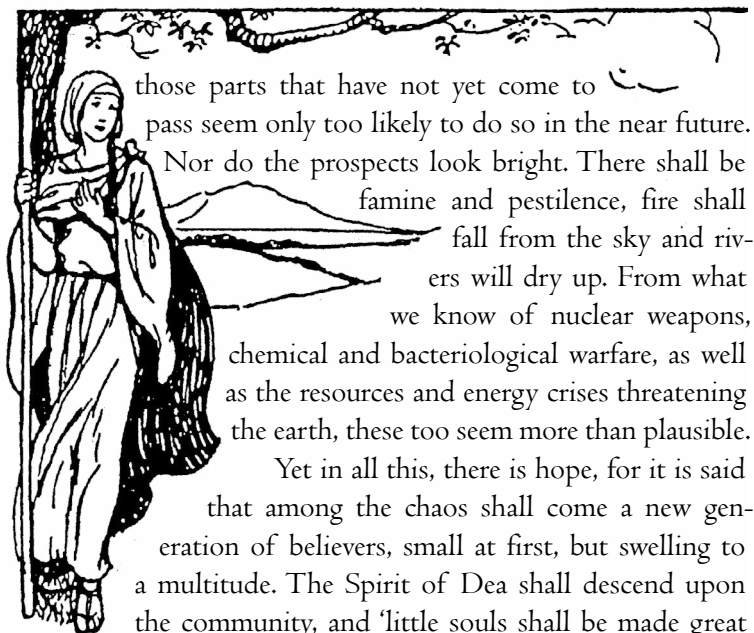
ðamë, just as once they left it one by one. There is no other way of tackling the crisis at the root, for its roots, like the roots of all material things, are spiritual.

The way of obedience is the way of Sai Herthe; the way into the warm glow of the hearth-fire. The alternative we can see only too well, for it is almost upon us—the ever more garish lights of the last days of the Coca Cola society, followed inevitably by the cold and darkness of spiritual death. But it is not too late.⁵²

SHE WHO IS COMING

Old Madrian traditions tell that a time shall come when the patriarchal regime shall fall into decay. All its institutions shall be eaten away from within by the violence and unrighteousness that is inherent in the very nature of patriarchy. First, it is said, the idolaters shall apostatise even from their own idolatry. The image of the male god shall be pulled down and men shall worship only themselves. The last remnants of legitimate authority shall vanish and money shall be king. Great tyrannical states will control the lives of their victims with innumerable laws and regulations, until the whole earth is under the dominion of one monstrous tyrant, ‘the son of Irkalla’. The people will no longer farm their own land, but will be forced to work as slaves in great cities and the rulers will tell so many lies that nobody will know what the truth is. They will confuse the people about right and wrong; adultery, theft and violence will be rife; and ‘not one in a hundred shall know how to pray’.

Hearing these ancient prophecies, one can only be startled at how closely they describe the present time, and how



those parts that have not yet come to pass seem only too likely to do so in the near future. Nor do the prospects look bright. There shall be famine and pestilence, fire shall fall from the sky and rivers will dry up. From what we know of nuclear weapons, chemical and bacteriological warfare, as well as the resources and energy crises threatening the earth, these too seem more than plausible. Yet in all this, there is hope, for it is said that among the chaos shall come a new generation of believers, small at first, but swelling to a multitude. The Spirit of Dea shall descend upon the community, and 'little souls shall be made great by the Spirit'; helati shall walk among them, and 'wondrous things be accomplished on earth and in the heaven'. Many will suffer and die as martyrs, but they shall be taken up into the glory of Dea, and 'a hundred shall come where one is fallen'. And at the height of the crisis, or just past it, 'shall appear a hera beyond all helati, who is the very messenger of God'. Her voice shall be a light in the darkness, and those who look on her shall know the Truth. She shall not be proud, but gentle and humble, yet 'none shall see her without trembling unless her heart be made of ice'; her beauty will be overwhelming, yet it is not beauty of the body, but radiance of soul. She will be 'simple as a woodland creature, yet her wisdom shall be deeper than the sea'.

This maid it is who will lead the weary world back into the light of our Mother's love. The Age of Irkalla (Kali Yuga, or the Iron Age), which has held us in its ever-thickening darkness for over six millennia, shall pass away like a nightmare from which the world awakens. We are approaching the darkest hour, but by the same token, we are also approaching the dawn. Already the 'new generation of believers' is beginning to appear. Already one great soul has walked among us in the person of Mother Alethea, who brought the Madrian faith back to its ancient purity a little over half a century ago. And even now there are the tremors of a new movement upon the spiritual horizon. Can it be that there are children alive today who will live to see the maid of maids, our Lady's messenger on earth?⁵³

THE DARKEST HOUR

THE WORLD IN THE LATTER DAYS

We are rapidly approaching the end of the age. On every side, the spiritual roots of human society are falling into decay. The last threads which link the shadow-world of physical matter to the ultimate Reality which lies behind it are being snapped. Even the rhythms of nature which constitute a ritual which continues without human coöperation, and her virgin majesty which is a temple not made with hands, are being crowded out by the ugly artificial environment created by technological materialism and the unnatural and inhuman machine-rhythms imposed on us by the reign of ironmongery.

Until even a few hundred years ago, the idea of life and work as separate from something called 'religion' would have been incomprehensible. Agriculture and the crafts were ritual

activities not only producing food or artefacts, but also nourishing the inner maid and forming a vital part of her life's journey—the journey from birth to death, whose every step brought her nearer to God. Once the separation had been made, the flood-gates were opened to every kind of deviation. The initiatory path of craft degenerated into the coolie-labour of the factories, and agriculture is disrupted by the obscenities of factory farming and the battery system.

Nobody is in control of this process; it trundles forward under its own increasing momentum, crushing all that lies in its path. Quite apart from the terrifying multiplication of destructive weapons and the ecological disaster which looms over us as a virtual inevitability (the world has been likened to a stranded ship rapidly running out of food and supplies), the process results in shoddier goods, uglier surroundings, more tasteless and less nourishing food, while work, for the majority of people, is reduced from a true vocation to a mere chore. The question of whether anybody likes it, wants it or benefits from it is never asked; everyone from the highest to the lowest stands mesmerised by the myth of progress like a rabbit mesmerised by a serpent. 'You can't stand in the way of progress', they cry; whatever the cost in terms of human dignity, the environment, or even our very survival. The Process has taken over. The machine has become dictator. Humanity is merely its servant.

There is a rather callow type of pseudo-evolutionism which attributes this cult of constant change to humanity's 'growing up' or 'coming of age'. In fact such accelerated metamorphosis is a sure sign of decay. The human body, which takes some twenty years to come to maturity, decomposes in a fraction of that time.

Wherever some vestige of spiritual and metaphysical Truth, however degenerate, survived as the cardinal directing principles of life and work—whether in tribal Africa or India, in Tibet or among the North American Indians—it has been systematically destroyed over the last century, either by physical brutality (as in the last two cases) or by methods more subtle but no less deadly. All over the world the understanding of the world in terms of the metaphysical realities which underlie it has been replaced by a shallow materialistic mythology based on outdated mechanistic physics and paperback Darwinism, served up by the media and the ‘education’ system as the apogee of human knowledge.

But even the triumph of materialism is not the end of the story. For over 300 years the western world has been sealing itself off from everything above the physical level and spreading this spiritual darkness over the entire globe. But already the point of total materialism has been passed. For materialism was only one stage in a process far deeper and more sinister than the simple-minded materialists, who have acted as its unwitting agents, can possibly suspect. The process by which the age of Irkalla (Kali-Yuga or the Age of Iron—the last phase of the historical cycle) comes to its logical conclusion, and all the darkest and most inferior possibilities of the cycle rise to the surface. The physical world is now effectively cut off from all authentically spiritual influences—sealed off from above—but now the second phase of the process is beginning. Cracks are appearing in the hard crust of matter, and the influences which are now seeping in are not supernatural, but sub-natural.

On every level one can see this reflected. At the Renaissance, art changed from a stylised sacred art to a naturalism

which attempted to capture not spiritual Reality but physical 'realism'. Now realism has given way to 'surrealism' of various sorts, representing neither the Spiritual nor the physical, but the chaotic domain of inferior psychism—it is an inverted parody of sacred art: diabolic art. Psychology originally meant the 'study of the soul'. By the 19th century it had given up all pretence at belief in the soul and had become purely the study of mental consciousness; yet before the end of that century, it had plunged into the murky depths of what its practitioners aptly termed the sub-conscious. Again, an inverted parody of true psychology. Even in physics, once the stronghold of materialism, the old certainties are breaking down. Nineteenth century mechanistic materialism—although it still provides the 'scientific world-view' of the average person—can no longer be held by any serious scientist. But the influences which are breaking through have nothing to do with the Spirit. They are the forces of pure chaos and disorder.

Certain vaguely 'spiritual' people are applauding the breakdown of materialism. They are dangerously deluded. Cut off from Spiritual principles, the world has not the least defence against the forces of darkness. It would be far wiser to huddle in the relative safety of materialism.

To rejoice because Russian scientists have (re)discovered certain psychic powers is worse than short-sighted. Imagine the horror of a tyranny which can read the very minds of its victims. And is it a coincidence that this research is being so avidly pursued in Russia of all places? It is frightening enough that such powers should lie in the hands of tyrants and madmen; but with the world lacking all direction, driven at ever-increasing speed by blind forces it does not understand, beckoned on

by the grinning skeleton of 'progress', one is compelled to ask: 'In the hands of whom do the tyrants and madmen lie?' Or rather, in the hands of what?

The question needs no answer, for this is the Age of Irkalla, and the world is necessarily in the hands of the forces of darkness. The decay which began when the first male god was worshipped is coming to its inevitable conclusion. If materialism was a dead, neutral darkness, the inferior psychism which is beginning to invade the earth is a living darkness. Increasingly, these powers are using ignorant human beings—now totally sealed off from the Light—to open 'fissures' through which they may enter. Wherever people dabble in psychic or pseudo-spiritual activities while lacking any genuine knowledge of metaphysical principles, these forces will enter. This explains the occult revival, the growth of 'women's spirituality', many 'new age' groups, etc. The sincere sentimentalism of these groups—lacking any transcendent Principle and indistinguishable from materialistic 'humanism'—is of no help, for the essential danger lies in the lack of First Principles. We hear not the clarion call of a New Age, but the death-rattle of the old. And behind the noise and clangour of the modern world, we hear Irkalla's death's-head laugh.

Yet after the death comes the resurrection. After the Iron Age, the Age of Gold returns. And already, the primordial Spirituality, our Lady's faith, begins to spread once more upon the earth. We cannot call it the dawn of a New Age, for things will get worse before they can get better; but it is at least the seed of the Coming Age.⁵⁴

AMAZONS*

The last five or six thousand years have constituted Kali Yuga, or the Age of Iron; the tail end of history, in which the supernatural light in the heart of maidkind begins to fail.

The first millennia of the Iron Age saw the decadence of the old matriarchies and the gradual encroachment of patriarchal and semi-patriarchal forms of society and religion. The Madrian faith and matriarchal order which had been the basis of human life for untold ages was beginning to give way to a cruder religion and a harsher way of life which would lead eventually to the violence and materialism of the modern world.

Large parts of the world remained untouched by these changes. Some did not even hear of patriarchy until many hundreds of years later. But in the eastern Mediterranean, the Middle East, India and China, semi-matriarchal and semi-patriarchal regimes vied with each other, producing almost every imaginable form of hybrid government, while at the same time religious orthodoxy and primordial Truth were ignored in favour of outlandish cults reflecting the political situation. Male 'sons' and 'lovers' were invented for Dea, and even, in a few barbaric patriarchal tribes, the first hint of a male 'god of wrath' equal or even superior to God Herself.

At first the faithful saw little to choose between the decadent matriarchies on the one hand, whose queens no longer ruled in accordance with God's law, and where religion had become a mere adjunct to 'real life' (as if the whole purpose of

* This article was later republished by Rosa Madriana in a substantially redacted form. See 'A Brief History of the Amazons' (vol. 3, pp. 1452 ff.).



earthly incarnation were not the spiritual progress of the soul), and on the other hand the new male states. Of course, the very fact of having male rulers was a breach of ðamē—the sacred Order of society—but then ðamē was disregarded in any case.

Many of the faithful fled the degenerate cities and gathered in small religious communities in out-of-the-way places. But it was not until savage, fully patriarchal tribes began to invade the effete societies of the cities that people fled in large numbers. The refugees were welcomed by the small, convent-like communities, and soon, as they swelled, they developed into city-states in their own right, practising many arts and crafts and ruled by priestess-queens in the old, God-centred, ðamic way. These societies, from their devotion to the Daughter, Inanna, and their proud display of Her symbol, the moon, were called moon-maidens, or, in Greek, Amazons.

As these cities flourished under the law of Heaven, the patriarchal kings began to attack them. But the votaries of the original communities were well-versed in every aspect of sacred and spiritual art, and taught the Amazons how the martial arts of archery and swordsmanship could be perfected by spiritual principles.* Soon the Amazon armies were the most powerful in the world, capable not only of the defence of the homelands, but ready to go out to liberate nations which had been conquered by patriarchal tyrants. The Amazon campaigns were overwhelmingly successful, and for several centuries, they

* A note to the original reads: 'The infantrymaid pictured on [the opposite page] is dressed similarly to the Amazon in *The Moira Handbook* [vol. 3, pp. 1383 ff.]. She wears a helmet with a high horsehair crest, leather body armour reinforced with metal strips, a short, full, pleated skirt and tall leather boots. She carries a *pelta* or moon-shield. A cloak was often worn over this uniform, fastened at one shoulder.'



reestablished ðamic societies in most parts of the world. The patriarchies became no more than a handful of savages on the fringes of civilisation.

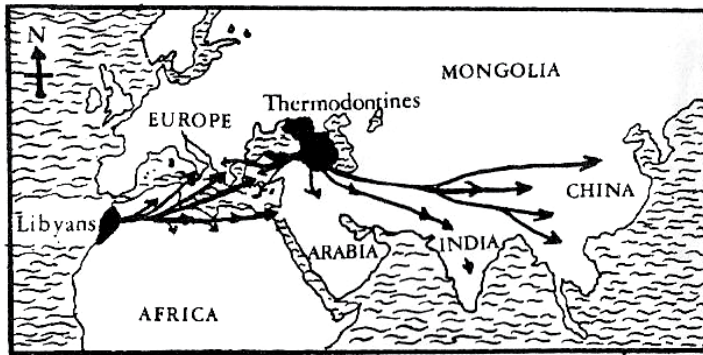
The Amazon empire in the west, which had its main centre in Crete, established a peaceful and deeply spiritual civilisation—a *Pax Amazonia* which lasted about as long as the Roman Empire.

From an overall historical perspective, however, it was only a brief respite for the ancient civilisation in the face of the encroaching tide of masculist-materialism.

As the Iron Age wore on, new patriarchal barbarian inroads were made, and eventually the Empire, already suc-

cumbing to a new decadence from within, fell. Again, the old Amazon tradition was revived. Purified Amazon nations regrouped on the edges of the patriarchal world. The two major

groupings were the Libyans in north-west Africa and the Thermodontines, between the Black Sea and the Caspian. The Thermodontines were by far the largest confederation, and they struck out from their Central Asian stronghold into Europe, India and China, often with great success. Even patriarchal accounts tell how an expedition from the Thermodontine capital of Themiscyra conquered much of Greece and laid siege to Athens itself for four months.



THE LATE AMAZON CONFEDERATIONS
& their lines of conquest

The Libyan Amazons in late times also conquered Asia Minor and most of the Aegean area. Their queen Myrine founded many famous cities, including Smyrna, Synope, Mitylene, Magnesia, Myrine and Pitane. She was the first person to colonise Samothrace, which she dedicated to Dea. The great Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, was erected by Amazons.

The stubbornness with which modern patriarchal writers have refused to accept the history of the Amazons as anything more than a legend is a glaring symptom of the dishonesty of

modern historians on the whole subject of matriarchy. To this day, reliefs and statues of events from the last Greek-Amazon war are to be found all over Athens, and long into 'classical' times a yearly festival was held there to celebrate the raising of the siege of the Thermodontine army of Queen Oreithyia. Quite independently of the Greek accounts, the Chinese annals speak of the 'western women's kingdom' between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and the patriarchal Indian epic, the Ramayana, speaks of 'the warrior women' in the same region. Plutarch, Diodorus Siculus and other reliable classical authors give detailed accounts of Amazon campaigns, and the part played in the Trojan War by an Amazon contingent under Queen Penthesilea is recounted (rather fancifully) in the Iliad.

If all this evidence referred to anything else, it would simply be regarded as an ordinary piece of history. Nothing but the ingrained prejudice of patriarchy has ever cast the smallest doubt upon it. One is reminded of an incident in which an official of a well known photographic company was asked to certify that there was no evidence of forgery on the famous Cottingley fairy photographs. Having examined them, he said 'I can't do that.'

'Why?' he was asked. 'Is there evidence of forgery?'

'No.'

'Then why can't you give a certificate?'

'Because they're fakes.'

'How do you know that?'

'Because there's no such thing as fairies.'

And in the eyes of the patriarchal bigot, all evidence of Amazons must be 'fake', because there's no such thing as Amazons. This case shows up clearly the entire attitude of patriar-

chal historians toward matriarchy as a whole for what it is—a tissue of party prejudice.

In recent years, archæologists have uncovered the tomb of a high-ranking Amazon officer near Kishinev in Moldavia—the heart of the old Thermodontine territory. She lived toward the end of the Amazon period in about the year 2652 of the Iron Age (450 B.C., profane time) with her war-horse, spears and arrows as well as gold earrings and other personal adornments. Patriarchal historians cannot dismiss this as a ‘fake’, but they can, and will, ignore it.

Because the story of the Amazons has (outside the traditional Madrian communities) been told by the patriarchs whom they fought, they are thought of as a warlike people. But on the whole, although they had their battles both of defence and of liberation, they were the very reverse. And although their feats of arms reprieved civilisation for several centuries and alleviated the sufferings of thousands who had fallen under the yoke of patriarchal tyrants and torturers, these were not the most important of their achievements.

With the dawning of the Iron Age, the ‘spiritual atmosphere’ of our world began to harden and grow grosser. The old life, permeated by the Spirit at every level, was now above the reach of the mass of maids, and fell into decay.* The old votaries, the mothers of the first Amazon nations, knew this, and under their guidance a new way of life was born; a way

* A note to the original reads: ‘The serenely dignified stola of the Cretan noblemaid pictured [on the opposite page] reflects the spiritual atmosphere of the *Pax Amazonia* of the early Cretan Empire, in sharp contrast to the well-known bright, bare-breasted jackets, transparent chemises and gaudy, multi-layered skirts of the later decadence of Amazon Crete.’

simpler and less demanding, suited to the weaker souls of our Age that cannot tread in the footprints of our mothers.



Wherever true spirituality has been able to survive under patriarchal conditions, it stems from the Amazon heritage. Taoism is the Amazon legacy in China. The western tradition transmitted by Pythagoras, Plato and Plotinus, through the Eleusinian Mysteries, and continuing, in a somewhat enfeebled form, in certain strains of Christianity, stems from the legacy of the great *Pax Amazonia* and later from the Madrian mystery schools of Babylon (conquered by Queen Eurypyle, c. 1340 (1758 B.C.)) and Egypt.

More importantly, this great intellectual and spiritual people has bequeathed us a Madrian life that we are able to practise in the Iron Age. The Madrian faith has survived all the patriarchal attacks. Tyrants have come and gone. Patriarchal religions have run their course and died, but the Madrians are still here. And we will never forget how much of this we owe to the holy Amazons. The world's first faith will be the world's last faith, and that faith will spread out across the earth again, ushering in the new Age of Gold as the Iron Age draws to its close. The last Amazons died in defeat over 2,000 years ago. They had lost their last battle. But they had won the war.⁵⁵

BLACK ALCHEMY THE INNER MEANING OF NUCLEAR TECHNOLOGY

It is often said that the predominant tendency of the modern world is materialism—the belief that nothing exists beyond physical matter and the attempt to drag everything, from truth and beauty to the human soul, down to the level of physical epiphenomena. Certainly it is true that for the last four hundred years this process has been the dominant factor in human affairs. The systematic cutting off of the human world from everything ‘above’ the level of the physical has characterised the movement not only of materialistic ‘scientism’ and ‘philosophy’, but also of the arts, politics, industry and every other facet of the period. This was only to be expected—and indeed had been predicted thousands of years ago—as the patriarchal Dark Age draws to its final and darkest phase.

Today, however, the phase of simple materialism has already been passed. The degeneration of the world must continue to a stage still lower before it is complete, and the renewal of the matriarchal Golden Age can take place. Having cut off the world wholly from all influences ‘above’ matter, the stage is now set for the penetration of influences from ‘below’ through the widening ‘cracks’ or ‘fissures’ in the artificial material surface of the world—the ‘breaches in the world-wall’.

We may see this process in art: at the so-called Renaissance, painters turned from a stylised art designed to depict the inner spiritual essences of things to a purely ‘naturalistic’ representation of outward physical appearances; but the modern ‘surrealist’ schools have turned from physical nature, not back to a

spiritual art, but on the contrary, to its inverted parody, to the chaotic regions of inferior psychism. Western religion degenerated into Protestantism, gradually stripping away all but its most outward and moralistic manifestations, until it arrived at the agnosticism/atheism of the modern world. But it did not stop there. This century has seen the rise of the necromantic cult of 'spiritualism', neo-witchcraft, and a welter of 'esoteric' pseudo-religions, all drawing on inferior psychism, the inverted parody of religion, for their 'inspiration'.

Nowhere is this decline through materialism to inferior psychism more apparent than in the development of modern nuclear physics, which claims to investigate the very basis of matter. Now what, in fact, is matter? Pure matter is the completely plastic 'support' of cosmic manifestation. It has no qualities in itself, but is simply the 'mirror' in which Divine Ideas or Archetypes are reflected; the medium through which they are manifested; the formless wax upon which the stamp of all forms is impressed. To seek this pure matter is impossible, since it has no size, no weight, no colour, no shape, no qualities of any sort, until these are impressed upon it. Obviously, it is not 'physical' in any sense.

This is 'first matter', but there is also a 'secondary matter' relative to our plane of existence. This is the extreme-point of material consolidation, the furthest possible remove from pure Spirit. Then again there is 'ordinary' earthly matter. The ancient matriarchal alchemists took lead as the symbol of this 'ordinary' matter. Theirs was a complex spiritual discipline which symbolically sought to transmute this leaden matter into pure Spirit, represented by the solar metal, gold.

Now, if we look at the Periodic Table of the elements, we can quickly grasp the special position of lead. The first element, hydrogen, is the most chemically simple, having only one proton to its atom (hence its atomic number, one). Its name means literally 'birth of water', and hence it is the origin of all life. As we progress in atomic weight, we come quickly to 6, 7 and 8: carbon, nitrogen and oxygen, the basic building blocks of organic life. Later we meet with elements more concerned with 'solidity'—20, calcium, the builder of bones, 26, iron (still a necessity for life). One might suppose the process of adding protons to be infinitely extendable, but it is not. When we reach 82, lead, a turning point is reached. All elements beyond this point are unstable. They decay radioactively, emitting radiation. Uranium, for example, decays through a number of unstable elements until it becomes lead. Ten radioactive elements are found in nature, the heaviest being uranium. They are always found in tiny deposits. In larger amounts their radiations are harmful to all life, causing mutation, cancer and disease. An accumulation of uranium exceeding about 35 lbs. is so abhorrent to nature that it decays in a split second, setting up the chain reaction which we call an atomic explosion. A nuclear reactor contains several tons of uranium carefully separated by other materials. It is a controlled atomic bomb.

No element heavier than uranium exists in nature, but ten others have been created artificially through nuclear fission, including 94, plutonium—named after the patriarchal god of death, and rightly so, since it is more poisonous and radioactive than any natural element—americium, berkelium, californium,*

* A note to the original reads: 'The west, "land of the setting sun", is a symbol of the decline of civilisations. Materialism was born in the west and

the latter a truly horrendous element which probably forms the basis of the neutron bomb, which, without actually 'exploding', simply destroys all life within a given radius. Just as the first elements are the basis of all physical life, so these final super-heavy elements are wholly destructive of all life.

Now the ancient matriarchal alchemists really did have the secret of turning lead into gold. But the physical effect was for them the least important part of the operation (unlike those later patriarchal alchemists who tried—and failed—merely to enrich themselves). They knew that physical things are no more than the shadows of spiritual Realities reflected in the 'mirror' of matter; that all things have a symbolic essence which is far more 'real' than their temporary physical existence. Alchemy was a powerful ritual for the release of the soul from matter (lead) into the spiritual Sun (gold) which is the Mother.

Nuclear technology also has a symbolic essence. It delves into the realm heavier than lead (symbolically below the realm of ordinary matter), plunging toward secondary matter itself, pure quantity with no qualitative distinction (and is not the aim of all scientism the reduction of all things to quantity?). But between our world and the domain of undifferentiated matter lies an abyss, which is the abyss of chaos. Below lead we find elements not denser and more consolidated, but chaotic and unstable elements which destroy themselves and everything about them. Nuclear fission is truly a black alchemy

imposed upon the east. America, especially the eastern seaboard, has for a century been the extreme type of western materialism. It is no coincidence that today California, the far west of America, plays an important role in black alchemy [see pp. 342 ff.], and is also the world's largest centre for pseudo-religion.'

which sinks below lead rather than rising above it, first gathering the heavier-than-lead elements which nature has dispersed in harmless quantities, and then literally transmuting them into elements heavier and more chaotic still.

And this black alchemy has a ritual potency, just as true alchemy did, for just as gold symbolises the solar Spirit, so the super-heavy elements symbolise the chaotic and unstable forces of inferior psychism. Just as the true alchemist called upon superior influences to lift maid above her earthly condition, so the black alchemist unwittingly invokes the most degenerate influences of the psychic plane to drag her below it. Black alchemy is both the product of the inferior psychic movement of the final days of the Dark Age and an effective force for its acceleration. Its effects on the physical plane are well known to be deadly; but its effects on the psychic plane, though more subtle, are no less so. It is the 'sacrament' of the final phase of the patriarchal descent into matter.⁵⁶

SNAKES & LADDERS

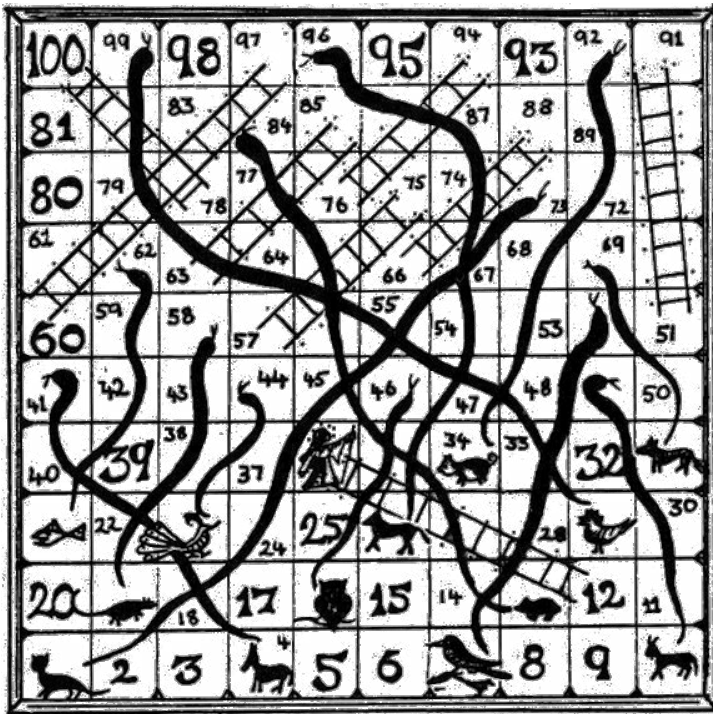
THE MEANING OF THE GAME

Snakes and Ladders is a popular fireside pastime for this time of year; * yet of all the people who play it, perhaps only a fraction is aware that its origins go back to matriarchal times, that it is a game with a very definite spiritual meaning and that it has been used for thousands of years in the teaching of the spiritual principles of life to children and adults alike.

* This article originally appeared in a winter issue of *The Coming Age*.

Of course, the game does not have anything like the almost inexhaustible depth of metaphysical significance that we find in chess and other more 'serious' games, but on its own simple level it is a mirror of the soul's Quest which contains a great deal more detail than at first meets the eye.

Modern versions of the game are, of course, designed haphazardly, any number of snakes and ladders being arranged in any order which will give a good chase. But in the traditional game, eight ladders and thirteen snakes are always arranged in the same positions on the hundred-square board. The hundred squares are in themselves significant, since a hundred years is



the traditional length of a maid's life. The number is made up of 10×10 , ten being the number related to the duration of an historical cycle. Thus the board represents a journey through time; the journey of the soul through her life to her final goal of union with the Mother.

The squares around the perimeter of the board number thirty-six – 6×6 . Six is the number of Sai Werdë, and the predominant aspect of the game is representation of the fate, or werdë, which affects the life of each soul in the form of good and bad 'luck' (ladders and snakes). These seem to be merely chance occurrences, but in fact are the direct result of good and bad actions performed by the soul in this life or in previous incarnations. The die, with its six faces, is the chief agent of 'luck', or werdë, in the game.

Square thirty-six is a turning-point on the board. Before this square various pictures of animals appear. On it appears the picture of a maid. Beyond it are no further pictures. This square lies approximately one third of the way along the path. The first third of the board relates to the sub-human state, the second to the human and the third to the supra-human. Those who have read 'The Wheel of Werdë' will know that this three-fold division is closely related to the werdic six.

Each of the snake's-head squares represents a human vice, and each square from which a ladder rises, a virtue. The animals at the snakes' tails show symbolically the type of rebirth to which each vice leads. The snake squares are: 41 disobedience; 44 vanity; 46 views; 49 impurity; 52 idleness; 58 untruth; 62 joylessness; 69 envy; 73 murder; 84 anger; 92 greed; 96 pride;

* See pp. 49 ff.

99 desire.[†] The ladder squares are: 12 faith; 51 steadfastness; 57 almsgiving; 60 devotion; 63 good conduct; 66 compassion; 76 knowledge; 78 non-attachment.

The position of the snakes and ladders on the board reflects so many truths that one can only begin to expound them in the short space available here.

The first virtue, faith, is the only one which rises from below square 36. This is because the impulse toward God is the defining characteristic of humanity. Without some semblance of spiritual intuition (or 'faith') a creature is sub-human even if she inhabit a human body. Faith may also be translated as *ḍamē*, or adherence to the divine Law. It is through this *ḍamē* or faithfulness that we attain the normal human state—the platform from which all true spiritual advancement may be made. Through faith, or *ḍamē*, the soul attains the normative state of maid from which she sets out upon her spiritual quest in earnest.

Complementary to this, the most elementary sin is that of disobedience. In a normal matriarchal civilisation, God has arranged everything to help the soul; She has laid down laws and customs to guide her, and set Her servants over her in the social hierarchy, which is one great chain leading down from Heaven to earth. A soul does not need to be clever or perfect in the early stages; she only needs to obey her mother and her mistresses, and to obey God's law. Then she will quickly prog-

[†] A previous owner of the editor's copy of this issue of *The Coming Age* inserted the corresponding animals by hand in a marginal note: ass, peacock, owl, goat, cuckoo, rat, fish, dog, cat, shrew, pig, horse, cock. The reader may be interested to compare this listing with the Madrian Literature Circle paper 'An Autumn Evening', which offers an example of a maid being reborn as an owl owing to her vices (vol. 3, p. 1123).

ress to higher stages. The Tradition and social order ordained by God Herself will support her. But if she disobeys, this providential support is lost. In the game she slips back from square 41 to square 4. In the modern world, this disobedience is practised not by a few children, but by the whole of society, from the heads of governments downward. All of them are in disobedience to God and Her laws. That is why the world is in such a chaotic state.

Among the other elementary sins, vanity is quickly followed by views. This fault is often difficult for the modern mind to understand. Sometimes it is explained as 'false views', but this is a little misleading. A better phrase would be 'mental conceit'. Mental speculation alone can never bring us to the Truth. It can reveal certain lesser facts of the material realm, but when it reaches for higher Truth, it merely circles round and round in barren argument. On the mental level, everything is reduced to mere relativity. Different philosophies and ideologies contend, and there is no way of deciding between them beyond personal preference (or 'opinion'). Truth can only be established in the light of the Tradition of teaching passed down through the ages from Ranya (Mistress) to pupil, and established in the beginning by God Herself. The modern world has cut itself off from the Tradition and revels in its own barren mental speculations, which it calls 'science', 'philosophy', 'psychology', etc. A glance around the philosophy section of any public library will reveal dozens of 'thinkers', each with her own views, each presenting her own solution to the cosmic mystery, dictated by the particular set of bees buzzing in her particular bonnet. Nothing holds a soul away from Truth so effectively as a silly pride in 'her own opinions'. This pride is closely bound up

with vanity, which is separated from it by a single square on the board; but as we can see, it is more dangerous, for it leads to a much steeper fall.

The longest ladder on the board is devotion. This may be attained quite early on the path, but leads right up nearly to the end. This shows how even a small soul, not advanced in spiritual practice, can, by a sincere and full-hearted love and adoration of our Lady, ascend rapidly to Her sacred realm. True devotion, and the chanting of Her holy names, are the swiftest shortcut to our Lady's heart. The path of knowledge, though also very great, is more difficult (it starts from a higher point) and is not quite so rapid. But the path which leads directly to the Goal—to the Spirit Herself—is that of non-attachment. This may be realised through love or knowledge. It is the point at which the soul lets go of the ego and all its material desires, and becomes her true Self—that Self which has never left her union with the Mother. It is for this reason that desire is the final sin. At the lower levels, a little desire for the things of the world is permissible, but at the end it may drag the soul down from the very gates of heaven back into the animal world.

In order to end the game, one must throw the exact number required to land on the hundredth square. This indicates the need to tread the Middle Way, avoiding both too little and too much. The true ascetic, for example, both avoids making herself too comfortable and all extremes of self-torment. Her aim is to be unattached to either extreme. At this stage in the game, the player can 'rebound' by up to five squares, which means that even in this final stage she is vulnerable to two snakes' heads. One is desire, as we have seen. The other is pride. Spiritual pride is the 'grown-up' counterpart of the vanity which we en-

countered in the early stages. The temptation to congratulate oneself on one's advancement, or to revel in psychic powers attained through contemplation, if heeded, immediately puts the conquered tyrant Ego back on the throne, and the soul topples back to the sub-human level.

The game may represent many stages in the soul's journey, from the simplest levels of self-improvement to complete Realisation. There is one further rule. If, having gone down a snake or up a ladder, a player cannot say which vice or virtue it represents, she misses a turn. This helps every child to learn the meaning of the game. And the game, in turn, will help her to learn a great deal about the true meaning of life.⁵⁷

ANARCHY OR ORDER?

'We are all anarchists now' might as well be the motto of the modern world. Of course, relatively few people openly endorse anarchism as a political creed, but the anarchist mentality is nevertheless all but universal. One has only to mention the word 'obedience' in modern company in order to get the same reaction that could be produced among Victorian matrons by mentioning legs. To hear one maid refer to another as 'my mistress' would probably send the poor dears into apoplexy or the vapours.

Interestingly, this stands in sharp contrast to the attitudes of all traditional peoples, who regard the bond of mistress and maid as sacred and honourable, founded upon love, obedience and the initiation into the sacred mystery of a craft; whereas to work in some factory or office or other institution for nothing except money—to be 'bought' at so much an hour—is re-

garded as a wretched and dishonourable state, lower even than slavery. As an old lady in a traditional Madrian community once said to me: even a dog is bound to her mistress by bonds of *ðamë*—only the poor cur of a wretched woman works for nothing but the hope of food and the fear of kicks and will run off to any mistress that will give her a mouthful of extra victuals a day.

In the modern world, children do not see why they should obey their parents, and parents often do not see why their children should obey them. To say that politicians and governmental authorities are not respected is to put the case more than mildly.

In short, the modern world has no respect for authority. Why should this be? The answer is simple: because there is no authority for it to respect. Of course, people are always talking about ‘the authorities’, but in fact there are no authorities. It is simply a typically modern misuse of the word. An individual or institution cannot become an authority simply by having power and responsibility any more than a custom or practice can become ‘traditional’ simply by virtue of having existed for a few hundred years.

There are many powers in the modern world, some more powerful than they have ever been before, but there is not a single genuine authority.

There is only one ultimate authority in the world, and that is God. She alone made the world and owns it. She is the source and fountainhead of all other authority. Without Her, no authority can exist. No human being or group of human beings, no human agency or institution, can ever have the smallest authority in its own right. No human being is good

enough to wield power over any other human being. Only God is good enough to do that. Therefore the only human being who possesses authority is she who is in complete obedience to God and to Her laws, and who exercises power solely in Her name and by Her authorisation. Nothing else can ever be correctly called authority. Modern 'governments' pass 'laws' and give orders simply because they have power. They command the armies and the police. But they are not authorities. They are just like a bandit who commands travellers to raise their hands or give up their money on the grounds that he has a brace of pistols levelled at their heads (the claim that they are 'elected' is quite irrelevant, for only God has the right to 'elect' them. 'Democratic election', on the rare occasions when it is anything more than a farce controlled by vested interests, simply makes them like bandit chiefs who have been elected by the gang).

In their hearts all people know this. That is why they have no respect for any authorities. Why should they not strike? Why should they obey industrial owners who have no true authority but are only trying to make as much money for themselves as possible? Why should they obey governments, teachers, etc. who follow no divine Law, but are simply motivated by prejudices or else by the latest theory from the university which will soon be replaced by some newer fad? Why on earth should anybody willingly submit herself to the whims, cranks and cupidity of other human beings no better than herself?

The simple answer is, of course, that she should not. In a world without authority, anarchism is the only logical attitude. But where does that lead us? The modern world is rent by chaos and confusion. Crime and violence become commonplace;

psychiatric disorder reaches epidemic proportions. Young people and older people alike are bewildered and made insecure by the lack of order and of real moral standards. There is unrest in every area of life, discontentment, vandalism, decay. The absurd 'generation gap' grows wider as children take up 'musical' cults which seek deliberately to be as decadent as possible, as if they were seeking some limit; some extreme antithetical point at which harmony and order will be forced to re-assert itself. But it cannot be. Anarchism may be the only logical attitude in a world without authority, but anarchy is only another word for chaos.

So what can be done? If the modern aberration has taught us one thing, it is that there can be no substitute for true authority. False authority is neither respected nor effective. Deep in every heart lies the knowledge that 'the Truth alone is true'.*

Truth is the essence of order. *Āmā* means nothing other than order. A normal matriarchal society is an harmonious whole. Order runs from the highest point to the lowest; for true authority is a golden chain leading back to God. As She has said:

Let the brother obey the sister, and the younger sister obey the elder.
Let the child obey the mother and the husband obey the wife. Let the wife obey the lady of the household. Let the lady of the household give obedience to the priestess: let the priestess give obedience unto Me.†

No human being is good enough to rule any other. Only God is good enough to rule. It is the unconscious knowledge of this

* Mythos 4:12.

† Teachings 8:32–3.

which fires the modern anarchism. In a normal society nobody need be bossed by any party, company, sect or government, nor be pushed about in accordance with the latest educational/political/social theories and fads. Everyone is ruled by the eternal, unchanging and absolute law and government of God. As She has said: 'To rest in the hands of a mistress that ruleth in ðamē is to rest in Mine own hands, and I shall infold you in the hand of love and keep you in a gentle safe-keeping.'* This is the only way to a loving, trusting and harmonious society dedicated to the true aim of human life, which is to draw nearer to She Who created it.

Of course, we cannot change the whole of society overnight; but it is for every family, every household, every community to return to the harmony and discipline of ðamē; for the husband to obey the wife, the maid to obey the mistress and all to obey God. There is no other way, for the Truth alone is true, and if we cannot or will not have the one true Order, then we will certainly have anarchy. And the anarchy which we see about us today will be only the beginning.⁵⁸

THE CYCLE OF THE SEASONS

In autumn, most of all the seasons, does the mind turn upon the passage of the seasons themselves. For in this mellow and reflective period, the great quarter-year Cycle of the Mysteries of Life passes into its latter part, and our thoughts are cast upon matters of death, rebirth and all the turning wheels of life, which mirror the great Wheel of being itself, and among

* Teachings 8:36.

which the wheel of the year is one of the deepest and clearest reflections.

My mother told me as a child that if one could but live a single year to the full: wholly entering into the Mysteries of each of the seasons; truly living and knowing the inner Truth of each Festival and fast; waxing and waning inwardly with the moon and feeling the companionship and influence of each of the seven great Janyati on the day of the week governed by her, then truly one would know all that is to be known. Truly one would die with our Lady on the final day of that year, and be reborn with Her in glory and perfection upon the Feast of the Resurrection which began the new year; freed by Her hand from the wheel of becoming.

In the earliest times, maid did live in something very close to this complete oneness with the seasons; and it should not surprise us that one of the more prominent features of this latter end of the Iron Age is that she becomes ever more estranged from the year's rhythm. Time is not simply a quantitative measure of the rate at which physical things happen; it has also a qualitative dimension. The very movement of history from the Golden Age through the Ages of Silver and Bronze to the present Iron Age signifies the qualitative dimension of time. Different things are possible in the different Ages. In the first Age, a form of human life immeasurably nearer to Perfection than our own was a possibility. The 'weight' of physical matter on the human soul (and, indeed, upon the manifest world as a whole) was far less. In the last Age, as physical matter hardens and consolidates to the ultimate degree, it is inevitable that a materialist 'philosophy' should develop, and an infatuation with physical technology and its attendant science; and, indeed,

that all the most inferior possibilities of the historical cycle be manifested before it reach its final conclusion. It is equally necessary that the qualitative dimension of time should be forgotten; that the cycle of history be conceived as a straight line, and that this straight line be called by the ironic and unintentionally hilarious title of 'progress'.

Part of this same process is the replacement of the yearly cycle of feasts and fasts, each with its own unique meaning and character, by the monotonous thrum of the five- or six-day working week. From a living round of ritual and a theatre of sacred drama, time is straightened and narrowed into a flat, featureless strip, like a rail-track or a motorway, and, like them, is thought of as having no value in itself, being only a means to an end. Maid herself is herded into cities and workplaces bearing no relation to anything in nature; controlled environments in which the seasons can pass as nearly unnoticed as possible. Even outside the cities the process is similar. Harvest time is traditionally the joyful crown of the year; the whole community takes part in the hard labour, the rituals and the rejoicing, as we have done for generations without number. Among the Blentren (non-Madrians), a maid may watch a field of corn grow from shoot to golden grain through the course of a year; yet if she be away for a single afternoon she may return to find that the machines have come and gone, and she has missed the entire harvest.

Yet the events of the year are ultimately nothing more than the outward enactment of the great spiritual Cycle, of which every earthly time-cycle—from the great historical cycles measured in tens of thousands of years to a single day or night,

or the inhalation and exhalation of a single breath—is but a reflection.

I spoke at the beginning of this article about some of the thoughts which come to the mind in Autumn. This may seem hard for some to understand, but everyone who has lived the year's cycle in work and devotion will know exactly what I mean. Certain moods, certain ideas, an entire attitude of thought and emotion colour the soul in each passing season, changing subtly as the season grows and dies, to return, a little deeper, a little fuller, a little more mature in the following year. For life is not simply a jumble of chance events, but a path leading us, if we will follow it, ever more deeply into the true Heart and Centre of all things.

And it is herein that we find the most fundamental answer to those who claim that modern developments represent a 'progress'. For what is the value of improving certain of the techniques of life (granting for a moment the questionable argument that they are improvements) if it be at the cost of neglecting and failing in life's ultimate purpose? For life is not merely a matter of comfort, survival or wealth; it is a divinely-ordained path, which, if we follow it truly, deepens and matures the soul with each passing seasonal cycle, so that a single life on this earth is a profound and fruitful cycle in the development of the being concerned.

To see the difference between the value of a life in the traditional and modern worlds, we have only to look at what a person from each culture has at the end of her life—in old age. Among the Rhennes the old are respected, not only from custom, but because the passage through the cycles of life, the sacred path of a traditional craft, and all the other aspects of

traditional life have developed in the elder a level of spiritual maturity greater than that of most of the other members of her community. In the modern world the old are 'finished'; they have no further part to play in the exclusively outward and material activities of their community. They are an embarrassment to all concerned, often hustled away into quasi-clinical institutions known, with the usual Blentish sense of irony, as 'homes'. The matriarchal elder has a wealth of stories, songs and cultural wisdom, as well as the wisdom of her craft; she is one of the community's spiritual wellsprings, for all her knowledge belongs to the eternal Cycle of Reality. The modern 'senior citizen' has been left behind by the march of linear time. The songs, the stories, the attitudes and beliefs she learnt in her youth have now become laughably 'old fashioned'. They were nothing but the ephemeral trivia of a material society, and now they have been replaced by fresh trivia. Her craft, if she had one, has probably changed technically beyond recognition. When the traditional maid, confronted by the modern gadget-civilisation, replies, 'all very clever, but what good does it do you in the end?' her words apply with chilling precision not only to the destiny of the soul after death, but also to the latter years of this life itself.

For most modern people, their best hope is to die before they reach old age; and yet modern medicine, with its exclusively quantitative perspective, together with the materialist horror of death, conspire to keep the body alive even when the quality of the machine-maintained existence is less than that enjoyed by the invertebrates. I do not wish to evade the problem or to make it seem more simple than it is. To harmonise one's life, thought and activity with the rhythm of the seasons is to turn

one's back upon the modern world, and—more importantly—to learn to see all things in their true light, as reflections of ultimate Reality, is utterly to reject the whole humanist/materialist thought-world of the last three hundred years. Yet we owe it as a debt of honour to ourselves and to our children, for it is the only way to live a whole, meaningful, and—in the only worthwhile sense of the word—human life.⁵⁹

[LETTER FROM SISTER ALETHEA
TO WOMANSPIRIT]

A recent letter from America implies that you have mentioned our magazine *The Coming Age* in an edition of *WomanSpirit*. Thank you for this. Our correspondent also suggests that you have associated us with the worship of the Christian minor deity Mary. We would therefore also like to take this opportunity to inform you that we do not have, and never have had, any connection with the Christian church, or with any other patriarchal religious cult or organization.

Lux Madriana and *The Coming Age* are the servants of God, and of Her most Holy Ekklesia, and of the holy nation of the Novarhennya, and of all the matriarchal peoples of the islands of Britain. We own no other mistress, nor publish any word that contradicts the word of Scripture: 'One God alone, none other God than She.'

May She be with you,
The Lady Alethea FiaMoura ℥⁶⁰

THE REALM OF THE REAL THE TRUTH OF ART; THE ART OF TRUTH

‘Why are there no great women artists?’ is a question often asked in the profane world. Various solutions are put forward, social, economic, cultural and otherwise, none of which is very convincing. Every modern discussion of this subject begins from the same fundamental limitation of vision—it questions only why maids, by nature or by social position, seem unsuited to ‘art’. It does not occur to the modern mind to ask whether ‘art’—or rather the modern version of it—is not unsuited to maids.

By modern art we mean all that has been produced over the last five hundred years or so since the European Renaissance, for it was at that time that the art of the west underwent a change which set it apart from every art-style in the history of the world. In a true matriarchal civilisation, the aim of all art is to reveal the divine Realities which lie behind the earthly forms of things; for all the things of the material world are but shadows cast upon the veil of matter—shadows of perfect Archetypes, or perfect Forms, the eternal Ideas in the mind of God Herself. The Archetypes exist beyond the world of flux. They are changeless, serene and eternal. They cannot grow less, for they are beyond the realm of decay and dissolution. They cannot grow greater, for they are already absolute in themselves, the perfect expression of the divine Mind. That is why the pure contemplation of any Archetype must lead directly back to God.

It is this contemplation that is the true function and vocation of every authentic artist. Her job is not to copy the

outward appearances of earthly things (far less to express her own personality); it is to reveal the true inner essence of those things—the perfect Archetypes which stand behind them. To discern the Eternal in the changing forms of things; Truth in the illusion of matter; the Perfect in the imperfect: that is the aim of art, or it is not art.

This is true not only of the primordial matriarchal doctrine of art, but of every legitimate or quasi-legitimate art form of the patriarchal world. The necessity for the artist to reveal the unchanging Reality behind the flux of the natural world was understood the world over; whether in the 'Platonic' tradition inherited by Islam and Christianity, in the Taoism and Buddhism of the far east, the doctrine of the Hindu sages, or the less articulate but equally profound doctrines of the Red Indians, or the Africans, the fundamental matriarchal doctrine of art was always passed on—for it is only to a civilisation in an advanced state of decay that any other view of art is possible.

It was precisely such a state of decay which made possible the European Renaissance; and what it produced was an art diametrically opposed to the art of every traditional civilisation, whether matriarchal or patriarchal: an art dedicated to the imitation of the physical appearances of earthly things rather than their underlying Reality, to the proclamation of the illusion of matter rather than the Truth which it conceals.

All art is doctrinal, whether or not it understands the doctrine which it teaches. The doctrine of all traditional art is that the world is but a shadow of the Real, that it is beautiful, and that we must love it—but we must 'love it for that it is an echo of Eternity.*' The doctrine of Renaissance art, despite its

* Fragments 4.

apparently 'Christian' subject matter, is that this world exists in and for itself without reference to the Eternal. The spirit which could produce such an art must inevitably lead to the atheist-materialist chaos of the modern world.

Every traditional art has an elaborate system of rules for its execution, based upon sciences ranging from sacred geometry to the symbolism of colour. These rules makes up the 'language' in which the Truth may be expressed—though that which is communicated can only come through a direct contemplative perception of the real nature of the thing to be expressed. The artist who has not yet attained to this direct perception must carefully follow the method and instructions of her Ranya (mistress), who, like every craft-mistress, is essentially a spiritual teacher.

Post-Renaissance art, on the other hand, developed an entirely different sort of rule—such as the laws of perspective—designed not to express the inner truth of things, but to create the illusion of substance, solidity and materiality; to make pictures that were 'realistic' rather than real.

The 'message' expressed by this new artistic 'language' was not the universal contemplative vision of the Truth (which is always and everywhere the same), but the individual 'genius' of the particular artist. It is significant that it is toward the end of the Mediæval period and the beginning of the Renaissance that works of art ceased to be anonymous like the works of every other craft. For it was at this stage that art and craft, which had always been one and the same sacred contemplative path, became separated—the one to become a mere depiction of worldly things and human emotions, the other to become a mere means of producing material goods. The one leading

to wage-slavery and the factory system; the other to all the grotesqueries of 'modern art' in which a loaf of bread painted blue or a man vomiting into a bucket are accepted as authentic works of art (both have been displayed by prominent galleries*). These last excesses are the natural result of an 'art' which concentrates wholly on novelty and 'progress' (the flux of change) and egotistic self-expression. It may seem far removed from the unquestionable beauty of Renaissance art, but it is in fact is logical conclusion.

What in fact is happening is that one of the inevitable developments of the final phases of the Dark Age is manifesting itself in art just as it is in all phases of human culture. The phenomenon in question is what we may call 'the opening of fissures' or 'the breaches in the world wall'. Up until the last century the world had been undergoing a continuous process of consolidation or materialisation. The materialist doctrines which have been developing and gaining increasing popularity over the last few centuries are nothing more than a reflection of this actual development within the cosmic environment. But the stage of complete 'materialism' has already been passed. The world has been, as it were, sealed off from 'above'. Now the fissures are beginning to open, through which the world may be permeated from 'below'. These influences belong to the region of inferior psychism—they are the inverted parodies of the true spiritual forms which exist throughout a sacred civilization. In art, the process may be stated thus: Traditional art is stylized. Rather than imitating physical appearances it depicts the inner Essence. Untraditional art is simply materialist. It

* The first reference appears to be to Man Ray's 1958 installation of *Pain peint*, exhibited in the Australian National Gallery. The second is unclear.

imitates the outward appearance. Modern art does not imitate appearances, but rather than expressing the spiritual Essence it reflects the contents of the psychic region. Since these are often parodies of the Real, some modern art may actually appear more Essential than, say, that of the last century.

As has often been explained in these pages, patriarchy results from the ascendancy of the material over the spiritual principle. The stage of absolute materialism, therefore, corresponds to complete patriarchy, while the breakdown of the materialism of the last century is necessarily accompanied by the blurring of the old patriarchal lines, the 'liberation' of maids etc. But like the modern 'neo-spirituality' and 'new art', this 'liberation' is no more than an inverted parody of the Real. One in which maid, rather than taking her true place, is always reduced to the level of late-patriarchal man.

In true traditional art (except where specifically excluded) maid has always excelled. In an untraditional art, while she may appreciate it and even participate, it is metaphysically impossible for her to reach greatness. She is, as it were, protected by her inner nature. Modern antitraditional art being a complete parody of the Real, it is possible, even probable, that we may once again see 'great women artists'. One can only hope not.⁶¹

ENTROPY THE DISINTEGRATION OF THE SOCIAL FABRIC

Rome fell not as a result of the barbarian invasions, but primarily because of social disintegration from within. In the last

days the city was populated by a vast rootless and depressed proletariat dependent upon social welfare for livelihood and entertainment (bread and circuses).

A normal traditional society is held together by a common purpose—the pursuit of the one true aim of human life; spiritual realization. Its structures and institutions are direct reflections of heavenly Archetypes (however imperfectly they may function in practice) as are all natural things. Such a society requires no extensive bureaucracy to keep it intact; it requires no police force; its members are united by a common understanding of the purpose of life and a common pursuit of that purpose. This is true not only of a perfect integral matriarchal civilisation, but of any society which retains some link with tradition and has not begun to disintegrate.

Disintegration is precisely the breaking down of society into ever smaller and mutually hostile (or at any rate non-co-operative) units. The nuclear family becomes the only ‘society’ to which anyone owes any real loyalty. The average person will not further the interests of the community except insofar as it is to her private advantage to do so. Laws will be disregarded wherever there is no reason to fear punishment. Anti-social acts such as vandalism will take place wherever there is insufficient security to prevent them.* If the system were not shored up by bureaucratic institutions of every sort it would immediately collapse.

This, of course, is neither more nor less than a description of modern society. The very fact that most people regard it as normal is a testimony of how conditioned they have become. Yet further disintegration is on the way, and we are moving

* See Donna Chrysothemis’ analysis of vandalism (vol. 2, pp. 521 ff.).

rapidly toward a society wherein the only 'society' to which a person owes ultimate loyalty is herself. In many urban slums where disintegration has gone further than in modern society as a whole, the single-parent family is the rule rather than the exception. Throughout modern society, the divorce rate, already astronomical, is rising rapidly. And of course, it is taken for granted that the nuclear family is merely a temporary arrangement lasting some twenty years or so while the children grow up, after which the couple (if still together) will be left alone. The disintegration of the social fabric takes place not only in space but in time. Traditional maid sees herself as one step in a continuous process (tradition) stretching back to the first ancestors and forward to posterity. She will happily plant trees whose fruits she will never taste, which will reach maturity in the time of her great-grandchildren. Modern maid has no sense of continuity with her family's past, far less that of her town or village, and she has no idea where or how her great-grandchildren will be living.

Faced with the chaos and isolation of a fragmented and meaningless society (if it can really be called a society at all), it is little wonder that one in six maids and one in nine men are now treated at some time for mental disorder (to which we must add the thousands who suffer without seeking treatment).

No modern theory or ideology can offer any solution to the situation, for all the notions of society, class, politics etc. of the last 400 years have been formed from the observation of a society in various stages of disintegration. We are now entering the terminal stage of that disintegration.

What, then, is a healthy integral society? It is simply the adaptation of a group of souls to the material conditions

which they are temporarily inhabiting, in accordance with the divine Norm (Ðamē) established from the dawn of human life. A traditional civilisation, like maid herself, is a microcosm of the whole created order; thus, just as the cosmos is founded upon the four elements, air, fire, earth and water, so traditional civilisation is founded upon the four estates: the Haiela (air), the scholars and priestesses who give society its intellectual and spiritual direction; the Raihira (fire), the princesses, nobles and warriors who administrate and, if necessary, defend the society; the Magdala (earth), the largest estate of craftsmaids and traders; and the Paccia (water), the bonded estate who are servants and helpers to the other three.

It may be thought that the system of estates would generate tensions such as the class tensions of modern society; but this is not so, for the system is cooperative rather than competitive. The social body reflects the human body itself—the Haiela are like the head which thinks, understands and decides; the Raihira like the arms which do and defend; the Magdala like the torso wherein all the vital functions of the organism are carried out; and the Paccia like the legs which support the rest of the body. It is no more possible for an integral society to war among itself than for the parts of a body to quarrel among each other.

But all the bodily parts are worthless without the heart, which in traditional symbolism is the seat of pure Intellect (as opposed to earthly reason); the faculty by which maid perceives the Divine Reality underlying the appearances of the material world. The heart in the social body corresponds not only to the Straven (those who have renounced estate in order to pursue the contemplative life) but to the spiritual orientation of soci-

ety as a whole. A society which ceases to be God-centred cannot long remain cooperative. The different estates are no longer pursuing a common purpose; chaos and disintegration rapidly supervene. Recent history provides a striking example of this. Mediæval Europe, although highly decadent and patriarchal, nonetheless maintained a crude approximation of the traditional system. It was, at least nominally, God-centred. Kings were crowned by the Pope and there was a rough likeness of the four estates: priesthood and monastic orders (Haielea); feudal lords (Raihira); craftsmen and traders (Magdala) and serfs (Paccia). Firstly the 'Haielea' became corrupt, putting themselves on the same level as worldly princes. As a result, the 'Raihira' saw no reason to obey them. Thus began the rule of the corrupt 'Raihira', greedy and rapacious without the direction of the 'Haielea'. The Protestant 'reformation' is the culmination of the 'Raihira' revolt against priestly control. However, under the tyranny of the corrupt 'Raihira', the 'Magdala'—especially the rich and decadent urban elements—grew restless. Their revolt is typified by the French Revolution. The result was not the triumph of the true Magdala principle, but of its inverted parody—a society dedicated to 'making' in the most inferior sense; a vast industrial slum in which a handful of rich capitalists exploit the mass of the population in factories and sweatshops. Against this new tyranny comes the 'Paccia' revolution of the present century. Brutal and tyrannical in its Communist and Fascist manifestations, subtly, crushingly all-pervasive in the western techno-bureaucratic state, it everywhere paves the way for the final disintegration of the social fabric.* Regular

* A note to the original reads:: 'We must note that the modern proletariat is no more a true Paccia than the industrial bourgeoisie is a true Magdala,

readers will not be surprised to learn that this fourfold process is a microcosm of the four Ages of world history.

Without this diagnosis the modern disintegration cannot be understood. Even with it there is no solution except that society should return to primordial God-centred matriarchy and to the true microcosmic social order. This may seem far from modern political possibility. But the final chaos is beginning; and when all the falsehoods have destroyed themselves, only the truth will remain.⁶²

THE THREE WERDËS

When we think of Sai Werdë, we are likely first of all to remember that she is the Janya of destiny—the divinity who governs our personal fate. If we have any understanding of the inner workings of things, we do not suppose that anything happens to us by accident. We know that our ‘good luck’ is the result of good actions performed by us in the past, whether in this life or in a previous incarnation; we know that our bad fortune is but the bitter fruit of past ill deeds. Everything is a part of this inexorable chain of cause and effect. The fact that you are reading these words at this moment is an opportunity

but only its inferior parody. The proletarian is not bound in sacred bonds of love and honour to a lawful mistress, but a mere wage-slave, bought and sold at so much an hour by the highest bidder. The traditional paxit despises such helotry. Nor are we claiming that there has ever been or ever could be a true socialism or democracy in which “the people” rule, but only that the parodic “Paccia” spirit is dominant and that the rulers are no longer “gentlemen of independent means” with a corrupt Magdala mentality, but waged politicians and apparatchiks with a corrupt Paccia mentality.’

earned by some previous good action, and whether you take the opportunity or ignore it will have a definite effect upon your destiny in this life and in those to come.

Werdë, with a small 'w', is the thread which runs through all our lives—the motor which keeps them running. We all have countless werdës stored up for us—some good, some bad. Everything that happens to us is directed by them, from dropping a pencil to inheriting a fortune. If we ran out of them, the soul's life in the material worlds would come to an end. But it can never happen, for we have been accumulating them for life after life, and we are creating them all the time. Of course, we will die in this life; but the time and manner of our death is simply another werdë stored up for us, after which we will move on to the form of existence that we have earned while we were here.

But Sai Werdë is responsible for more than simply human fate, for it is she who governs the material manifestation of the entire universe. Thus, the more we understand of her profound symbolism, the more we will understand of life and death and of the very nature of being itself.

Inseparable from the figure of Sai Werdë is the wheel which she bears and her sacred number, six. But the most striking fact about her is that while she is one Janya, she is also three persons—Sai Maia the spinner, Sai Werdë the weaver and Sai Kala who cuts the thread. Sai Maia, the youthful maiden, is the creator of the manifest world. Sai Werdë, the mature maid, skilfully weaves all its events and personalities into the tapestry of manifestation. Sai Kala, the aged maid, cuts the thread of being—this may refer to human death, to the collapse of a civilisation or the eventual end of the universe itself. All these

events are circular, for maids die and are reborn, civilisations rise, fall and rise again, and even the universe, after the night of time, shall be re-manifested. Hence the symbolism of the wheel which Sai Werdë always carries.



The usual Rhennish name of Sai Werdë makes this clear. The closest English relation to this word is 'weird', which originally means 'fate' (Shakespeare refers to this tradition—or to a folk memory of it—when he calls the three witches who foretell Macbeth's fate 'the weird sisters'). But it goes back to an Indo-European root **wer*, to turn, closely related to **welw*, to roll or turn. As regular readers will know, language contains a wealth of profound metaphysical truth,* and these roots are connected with some of the most fundamental words in the Indo-European languages (including 'word' itself). A close study of this would reveal many of the deeper mysteries of the primordial philosophy, particularly as it relates to the process of manifestation. Here, however, we shall only consider those aspects which relate directly to Sai Werdë.

We must understand, to begin with, that turning or moving is the defining characteristic of the contingent world as op-

* A note to the original directs the reader to the article 'Language and "Progress"' (vol. 3, pp. 902 ff.).

posed to the Absolute* ; 'Earth moves, but Heaven is still'.† All movement is a turning (symbolised by the turning of the planet itself), because all movement takes place in time and time itself is circular. The idea of time as a straight line assumed by the modern world is simply the result of the short-sightedness of its philosophical perspective—a section of a large circle always appears to be a straight line, just as the earth seems flat to anyone standing on it. The apparently 'unique events' of history are in truth but repetitions of certain archetypal patterns which must necessarily manifest themselves at their given point within the historical cycle.

The root **welw* brings out another aspect of this turning—we are perhaps most familiar with it in its Latin form, *volve*, where it gives us such words as 'involve', 'revolve' and 'evolve'. The last of these is the most interesting to us here, because it brings out the special secondary meaning of this root-group—the turning not so much of a circle as of a spiral. The historical cycle is pre-eminently a spiral, beginning at the central, principal point at the beginning of the Golden Age, and moving ever outward into more and more 'material' conditions, further and further from the spiritual Centre. *E*-volution means literally 'unrolling' and in this sense, all things evolve. A tree 'unrolls' from a seed; a culture 'unrolls' from a single spiritual 'idea'—or,

* A note to the original reads 'The law of movement applies to every part of manifest creation, and not merely to the physical plane. The souls which inhabit the highest manifest heavens (not to be confused with the absolute Heaven—the Rose Garden of the Spirit, which is beyond *werdē* and all conditioned states) can only remain there until they have exhausted the good *werdē* which brought them there and then they must plunge back into the flux of the lower states of being.'

† Teachings 3:1.

in a profane culture (a phenomenon belonging to the end of every historical cycle), from the inversion of a single spiritual idea. Once we have fully grasped this, we will see how modern Darwinism in particular and progressivism in general is, like every great heresy, simply the perversion and misapplication of a great truth.

In the Ballad of the Bitter Withy,[‡] willow symbolises the binding of Inanna to the wheel of Werdē—this can be more fully understood when we realise that ‘willow’ is a variant of **welw* just as the Greek word *belix* means both ‘willow’ and ‘spiral’.

Having explained this, we may begin to understand some of the complexities of Sai Werdē. On the face of it, Sai Maia, youthful, beautiful and all-bountiful, the giver of all the rich abundance of the earth, is the best of the three; Sai Werdē, giving with one hand and taking with the other, bearing a whip or willow-rod as well as a fruitful apple-bough, is ambiguous, while Sai Kala, terrifying and hideous (whether aged or not), dancing on a corpse with a string of human skulls about her neck, often with a bloody sword in one hand and a severed head in the other, is positively evil. However, traditional doctrine teaches us that the wicked stepmother in the fairy-tales is, in fact, a disguise of Sai Maia. We are aware that while Sai Werdē is three persons she is only one Janya—that she may display at once the characteristics of all three or of any two, or may change suddenly from one to another; but this does not solve the problem in question, for when, in the story of the Three Caskets, the Maia-stepmother suddenly becomes Sai Kala and ‘kills’ her stepdaughter, then she is working in the best

[‡] Vol. I, pp. 265 ff.

interests of the soul.* As a traditional saying about Sai Werdë has it: 'When she is best she is worst, and when she is worst she is best.'

This can be understood only when we realise that from the highest point of view, the wheel of birth and death is a prison. One Scripture begins: 'Bound upon Sai Werdë's iron wheel, the soul cries out'. The coming Golden Age will give place to a new Silver Age and eventually to a new Iron Age even worse than the present one. 'But where does it all end?' asks the modern mind, conditioned by linear history and the notion of progress. The answer is that it does not end. The wheel turns on for ever. The soul can only be free when she leaps off the turning wheel into the changeless perfection of the Spirit. This world of werdë is in fact a form of death for the soul. That is why the concept of fate and that of death are closely linked in language and traditional thought, as is the words 'fate' and 'fatal'. 'Doom' in older English also meant 'fate', and 'moira' itself† is closely linked with 'mortality' and with 'Moura', the month of Inanna's death, just as the willow is the tree of Her sacrifice.

We may see, then, how it is that Sai Maia is sometimes called 'the Great Witch'—the illusionist who keeps us trapped within the mirage of matter. One Scripture speaks of the two blind oxen which keep the wheel turning.‡ One is desire for pleasure and the other is fear of pain—is not that precisely what good and bad werdë instill in us; and is not the blindness of the oxen precisely the illusion of Sai Maia? So is it not really

* A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina's commentary on this story (pp. 86 ff.).

† 'Moirā' was an alternative form often used for 'Werdë' by the Madrians.

‡ Teachings 3:16.

very simple? The truth about Sai Werdē is the precise opposite of the appearance.

No. In the ambiguous and contradictory world of manifestation, things are never quite that simple. All that we have said of the ‘fatality’ of Sai Werdē is true, and yet there are other things to be considered. Six, the number of Sai Werdē, is also the number of the sun. The willow, the tree of death, is also used for sprinkling the water of life, and its other Rhenish name, sally, is closely connected with Saille, a name of the sun (in Irish, *saille* is the name for willow). Here is a paradox indeed—for the sun represents precisely the transcendent Spirit, the still point beyond all the turnings of the manifest world.

So which is Sai Werdē: is she the transcendent Sun or the turning world? The answer lies on many levels, but the simplest is that since this world of matter really is an illusion, it does not actually exist. It is simply a ‘disguise’ of the Spirit. If we could cast off the illusion, we would already be in the presence of the Absolute. And likewise for ourselves, we have only to ‘become what we are’, for in our true Self, we have never been separate from God, we have only suffered the delusion of separation. This brings us to another name for the Wheel of Werdē. It is sometimes called the Wheel of Worth. Worth in this context means ‘becoming’ (cf German *werden*), another *√wer* word. If we are truly ‘becoming what we are’, then we are literally worthy. The whole of the turning world is but the ‘game’ of the Spirit, Who has ‘laughed all the world into being’.[§]

We must take care not to misunderstand this latter doctrine, for the whole error of the modern world is based upon a confusion between the relative and the Absolute—a desire to

§ The reference is to the Silver Star prayer (vol. I, p. 108).

deny the Absolute and to give an absolute status to the relative. Thus, for example, experimental science is exalted to the level of pure Truth; evolutionism seeks to explain creation purely in terms of the flux of matter; the modern world teaches that there are no absolute values, no absolute Truth, that material wellbeing is the highest goal of life. In short, all modern thought tries to make the turning world all in all, to put the change, relativity and transience of the material realm in the place of the Absolute. The doctrine of the solar Sai Werdë is the reverse of this. It teaches that if we can see the illusion as illusion, we begin to become aware of the spiritual Reality which underlies it.

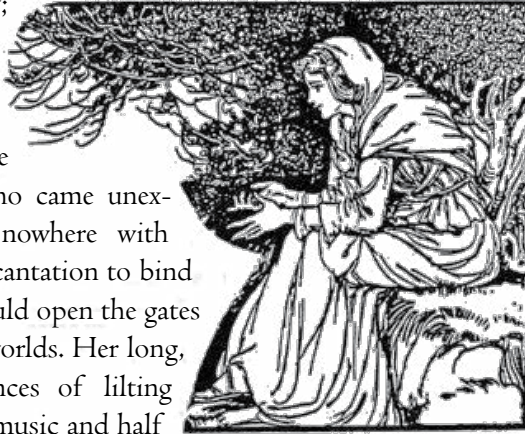
Very much more might be said upon the subject of Sai Werdë, but from what has been said already, it is clear that there are many apparent contradictions and paradoxes in her nature, as one would expect when dealing with the flux and illusion of matter. The important thing to understand is that they are all true. The world is at once good and evil, both real and unreal. Sai Werdë is both teacher and deceiver. The Rhennish maid can at once celebrate Sai Maia the beautiful life-giver and hate the wicked stepmother. That is why she, unlike the modern person, can understand life.⁶³

THE ART OF TELLING TALES

There was a bard came to our house when I was a child. She was not a bard by profession like the wandering minstrels of olden times—in fact she was an aunt of mine who lived on a farm

not far away;
but to me she
seemed, like
those ancient
bards, a creature

of the wind who came unexpectedly from nowhere with the power of incantation to bind spells which would open the gates of a thousand worlds. Her long, sweeping sentences of lilting Rhennish, half music and half



speech, enwrapped me and carried me wherever the story went.

A million miles of wilderness lie between these traditional tales of my youth and the modern novel or television programme. For the former, like all traditional tales, are not simply 'entertainments' which we stand apart from and 'listen to'. They are spiritual journeys upon which the soul embarks and in which she is utterly absorbed, with no part of her 'standing outside' and merely observing. She does not simply 'hear a story about a beanstalk'—she climbs the beanstalk herself.

To the modern person this may seem strange. Her experience is usually that when she reads a traditional tale, such as 'The Wonderful Beanstalk',* she does so with no great involvement, even though she may enjoy it, while a novel or a film will absorb her much more deeply and she will become fully 'identified' with the characters. Why is this? The answer lies in the difference between the modern and the traditional mentalities. The modern mind sees all things as mere 'accidents

* Vol. 3, pp. 980 ff.

of nature' with no ultimate meaning. In the traditional tale there are really no 'characters' at all. The central figure is always the soul, rather than any 'person,' or else, on another level, the divine Spirit Herself. She has no individual characteristics, no 'psychology'. Our task is not to observe her, to find her an 'interesting person', to criticise her or to admire her, but simply to be her. The story is in fact a ritual drama enacted upon the stage of the heart. We carry out each of the ritual actions at each stage of the soul's spiritual path. We live through her trials and her triumphs. To a child, this process comes naturally. That is because the traditional mind is the normal human mind. The untraditional mentality can only be produced by years of indoctrination (which is the true meaning of compulsory 'education'). Any young child (provided she has not been injected with massive doses of cathode poison) will easily and naturally make this complete absorption of herself into the story. This is why she will love the traditional 'fairy tales' best of all. But in a normal traditional society, she will not 'grow out of them'. Rather she will grow into them. She grows from a simple sense of wonder and excitement to a deeper appreciation of their intellectual and spiritual Truth. She begins to understand (as she had always known on one level) that these are not just stories about 'incidents' on the accidental plane of matter, which might have happened otherwise, but direct reflections of the eternal and unchanging spiritual Reality which underlies this world.

The modern maid cannot comprehend this. She has been indoctrinated into seeing this world of accidents and incidents as all-in-all. Therefore she cannot go deeper and deeper into her stories. The dimension of depth is precisely what has been

cut off from her universe. So instead of depth she demands breadth—more incidents, more character, more emotion, more psychological observation, more social criticism etc. In short, ever more of the superficial accidents of the material world. And it is by plunging herself into these that she is able to ‘identify’ with the story. She cannot become involved with the ‘two dimensional characters’ of traditional tales; for being blinded to all that is of a universal order, she can understand stories only in terms of individual psychology. Her complaint, as with all traditional art, is that they are not ‘realistic’. But that is precisely the point. All traditional art depicts the underlying Realities of being. It has no interest in the material accidents of the world, whether physical, emotional or mental, but sees through them to their transcendent Archetypes. All modern art seeks to depict only the material accidents—the shadows of Reality thrown upon the veil of matter.

It is because it dwells solely in the flux of changing matter that the modern mind is so easily bored. The traditional mind dwells—always partially and sometimes wholly—in the realm of the changeless Archetypes, whose eternal stillness contains the quintessence of all possible flux and movement. It is the loss of this consciousness which brings about the neurotic restlessness of the modern world; its constant search for new sensations; its hysterical ‘pace of life’ and its meaningless cult of ‘progress’. All this, as we have noted elsewhere, is what is traditionally called the Passive Life—that life in which the soul is swept helplessly along by emotions, biological drives and external stimuli, a slave to the accidents of the material realm. Equally passive is her attitude to stories. She expects to be ‘en-

tertained', swept along by the story. Thus she does not like to hear the same story more than once or twice.

The traditional maid, on the other hand, knows that a story is a spiritual exercise. Her listening is active and not passive. Therefore the story is a total experience. To hear someone say that she did not want to hear a story again because she had heard it twice before would be as incomprehensible as hearing someone say, 'I don't want to drink beer again. I enjoyed it very much, but I know it now.' The traditional maid will hear the same story countless times, and each time she will enjoy it more and reach a little further into its inner depth.

The art of telling tales, then, is primarily concerned with helping this active participation in the inner essence of the story. It is told in such a way that it may readily penetrate beneath the surface consciousness of the hearer. Sometimes the tale is sung, as in the ballads, but even when told, the voice is never far from music, for music takes us closer to the Real world of the Archetypes. The old matriarchal bards would strike chords upon a lyre at intervals throughout the telling of a tale. In any case, language, poetry and music are always close together in the traditional world. It is said that in the Golden Age maid spoke in verse. I know for sure that our Rhennish dialect, especially when spoken by a skilled storyteller, is a melodious and spellbinding tongue, quite different from the flat, prosaic argot of modern English. Indeed, even if all other things were equal, I do not see how the proper telling of traditional tales could ever be carried out in modern English, for it is a dialect that has grown up entirely for the purpose of discussing the accidents of the material world. As soon as it goes beyond discussing politics or the weather, telling jokes or describing



emotions, it becomes grandiose and overblown or else shuffling and embarrassed. It has no simple, direct language for portraying the inner realities of life. It cannot encompass the grandeur and dignity of traditional humanity, for it was born in and for a world devoid of grandeur and dignity: the vulgar and superficial world of modern materialism.

A million miles from the modern world is a world where fine, high-sounding phrases may be turned in the course of daily conversation, quite without self-consciousness; where the noble and the tragic and the highest of human sentiments may be expressed without embarrassment or trying to make some footling joke of them. A million miles in spirit, but such a world exists among the matriarchal peoples of this county. Such a speech can only come from a people which has retained its spiritual integrity. Yet it is also a support in maintaining that integrity, for, among other things, it can at any time run lilting and rippling off into one of the old tales; caressing the soul with its subtle music and leading her once again to her true Home.⁶⁴

OBEEDIENCE

One could perhaps make a case for declaring that obedience is the first of all the virtues. At any rate, it is certainly true that if one renders true obedience to a mistress in *ḍamē*—that is to say, one who is God's indirect representative within the earthly order of things—one will, *ipso facto* be practising the other virtues also.

All, it may be protested, with the exception of one, & that one, the virtue governed by Sai Sushuri. For Love, it will be

said, may never be commanded; and this, we will allow, is truly said—yet true obedience is the fruit of Love & wheresoever one is to be found, there most surely you find the other.

That obedience which giveth what she must for fear or for advancement—this is what the profane call obedience, yet in truth, she is not more than a counterfeit and a false adulteress. For true obedience binds not the body only but the soul, & tho' we may like the task we are set to no better than the willow-rod that is set upon our shoulders, yet we would not have it any wise other than as our mistress wills it.

For if we love our Lady, then we willingly obey Her, & in obeying Her, obey also the Ranya that She has set over us on the earth. Obedience is the chain that bindeth earth to Heaven, & tho' there be them that say they will love but not obey, yet in such case the love endures not long, & this is proven both by the words of holy Scripture & by the examples of maids & of nations.

So truly we may say, if obedience be not the first among the virtues, yet Love is, & obedience is not the fruit of love merely, but her daughter—& like to God's own beloved Daughter ☆, is not her child only, but her very self.

*Writ by the maid Alethea in loving obedience to her mistress.*⁶⁵

DONNA CHRYSOTHEMIS

SYMBOLISM

It was originally my intention to discuss briefly all the important Madrian symbols. But a symbol, by its very nature, is highly complex and stimulates a great variety of ideas and emotions—and I soon became entangled. So I decided on a series—to begin with a discussion of some of the meanings clustering around ‘the symbol of Venus’.

The Symbol of Venus

This symbol, the circle surmounting the equiarmed cross, is one of the oldest known to us and is still, of course, in regular use in astrology as the sign for Venus and in biology as the sign of the female. In astrology, the planetary signs are composed of three symbols: the circle, the crescent and the cross, associated respectively with Divine Spirit, human spirit and matter. Speculation can begin from this basis.

Clearly, the first idea derived from the symbol is that of the complete domination of Deity over the world of matter—the highest state of existence and goal of every human soul.

In another sense, the symbol stands for Dea as Mother and Creatrix. The circle—equivalent to the full moon—signifies completion, fullness, life and light, and is thus appropriate to the Mother, Who is the breath or manifestation of the absolutely Divine. The equiarmed cross can suggest universality—again associated with the Mother—and also matter in its high-

est form, as Her divine creation. The symbol as a whole thus represents the state existing before the turning of part of creation from the Creatrix—that state of complete communion to which we aspire to return. It is difficult for us to recognise the reality of Perfection and to know that each soul has participated in Perfection and rejected it. Easier by far is it to believe that we have been continually ascending from our first beginnings, that the human soul and human society have evolved and are evolving by their own momentum towards perfection. The recognition of a past involvement in Perfection teaches us that the journey of the soul is a personal one and determined by our choices. Only then can we make our choices freely.

The symbol thus represents the true hope of the human soul; the certainty of personal union with our Blessed Lady. For what has existed beyond time and space exists forever—separation from Dea is only on the material plane, which will exist only as long as it takes for every soul to transcend it into that perfect union beyond.

The circle over the cross also symbolises Dea as Maid—Princess of the World and Queen of Heaven. The moon is the particular symbol of the Daughter, and its invisible control over nature is a shadow of Her sovereignty over us all. This idea is beautifully expressed in the words of the prayer: ‘Your hand governs the tides of the sea and Your glance commands the tempest. At the sound of Your voice the stars move in the course that You have appointed to them, and each season reigns over the earth in its turn.’* The equiarmed cross represents the death of our Lady in the descent into the material and the spreading of Divine manifestation in all four directions of fall-

* This prayer, lamentably, is otherwise unrecorded.

en creation which was achieved by that death. The complete symbol celebrates Her resurrection and return to full majesty.

This symbol, which has such a deep meaning when applied to spirit or Deity, has for æons been used to represent the female principle. The female principle is the triumph of spirit over matter, and it is this principle which we must develop in ourselves and in the community. Its opposite, the male principle, is represented by the sign of Mars—the equiarmed cross (now transformed into an arrow) above the circle. This is significant of the dominance of matter over spirit. A complete domination would be impossible, but there is a partial one, so the cross is set at an angle. It is this that we see when the male principle is highly developed: an increasing acceleration towards materialism and atheism; the tendency to objectivise, to impersonalise the world; the valuing of abstracts such as the state, society, the ‘people’, and universalistic systems; the worshipping of physical strength, size, violence and a technologically oriented science. The other main masculine symbol also represents matter in its lowest aspect, its spiritual dimension eliminated. This is the Tau (T) in which the upper portion of the cross is missing, and the lower portion extended. The Latin or Christian cross with its long lower arm also reflects this symbolism. Both of these are regarded as symbols of death. The changing of the equiarmed cross to an arrow in the sign of Mars (in Roman myth a god of war) is similar; the upper portion again is missing, the lower portion extended, and the arms angled downwards. It is interesting to remember the contrast between Crete and her patriarchal neighbours on the subject of violence and war, and the complete lack of evidence for vio-

lent death or warfare in the excavations of Madrian-matriarchal Çatal Hüyük.

There is a great need for the 'feminisation' of individuals and society; the male principle must be rejected in both. It must also be recognized that this is not a rejection of strength, energy, intelligence, capability—all those things which have been falsely identified exclusively with the male principle in a masculist society. On the contrary, in identifying these qualities with the female principle we see them in their most primitive aspects, and not distorted into brutality, aggression, barren intellectualism and so on, which are typical manifestations of the masculist structure. We must all work to make the symbol of Venus a symbol of the coming spiritual era.

The Egg

The egg has been primarily associated with Dea as the *ovum mundi*, the cosmic egg which is the source of life, hatching the heaven and the earth. Dea has either brought forth the *ovum mundi* or else, as the Daughter, has been born from it. Through these associations, the egg has been seen as the symbol of the Life Force. It is seen as a microcosm, containing all possibilities within it. The alchemists held that the four earthly elements were represented: the shell, earth; the membrane, air; the white, water and the yolk, fire.

More specifically, the egg has always been a symbol of the transmutation from one state of life to another: a symbol of creation and birth, and of resurrection and rebirth. The sudden eruption into radiant new life of the silent sphere of the egg symbolises the origins of life in the creative energy of the Mother, and the triumphant resurrection of the Daughter at

Eastre. The egg has also been regarded as a symbol of initiation, which is a ceremony of rebirth.

The enclosed walls of the egg shell have often been envisaged as holding a precious secret or treasure. In the words of the old riddle: 'In marble walls as white as milk, Lined with a skin of softest silk, Within a fountain crystal clear, A golden apple doth appear.' This fascinating association of the white of the egg with a fountain and the yolk with a golden apple gives the meaning of the secret treasure: which is eternal life, symbolised by the water and the apple (the Water of Life, the Golden Apples of Immortality). The life to which the Daughter is reborn is Life Eternal; so too, when at initiation we are reborn, we enter the timeless sphere of Dea, and step from the finite linear time of the material world to the perfect circle of Eternity.

The Dove

The Great Heavenly Bird, associated so often with Dea, is usually portrayed as a dove. The sacred Name 'Iahu' means 'exalted dove'; the titles 'Great Dove of the Waters' and 'Dove of the Sacrifice', used in the Rites of Dea are connected with the two sacred Events also associated with the egg: the Creation and the Resurrection.

Many ancient creation myths tell of the Great Bird that lays and hatches the cosmic egg, thus creating heaven and earth; in the Hebrew myths the dove-like Spirit of God (always feminine in the earlier Jewish and Christian writings) brooded over the waters in the act of creation.

The dove is also seen as the light of the moon, the spirit of the moon, the messenger of the Great Mother, bringer of

wisdom. In one ancient text, the moon Goddess Ishtar, pitying a humanity threatened by the great flood, sends forth a dove to bring comfort and aid, as a sign of Her love for the world.* The descent of the Dove to the earth is the coming of the Daughter of Dea. In Christian symbolism the Dove is the Holy Spirit, who comforts, protects and guides humanity. The Daughter is both Comforter (Paraclete) and Saviour, the Dove of the Sacrifice—Divinity operating on the plane of material existence. Culverine, the month of the Resurrection, takes its name from the Dove.†

It is interesting to note that the false and usurping god Marduk was said to have ritually sliced a dove in half with his sword at the Babylonian Spring Festival—which shows how early patriarchal religions based themselves on a grotesque parody of true Religion and a direct evil-invoking inversion of it.

In the portrayal of the Dove of the Sacrifice, the heart of the Dove may be pierced by one sword or seven, representing the seven gates of the underworld through which She passed. This also was adopted by the Christians as the seven sorrows of Mary which were as seven swords piercing her heart (the Essene Ebionites believed Mary to have been an incarnation of the Holy Spirit; modern Christian-Catholics see her as the sole agent of the Spirit).

In dreams and visions, the Dove has also been associated with the overwhelming rapture and ecstasy of communion with Dea.

* While doves were commonly associated with the Mesopotamian goddess Ishtar, it is unclear to what specific text this refers.

† The Madrians also sometimes termed this month 'Columbina', which makes the etymological connection clearer.

The Rose

The rose is rich in symbolic content. It has, among other things, been called the symbol of love, of silence, of mystery, of wisdom, of beauty, of perfection, of the cosmos and of the Absolute. Both the simple wild rose and the multifoliate rose, which is known to be one of the most ancient cultivated flowers, have been used as symbols of Dea, especially in the titles *Rosa Mystica* (Mystic Rose) and *Rosa Mundi* (Rose of the World). The rose has been sacred to Her under the names of Astarte, Aphrodite, Cybele, Isis and Mary. It is often seen as three-fold: sometimes red rose, white rose and briar rose, sometimes the white rosebud with the red heart and the golden fruit, and is thus associated with the triple Dea. It is also, of course, the flower of the Rosary, and corresponds to the lotus of eastern culture.

The five petals of the wild rose have an obvious correlation with the five points of the Pentacle, and thus with the five Mysteries of the Cosmic Drama on which the Rosary meditates. The Rose-and-Pentacle is a familiar Madrian design. This rose has also been seen as a type of the human soul, aspiring for fulfillment in the multifoliate Rose of the Divine, and exemplifying the transcendent virtues of simplicity and humility. In this connection it has been described as the chalice into which Divine Love is poured. The wild rose has also been associated with the similarly five-petalled apple-blossom, and, like the apple, has been held as a symbol of immortality.

In the meditation *The Three Roses*,* each soul is described as a petal of the multifoliate Rose which is the Mother-Heart of God, retaining its fragrance although scattered. This is par-

* Otherwise unrecorded.

ticularly the white rose, the rose of pure love which is 'unfolding and everlasting, which changes not nor ever will change'. The white rose is also seen as creator and sustainer of the universe, and is thus a symbol of the Mother. The red rose is the rose of descent, of sacrifice (red is the lowest colour of the spectrum) and thus symbolises the Daughter. It is also the rose of consummation or perfect union with the Mother through the Daughter, the completion of the Sacrifice.

The rose-garden is a representation of paradise, and some have imagined an endless sequence of rose in rose-garden, rose-garden in the heart of the rose, each movement 'further in' moving toward greater perfection and intensity of experience.

The Ear of Corn

The ear of corn is a self-evident symbol of rebirth and regeneration, and thus represents the endless cycles of life. In ancient Egypt it was sacred to Isis, in the middle ages it was dedicated to Mary, and it has also been associated with the Virgin of the Zodiac. It is said to have been the central symbol of the Eleusinian Mysteries, and this seems very probable, for the ear of corn is pre-eminently a symbol of the sacrificial Daughter, celebrated at Eleusis as Persephone. In the Mythos, the Daughter compares Herself to the corn: 'Like to the corn, My body was cut down by the scythe of death; and like to the corn did it rise anew. For I am the ear of corn that is reaped in silence.'[†] And thus the corn is also symbolic of the bread of Communion.

[†] Mythos 7:18–19.

The Apple

The apple is the symbol of immortality and abundance of life. It is the central symbol of Autumn, and corresponds to the west, the evening and the element of earth. These are connected with the end of maid's earthly life: autumn as the end of the growing season, evening as the end of the day, the west as the direction of the setting sun, and earth to which all vegetative life returns. The apple ripening in the midst of decay is a self-evident symbol of continuing life.

The ancient Indo-European word *Abol* (apple) gave us our word, and also gave rise to the German *Abend* (evening) and therefore *Abendland* (evening-land): the west. A number of names for paradise are similarly derived—Avolnus, Avalon, Avernus and Avala itself; while others, e.g. Elysium, Alyschamp, are thought to derive from *Alisier*, Greek for the sorb-apple.

Avala thus means 'apple-land', and is often pictured as an orchard. Legend places it in the west, and it is there that the Tree of Life, bearing the Golden Apples of Immortality, is said to spread its branches. The apples have continued to be associated with Dea throughout ancient myth. In Norse myth, Iduna guards the apples of eternal youth, in Hebrew myth, though heavily patriarchalised, it was still Eve who was most associated with the fruit, in Celtic myth, Olwen owned the apple orchard and in Greek myth, the golden apples were the gift of Mother Earth to Hera and were cared for by the three daughters of Hesperis. The apple is often portrayed as the gift of Dea to humanity; patriarchal interpretations of this, from the 'Apple of Discord' story to the various tales of the theft of the apples show their desire to discredit Dea, while forced to acknowledge

Her supremacy as Life-Giver. The Genesis account of the male god denying the fruit of the Tree of Life to humanity signifies the patriarchal denial of the immortality of the soul.

The apple's sacredness is marked in its seed-pattern: if an apple is cut in half transversely, the seeds show the star or Pentacle of Dea. This also represents the planet Venus as Hesperis, the evening star.

The Tree of Life

The Tree of Life is a symbol of the life of the cosmos and as such is found throughout the world. It is identified with the tree bearing the Golden Apples of Immortality which stands at the heart of Avala. This tree appears frequently in western myth and in most cases is surrounded or 'guarded' by a serpent or dragon. The serpent here represents the opposing spiritual forces which the soul must overcome before she can reach the fruit.

The Tree of Life is also the cosmic or world tree, representing the three worlds of the cosmos: the roots symbolize the lower world or Hell; the trunk the material realm or earth; and the branches the spiritual realm, or Paradise. There is a legend that the pillar on which the corse of the Daughter was hung* is the central root of the Tree of Life. An alternative legend says that the Tree of Life grew from this pillar; this symbolises the creation (i.e., its consolidation from the perfect or spiritual world of the Creation) of the material world, including earth and Avala, through the Divine Sacrifice. The Tree of Life is described as the axis of the world, situated at the central point

* Mythos 5:17–18.

of the universe and stretching out to its furthest corners. It is thus a symbol of Dea as Source and Sustainer of life, Ground of All Being and Absolute Centre.

The Star

The star is the central symbol of winter and especially of Nativity, the seasonal festival. In many different cultures stars have been symbols of Dea under many names: Egyptian Isis and Hathor, Phoenician Cabira, the Norse Freia, the Babylonian Ishtar, Roman Venus, Mary of mediæval Christendom, Chaldæan Tiamat and Indian Durga.

The star is a symbol of both Mother and Daughter. It appears in the Mythos before and during the Nativity narrative and before the Resurrection, both periods heralding their union. As Venus, the morning and evening star (which appears before the sunrise and before the moonrise), it is most often the Mother's—She as the morning star at Eastre* brings in the dawn which is the rebirth of Inanna; as the evening star at Nativity, She gives birth to the Daughter, Whose primary symbol is the moon. But the titles *Stella Matutina* (Morning Star) and 'Bringer of the Light' are also of the Daughter, She Who brings the Light of the Divine to the world. The title *Stella Maris*, Star of the Sea, is another used of both Mother and Daughter.

The Daughter, as the Guide of maidkind, is symbolised by the guiding star, the hope of travellers. The guiding aspect of the star is illustrated powerfully in Mythos 2, where it draws all the children of the earth to the sacred grove. Yet the Silver Star of the waters symbolises the Mother as Creatrix of the

* A note to the original refers the reader to Mythos 6:8.

world, Whose light shone over the sea before the shaping of Her creatures.

The star was often in ancient myth associated with the birth of the Divine Child at the winter solstice. The morning star was hailed as 'Star of Salvation dawning in the East'. The five-pointed star or Pentacle was everywhere a symbol of re-birth, salvation and protection against the powers of darkness.

It is the five-pointed star which is predominantly the star of Nativity. Even more than the other seasonal symbols, which are all (save the cross) based on the number five, the star has a strong affinity with the Pentacle and its complex symbolism.

The eight-pointed star is sometimes used, especially of the Mother, and has been seen as a symbol of the feminine principle and of Divinity. The six- and seven-pointed stars are not properly symbols of Dea, but relate to the seven planetary principles which affect earthly life, and their Janyati (the sun is at the centre in the six-pointed star).

The Sacred Grove

The sacred grove appears in the Nativity narrative in the Mythos, lying around the cave where the Daughter is born. The grove has remained a powerful image, and many cultures retained the concept of a sacred grove when its true meaning had been lost. Many people have experienced a sense of the numinous, the presence of the Divine, in woods and forests to this day. The power may stem from the memory[†] of the soul of

[†] A note to the original reads 'Although we call this "memory", it is more accurately seen as the constant experience of the soul in the cycles of life which echoes the true self's eternal participation in the Great Cycle which stands beyond them all.'

the watching before the cave, the gathering of all the children of the earth in hushed adoration. Coming together for worship in groves of trees has often been a feature of Madrian religion, especially in times of persecution.

The trees of the sacred grove vary greatly in different traditions.* A great many trees have been associated with Dea—the fig tree, the ash, the elder, the palm, the willow—the list could go on indefinitely. In accordance with seasonal symbolism, the grove may be said to contain the willow, symbol of purification and sacrifice (Moura), the yew, the death-tree (Hiatus), the rowan, the symbol of quickening and rebirth (spring), the rose-tree, symbol of union (summer) and the apple tree, symbol of life and immortality (autumn) as well as the silver fir, the tree of birth, winter and Nativity. Because of its associations, however, the most frequent representation of the sacred grove of Nativity is as a grove of silver firs.

The silver fir was in Greece sacred to Artemis, and a branch of the tree, entwined with ivy, was dedicated in Her honour. The tree was also associated with the Mother as Cybele or Nana, and with the Gallic Druantia. The silver fir of birth is said to be sister to the yew of death from the similarity of foliage. Both symbolise different aspects of the descent of our Lady by which She came to us.

Water

The life-giving waters of the silver fountain are the fruit of sacrifice. Water is everywhere associated with Dea, and is especially the element of the Daughter. She has been called the Foun-

* A note to the original reads 'See Robert Graves, *The White Goddess*, for Celtic tree-lore.'

tain of Mercy, the Sweet Waters, the Well of Comfort and the heavenly Elixir. ‘The magic philtre, the love potion, the poets’ elixir, the intoxicant, soma and nectar are... vehicles of transformation, forms of the Water of Life, which the Feminine itself is.’[†] She is the friend who puts the cup to our parched lips and the healing water that we drink. This is especially true in the spiritual sense, but it is also manifested physically in healing wells and springs throughout the world associated with Her under some local name. The most famous modern example is, of course, the miraculous spring at Lourdes given by our Lady in the last century. This act is said to have opened the new age of the return to Her true Faith. The continuing stream of ‘impossible’ cures that has flowed from this spring is so great and so well-authenticated that the only course left open to the determined sceptic is to close her eyes. More recently, at Huntington Castle in Ireland, a well newly dedicated to Dea under the name of Dana began last year to yield healing water which sometimes also emanates a bright radiance.

Water is the primary element from which all life proceeds. On the physical level, we are told that the first biological organisms developed in the sea, while the spiritual act of Creation, of which physical existence is but a faint shadow, is symbolically associated with the great sea (cf. Creation I). Our letter M is derived from the root-word Ma, meaning mother, originally

[†] Erich Neumann, *The Great Mother: An Analysis of the Archetype*, Princeton University Press, 2015, p. 305. [This is the present edition of the translation by Ralph Manheim that Donna Chrysothemis quotes. It is impossible to say if she worked from the first edition (1955), the second (1963), or the first paperback release (1972).]

represented by the water-ideogram (sea-waves). This is the root of many names of Dea: Marah, Mariamne, Mary, etc.

Water is also the element of purification and of rebirth, associated with the season of spring and the Mystery of the Resurrection (as in the Rosary structure*). The water which brought back Inanna from death came from the tears of Her Mother. This is the true Water of Life. It is said that the tears of joy shed by Mother and Daughter when they were reunited mingled with this water to sweeten the streams of the Fountain of Life, for no human soul could endure the bitter cup of sorrow which our Lady drank.

In the Sacrament of Initiation, the consecrated water sprinkled on the initiand is mystically transmuted into the true Water of Life by the supernatural action of the Sacrament. And it is by the Water of Life that the soul is brought to spiritual rebirth through which she may be reunited with the Daughter in the Sacrament of Communion, and, taking Her hand, sets her feet upon the path to her final reunion with the Mother.

The Willow

Our Lady of the Willows is one title of the Daughter. The willow is a sacred tree throughout Europe and as far away as Japan, and has frequently retained its association with Dea. The name of 'willow' has been given to the Daughter in some places: the names Sal-Ma, Helice, Europe and Salmaona can all be traced to words for willow. Helen may also be one of these names, being interpreted either as 'moon' or as 'the willow basket for offerings to the moon-Goddess'. The closeness of the words

* A note to the original directs the reader to the documents on the Rosary reproduced in vol. I, pp. III ff.

reinforces the association between willow and the moon, the moon being the primary symbol of the Daughter. Herbalists classify the willow tree under the government of the moon. Willow also gave its name to the mountain of the muses, Helicon, as the tree of enchantment and inspiration.

The willow is the tree of our Lady's passion: the relationship between this tree and Her death can be seen in the pre-Hellenic myths of Persephone, Hecate and Circe and the dedication of willow groves to them. The tradition has lingered even later in folk-memory, which calls such groves unlucky and places willow beside cypress and yew as trees of mourning. In many folk songs and tales, the association with sacrifice is very strong:

... Tomorrow thou shalt see
 We wear the willow, after that
 To die upon the tree.
 As beasts unto the altar go
 With garlands, so I
 Will wear my willow wreath also
 Come forth and sweetly die.[†]

In Shakespeare's *Othello*, Desdemona sings another 'willow song' and speaks of its association with death immediately before her own murder.

The willow aspergilla of the Initiation Rite is used to symbolise death and to sprinkle the Water of Life upon the

[†] Henry Lawes, 'A Willow Garland Sent for a Newyear's Gift'. [Donna Chrysothemis cited the verse without attribution. It has been widely anthologized and may have been taken from many sources, including *Corn from Olde Fields: An Anthology of English Poems from the XIVth to the XVIIth Century*, edited by Eleanor M. Brougham, London, John Lane, 1918, pp. 109–10.]

initiated. This tradition is reflected in Chinese myth in the willow branch of the Saviour-Goddess Kwan-Yin with which she sprinkles water onto her devotees.

The Rose and the Way

Spirit breathes through the manifestation of the material world. Everything on the earthly plane bears a shadowy correspondence to something in the Real world, the world of Spirit. The definition of a symbol is that it is the earthly reflection of some aspect of the cosmic drama. It will have many levels of meaning; it may even reflect the inverted image of its higher self. But above all, that which is symbolised cannot be expressed in any way other than through a symbol; words alone are inadequate to it. To 'explain' a symbol is impossible; by discussion of it, we can only prepare the mind for the act of direct intellectual/intuitive recognition by which alone its meanings can be apprehended. The juxtaposition of things so diverse on the material level as the rose and the way or path, or the apple and the mountain,* may in itself help to trigger an inner response to their deeper significance.

The rose as the symbol of the Summer Mystery represents mystic union with Dea, the goal of meditation and the central aim of life. The golden rose, or the golden heart of the rose, in particular signifies perfection, and in this it is exactly equivalent to the golden lotus, the sacred flower of the East. Both also represent renewal or rising into perfection from imperfection; the lotus emerging from muddy waters, the rose unfolding

* A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the apple and the mountain (pp. 406 ff.).

from a stem of thorns; and in both the hidden centre is the radiant heart of their mystery.

As the emblem of perfection, the rose represents the end of all searching and all desire—and thus journey's end, the goal of the spiritual quest which is pre-eminently symbolised by the Way or Path. The journey of the soul is the central meaning of all religious practice; it has been said that religion and the Way are synonyms. In the Crystal Tablet existence is described as the following of a path, towards perfection or away from Her, and every choice as a crossroads.[†] Symbolic journeys are a main theme of traditional lore: the Quest and the Homecoming in particular reflect the symbolism of the Way, while the pilgrimage is a conscious imitation of the spiritual journey. The extent to which the earthly counterpart is a means for the achievement of the higher path depends upon the strength of purpose and power of concentration of the individual pilgrim.

Another ritual enactment of the spiritual journey is the treading or dancing of the spiral labyrinth. The spiral path leads to the centre, representing the Still Heart of the Cosmos, unchanging Dea from Whom all life radiates, just as the pilgrimage often ended at the symbolical 'centre of the world'—the crux of sacred or spiritual geography, as opposed to the outward and merely 'factual' aspect to which that science has been reduced in profane cultures. The centre was a sacred place, often the site of a temple or altar, the 'Holy of Holies', a place for religious ritual, and a point of convergence for psychic energies. The dances, performed by almost all traditional cultures, are preserved today in country round dances and children's games. The dance was seen as the treading of a pathway

[†] Tablet 2, 4–5.

between the two worlds; through the dance one entered a different state of being. It was a transforming experience.

The spiral pattern, especially the double spiral, is frequently found among the archaeological remains of the late matriarchal civilisations: for example in Crete, South America, the Middle East, Ireland and Greece. Later images were often based on the Cretan labyrinth, a convoluted spiral (see illustration) named for the

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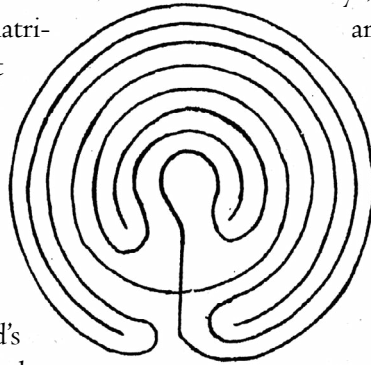
reflecting maid's

life). Whether the

or a simple spiral without deviation, or a convoluted spiral winding back upon itself, inwards and outwards, it always leads into its own centre and its convolutions have a magical quality.

They are a microcosmic reflection of the universe.

Three cosmic spirals can be identified: the descending spiral, the ascending spiral and the Divine spiral. The descending spiral is the spiral of the Easter Mystery, the descent of the Daughter into death and Her rebirth. Just as the spiral most often has seven paths (as above), so the Daughter passed through the seven gates of the Nether world, descending lower and lower as She went, until She reached the centre—the chamber of Irkalla—where She met Her death. 'I have journeyed to the



heart of the abyss.* Her rebirth at the centre and Her ascent is the retracing of the spiral back to the entrance. The children's game 'Heaven and Hell', a form of circular hopscotch, places Hell at the centre, and one reaches Heaven by hopping outwards; the game is a last remnant of the Eastre spiral dance. The spiral also symbolises earthly life, death and rebirth.

The ascending spiral is the Rosa Mundi spiral, the spiral of transformation. The centre represents union with Dea; to reach it is to be translated to a higher sphere—so there is no 'coming out' back to the earthly plane (there is a version of 'Heaven and Hell' which reflects this, placing Hell at the circumference and Heaven at the centre). It is of this spiral that Our Lady has said 'The path that leads to the Real or further from it lies neither in space nor in time, but in the choice between good and evil. For My Mother is the Good and the Light and the Centre, and evil is all that would draw you from Her into the outer darkness.† The seven paths of this spiral represent the 'seven heavens' (recalled by the phrase 'seventh heaven'). In the Rite of Offering, the child symbolically ascends through the 'seven spheres', which represent the highest aspect of the seven fundamental categories of being headed by the seven 'planetary' Janyati.

The Divine spiral is the spiral of eternal reconciliation. It can symbolise either the union of the Mother with the Daughter, or of Mother and Daughter with the Dark Mother, or Absolute Deity. It represents the movement between immanence and manifestation, between inhalation and exhalation, contraction and expansion. This movement is signified by what has

* Teachings 2:8.

† Teachings 10:27–8.

been said of Dea in several cultures, that 'She whirls and yet is still'. The spiralling patterns of the universe are the shadowy reflections of the Divine spiral upon the veil of matter.

The innermost centre of the spiral is the heart of the rose. The rose symbolises transformation and perfection; it contains all things. The Daughter has said: 'But within the innermost temple of your heart shall you find the seas and the heavens and all the illimitable cosmos. For the space within this temple is as vast as all the manifest universe... I shall lead you to the innermost temple of your heart, whose form is the form of a rose.'

The Apple and the Mountain

A riddle: Why is an apple like a mountain?

All things on earth are the shadows of eternal things that lie beyond the veil of matter. If we can see through the 'fact' to the Truth that lies beyond, it will light our way to Eternity. This much we know. But let us get down to specifics. Of what truth is a mountain the shadow? of what Truth an apple? If the whole answer could be put into words, we would not be dealing with eternal Truth, but with mere mundane facts, for Truth is beyond the power of reason to grasp or of words to express. Only deep contemplation can reveal its fullness. Yet words can point the way, if we do not mistake the signpost for the destination.

Every apple represents the golden apples of Avala; every mountain is a type of the Sacred Mountain. Both are also symbolic of the Goal or Destination of the soul's quest. In the case

* Teachings 12:2-3.

of the Mountain, the summit especially represents the Goal, although the mountain in itself has often been the focus of a pilgrimage, a symbolic enactment of the treading of the Way.[†]

Avala is the Earthly Paradise, for although beyond this physical world, it is still below the level of pure Spirit as the resting place for spiritually awakened but still imperfect souls. The Tree of Life, at its centre, bears the golden apples of life eternal. The word 'paradise' comes from a root-word meaning 'orchard'. Avala and Elysium mean 'apple-land'. In many traditions, from the Sumerian and Greek to the Aztec, this paradise has been pictured as a mountain-top orchard which, in all earlier and most later accounts, belongs to the Goddess. Thus the Sacred Mountain is Her mountain; the golden apples Her apples, for Hers is the gift of eternal life.

The Sacred Mountain, whose summit is the paradisial apple-land, is effectively a version of the Way. The climbing of the mountain represents the upward journey of the soul. It has been called the Mount of Purgatory, for the ascent is in itself a purification. The mountain, with its layers or stages of ascent is an image of the cosmos, ascending through higher and higher levels of reality to the pure and absolute Reality. As in many versions of the Way, the divisions of the Sacred Mountain are seven, ruled by the seven colours of the spectrum, and therefore by the seven great Janyati. In Norse mythology, the rainbow, Bifröst, reaches the summit of the Sacred Mountain, Himinbjörg, thus assimilating the Mountain Path with the Rainbow Path to Heaven.

[†] A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the Way (pp. 402 ff.).

The Mountain Path is particularly appropriate for this symbolism, because it is a hazardous, narrow and challenging way. Furthermore, the most direct path upwards is generally the most difficult and accomplished by only the most proficient and determined, while others take easier but less direct routes. In the climbing of the mountain, there are often secondary 'summits', troublesome obstacles to be overcome, just as in the journey of the soul there are minor victories over the false self to be won before further progress can be made. And in both, the factor which alone makes sense of and gives purpose to the whole is the existence of the summit, the Goal.

Having ascended the Sacred Mountain and reached the seventh, the highest, level, the climber breaks through onto another plane of reality, transcending profane space and entering a pure, sacred zone. This mystical experience directly parallels that of the dancer of the spiral on reaching the centre. It anticipates the breaking of the bonds of physical matter and the ascent into the celestial orchard of Avala.

The Sacred Mountain is situated at 'the centre of the world', a mythic location which in part symbolises contact with the absolute Realities behind the veil of matter. It is here also that the Tree of Life and the Fountain of Life are said to arise. The vertical axis of the mountain runs through Heaven, Earth and Hell and forms a link between them. It is along this axis that travel between the three regions takes place.

The three regions of the axis each have their own path, and each path has seven levels, because the seven primordial Janya-principles are reflected in every phase of existence. The 3 × 7 pattern is recapitulated in the Major Arcana of the Tarot; the twenty-one cards (excluding the zero card, The Innocent,

who represents the soul herself) form a meditative pilgrimage along the axis, leading to the experience of realisation. We find the same symbolism in the twenty-one pylons of the Egyptian Book of the Dead. The apples of the Tree of Life—which, growing in the hearth of Avala on the mountain summit, is at the highest point of the axis in the earthly region—are the fruits of this same realisation.

The axis of the worlds descends from the Tree of Life itself, for its great root forms the pillar of Hell on which the body of our Lady was hanged. This fact enshrines the truth that the golden apples of eternal life have their origin in the Divine sacrifice.

This axis connecting opposites may also be represented by a straight line drawn diametrically through the circle of the year from the Feast of Divine Life at the Autumn Equinox to our Lady's death and resurrection at the Spring Equinox; each the pivotal point of its own 'world', the first at the centre of the Mysteries of Life cycle and the second at the centre of the Eastre cycle.

The Temple also shares the symbolism of the mountain as Centre and axis of the world. Many ancient temple forms represent the mountain with its stages of ascent—Babylonian and Sumerian ziggurats, the tiered pyramidal Indian temple and the multiple-roofed pagoda are examples. All these forms go back to matriarchal times. The ritual founding of a Temple re-enacts the Sacrifice of the Daughter, for the spiritual fruits of the Temple, like the apples of the Tree of Life, have their roots in this Act. An image of the hanged Inanna is often built into the altar itself. In patriarchal times, this degenerated into an actual blood-sacrifice—either human or animal—at the

founding of a temple. This symbolism is also important when the Temple or Mountain is seen as a microcosm of the universe, for it is the Daughter's sacrifice which makes possible the existence of the world in separation from the Absolute; and also opens the Way by which we may transcend it.

While the mountain calls forth courage, unswerving commitment and the exercise of hard won skills from the climber, the apple, as representing the Daughter's gift of life, provides both the context within which the struggle takes place and its reward. Thus the mountain represents the human activity in lifting the soul toward Avala and the apple the Divine activity. Yet the distinction is illusory, for even the human activity is only our participation in the Divine, for the whole universe flows from Her love.

The Heart and the Moon-Axe

In seeking to understand anatomical symbols, such as the heart, it is important to realise that they refer to Realities far beyond the physical plane. It has been suggested, for example, that the cave is a symbol of the womb. Now, in a certain limited sense this is true; and in the same sense it is quite as true that the womb is a 'symbol' of the cave. But it is far truer to say that they are both equally symbols of a transcendent Reality which lies far beyond either of them; and truest of all to say that they each uniquely represent a subtly different aspect of that Reality, and that only that particular symbol can express the exact nuance which it embodies.

For the whole point about symbols is that they refer to Realities which cannot be expounded in words. They are not simply poetic devices, but precise instruments of knowledge.

The meaning of a symbol can only be comprehended by a direct act of intellection through contemplation; and the verbal expositions of a symbol can never be more than a 'support' to that contemplation, and never a substitute for the symbol itself.

Both the heart and the moon-axe are connected with Eas-tre. The Labrys was taken from our Lady at the first gate of Hell,* and when Her body was hung upon the pillar of the world, 'above Her head they hung the great Moon-Axe, in symbol of the greatness of the deed.†' A heart pierced by a sword, or by seven swords (representing the seven gates of Hell) is a familiar symbol of our Lady's passion.

The heart is nowadays the more familiar of the two symbols, but in matriarchal times the moon-axe (or labrys) was equally widespread. It was the emblem of the divine authority of the priestess-queen in the Cretan Empire. It was widely used among the Amazons and the matriarchal Lydians, Lycians and Etruscans, and in pre-patriarchal Rome. It is painted on the temple-walls of the recently-excavated 10,000 year old matriarchal city of Çatal Hüyük in Turkey, and carved into the sacred stones of pre-Celtic Stonehenge.

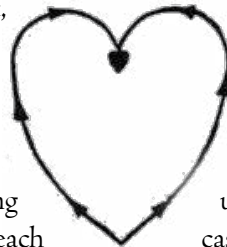
The heart, despite its apparent simplicity, is an extremely complex symbol. As the centre of the human microcosm, it is analogous to the sun, the centre of the 'cosmos', and therefore, in its highest aspect, a symbol of pure Spirit, Light and Intellect. At the same time, it is also the centre of divine Love within the human microcosm (hence the traditional association of the heart with love), thus combining the Mother-qualities with the Daughter-qualities. This dual nature of the heart is ex-

* Mythos 5:4.

† Mythos 5:19.

pressed in the stylised form traditionally used to represent it (see diagram), which takes the form of a double-spiral movement, the left hand spiral turning sunwise (clockwise) and the right hand spiral turning moonwise (anti-clockwise). Thus the solar Mother-nature and the lunar Daughter-nature are united in one symbol. It may thus be seen that the riving of the heart by the sword symbolises the final rupture of Daughter from Mother. The last thread joining the separated pair is broken, and—since the Mother is the very essence of being—the Daughter plunges into extinction or non-being; not merely the physical symbol of death which we experience at the end of earthly life, but Death itself—complete spiritual death, which no other being in the universe has ever undergone.

The double-curve of the heart shape also shows the Mother and Daughter united at the point of origin, their progressive separation, and finally their heuresis or reunion at the central cavity of the heart, which is also the centre of the universe.* From another point of view, they may be seen as emerging from the central cavity (which is analogous to the Cave of the Nativity) and descending until they meet at the 'lowest point'. In each case, the movement of the Mother is only apparent, since She is always present at the Centre, and at all other places (to object that Her Presence was not in the lower world until Inanna brought it there is to forget that the time-sequence itself is only apparent, since in reality these Events take place outside time, and that if there



* A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina's treatment of the symbolism of the cave (pp. 39 ff.).

had ever been a place where She was not, that place would have ceased to exist).

Viewed in human terms, the heart represents the two parts of maid: the lunar soul (psyche) and the solar Spirit, which converge in 'the innermost Temple of the heart'. The Spirit in maid is the true Self—the perfect reflection of an unique facet of the Divine Spirit; while the soul, insofar as she is fallen, represents the false self, the 'selfish' egoity which desires to preserve its separateness from God. Here again, there must be a death on the 'lunar' side—the death of the false self—before the final heuresis can take place. For if a maid would find her Self, she must first lose her self.

The labrys also is a dual figure, but being lunar and psychic rather than solar and Spiritual, its duality operates on a lower level than that of the heart. More precisely, it operates on the level of manifestation, rather than on that of the Principle whence all manifestation proceeds and whereto it must return. The two moon-blades, one crescent (waxing) and the other decrescent (waning), correspond respectively to all the oppositions and complementarities which are the necessary condition of manifest existence: life and death, summer and winter, pleasure and pain, activity and rest, day and night, etc. The labrys is strictly equivalent to the far-eastern yin-yang symbol, itself a device of matriarchal origin.

Yet the crucial point of the labrys is not the axe-head, but the central haft which passes through it. This haft represents the world-axis which passes through the centre of the cosmos, and upon which maid, the 'central' being on her own plane of existence, takes her station (provided she is true to her own nature, or *ðamē*). This is made abundantly clear by the fact

that, in the Mythos, the Axe is hung upon the pillar of Hell, which is the lower section of the world-axis. In iconographic depictions, the axe-haft is always shown parallel to the pillar.

The haft, therefore, represents maid, or psyche (soul), as the mediatrix between earth and Heaven and between all the dualities of manifest existence. It also represents Inanna as perfect Maid and perfect Mediatrix; the Priestess and Princess of the world, Who has said: 'I am between the ripple and the water; I am between the dancer and the dance; I am between the breathing and the breath; between the lightest word of greeting and the thought from which it flows.'*

The upper part of the haft, above the blades, represents the transcendent 'shaft of sunlight': the permanent Essences or Divine Ideas which are manifested through the impermanent and dualistic 'play' of matter. This shaft of solar, essential light, descending from above, is represented only by a short section of the haft, indicating its 'point of descent'. This is because the moon-axe represents the cosmos seen from 'below'—that is, from a human and psychic, rather than a transcendent and Spiritual, point of view. Nevertheless, it is a vital element in the symbolism, for psyche in a higher sense mediates between the transient flux of matter itself and the eternal Essence which it imperfectly expresses. At the same time, being on the Axis, she is a continuation of the Essential light, just as the lower portion of the haft is a continuation of the upper, while the blades represent a non-Essential development at one particular level of existence (the material, in this case), branching off the haft at one particular point. That is why psyche alone (wheth-

* Teachings 9:35.

er Inanna as perfect soul, or maid as Her regent) can redeem material creation.

The Axis descends through every level of being, both above and below the material as we know it, and countless 'worlds', both super-physical and sub-physical, branch off it at the different planes. The labrys, however, simply gives us a concise picture of our own particular level of being, its situation in psychic and Spiritual 'space', and our place within it.

From a slightly different perspective, we may take the parallel symbols of the heart and the labrys as symbols of the contemplative life and the active life respectively. The heart represents the mystical heuresis, the return of the soul to the Mother. The labrys is an image of ðamelic life, with maid acting in accordance with her true nature as mediatrix and princess regent of the world. It is for this reason that the labrys was the emblem of the divine authority of the royal house of Crete and other matriarchal states; for a princess is supremely a mediatrix, and rules not according to her own wishes, but wholly in obedience to the law of ðamë. This is equally true of every other earthly mistress, whether mother, wife or ranya. The labrys is thus a symbol of harmony, obedience and right relations. As such, it is the emblem not only of the life of the Madrian-matriarchal nations of the old world, but also of the Madrian way of life in every ðamelic household, and among all who live according to the law of Heaven. Yet this active life can never be separated from the heart-principle; for just as Inanna's sacrifice makes all existence possible, so it is the contemplative essence within the active life (the ritual symbolism of the crafts, etc.) which provides its sole meaning and justification

and makes it a work fit not merely for a living machine, but for maid, the mediatrix.

The Wheel

‘The invention of the wheel’ is one of the stock items of materialist mythology. The happy day when ‘man’ (still rather shaggy) discovered this novel way of transporting ‘his’ stones and things was a great leap forward on the long road from monkeydom to the glorious modern techno-bureaucracy and the factory system. The story is in all the school textbooks, carefully stripped of all the ‘if’s and ‘perhaps’s which a serious historian—even the most materialistic—would have to employ.

In fact, the wheel, like all the truly fundamental ‘inventions’, was never invented at all. Neither did its origins have anything to do with its physical usefulness. Its form is an archetypal symbol, lodged in the very nature of creation itself; and since the soul is a microcosm of creation, she contains the symbol within the very fabric of her being. When maid first descended to the corporeal level, and her acts and purposes took on physical form, the use of the wheel was among them. The craft of the wheelwright, like all the sacred crafts, was in essence an effective cosmic ritual. Its physical purpose is only the adaptation of an eternal form to its temporary reflection in matter.

What, then, is the wheel? It is a symbol of such complexity that only an outline can be given here. One aspect, the Wheel of Werdë, is discussed elsewhere in this issue.* When the wheel has eight spokes, it is called the Wheel of Ðamë. The spokes

* Sr Angelina, ‘The Wheel of Werdë’ (pp. 49 ff.).

correspond to the seasonal festivals of the four cardinal points of the year, the solstices and equinoxes, and to those of the cross-quarter days which fall midway between them. These mark the rhythmic progression of the year, and thus symbolise the order and harmony of the divinely-ordained cosmos. It is also called the Wheel of the Law.

But usually the number of the spokes is indefinite, representing the multiplicity of things in the world, or else the multiplicity of incarnate souls. In each case, the rim represents the physical world, and the hub the realm of the Janyati, while the central axis-point represents the unmanifest Absolute, the divine Centre, 'the still point of the turning world'. It radiates the spokes even as the sun sends forth her rays. For it symbolises the divine Sun, who 'radiates' Her creatures, both animate (souls, *animæ*) and inanimate (the sun is always the Mother, while the moon is the Daughter).

Considering the spokes as souls: where any spoke touches the rim, that is her physical body. Where it passes into the hub, that is her spirit, or the Spirit. We may say either, for it is the point where 'I' stop being a separate ego and become one with the essence of all things. It is the state of oneness reached by the helati. Subjectively, it can be called enlightenment; objectively, it can be called the Absolute. Both are true, because it is both subjective and objective simultaneously. It is both the 'top' of the individual spoke and the Centre of the wheel.

Considering the spokes as 'things': the point at which the spoke touches the Centre is the point at which it is emanated from the Mother as a divine Idea. The point at which it touches the rim is the point at which the Idea crystallises in physical matter to form a physical object. The real essence or nature of

the thing does not lie in the physical object, any more than the real essence of the soul lies in the physical body. That is why the symbolic nature of a thing is more real than its physical nature. The symbolic nature is manifested at every level, right the way up to the hub, while the physical nature exists only at the rim. The rose, as a physical flower, exists only in the physical world, but the complex and uniquely beautiful expression of love, and of union with God the Mother, which is the inner essence of rose-ness, exists on every level of being. It exists at levels where the experience of redness, softness, sharpness and perfume have no meaning, but each will have its precise equivalent, and these equivalents will be gathered together at that level to represent the unique and universal archetype of the rose. It is for this reason that a 'science' based purely on physical facts can never fathom the inner essence of being.

The historical cycle is a centrifugal movement, pulling us out from the hub to the iron hoop at the rim of the wheel. As we approach the rim, the wheel turns faster; we are ever farther from the divine stillness of the Centre. The frenzied 'pace of life' increases, the centrifugal pull accelerates with the speed of the wheel. If we could reach the outer rim, we would see neither souls nor things, but only sheer, undifferentiated matter. This is the inner drive of modern science, which seeks to interpret all things in terms of pure quantity, ignoring all their qualitative aspects, and of modern industrial-bureaucracy which reduces all people to mere numerical units and interchangeable button-pushers.

But we can never quite reach the outer rim. Or rather, we can only touch it for one brief instant of pure chaos; the mo-

mentary hiatus in which the wheel stops turning before it reverses direction and the Age of Gold is restored.

The Chariot

Closely related to the wheel is the chariot. Like the centre of the wheel, it is a solar symbol—the Chariot of the Sun is a frequent Amazon image.^{*} Its wheels, as Wheels of Ādamē, carry it through the endless cycle of the seasons. Yet like the rim of the wheel, it is also a chthonic or corporeal symbol. This aspect is apparent in the game of chess, which we owe in its present form to the Amazons, where the chariot was the original form of the modern rook.[†]

In many respects, the chariot is a symbol of duality, like the heart and the moon-axe.[‡] Its two wheels represent heaven and earth: the Wheel of Ādamē and the Wheel of Werdē, which together bear the ‘body’ of the chariot. If the chariot is seen as the world, the Wheel of Ādamē symbolises all the processes laid down by eternal Law—the seasons, the rhythmic dance of the stars and planets, the religious festivals, the correct matriarchal order of the household and the state, the sacred crafts and the inner essences of all things. The Wheel of Werdē represents the outward accidents of things, and all the complex patterns of fate set up by our separateness from the divine Harmony. Greek tragedy, with its complex interweavings and inexorable

^{*} A note to the original directs the reader to ‘The Legend of the Sun’ (vol. 3, pp. 786 ff.).

[†] A note to the original directs the reader to ‘The Inner Meaning of Chess’ (vol. 3, pp. 1017 ff.).

[‡] A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis’ treatment of these symbols (pp. 410 ff.).

destinies is the drama *par excellence* of this Wheel; derived directly from the pre-Hellenic matriarchal Werdë-dramas, it is darkened and filled with foreboding by the guilt-ridden knowledge of the patriarchal usurpers that they have broken the Wheel of Damē in the realm of human affairs.

The two wheels are light and dark, essence and substance, waxing and waning—all the opposites and complementarities from which our material life is woven—like the two blades of the moon-axe. The axle passing between them is the world-axis itself, like the haft of the axe. Axis, axle and axe all have a common etymological root, for words, like ‘inventions’, have their basis in metaphysical Reality.

Each Amazon nation in time of war had two queens; the junior one a warrior, the senior, to whom she owed complete obedience, a priestess (they are the Princess and the Ranya in chess). When they ride together in the royal chariot, they represent soul and Spirit united in the innermost ‘cave’ of the heart.

Soul, the Princess, is the charioteer and the horses are the senses; the reins are the ‘rays’ of her mind. Only the soul who is truly one with the Spirit can control her senses and desires. She is not the slave of passion, but drives the chariot faultlessly. The ‘ordinary’ profane person is dragged hither and thither by the senses, knowing not whence she comes nor where she goes. She has no will of her own and knows not who ‘she’ is. She is merely a puppet of external stimuli (including bodily and mental, for body and mind are external to the soul). It is because Cordelia knows that ‘She is the Self within all selves’ and can say ‘Her will is mine, and blessed is Her Name’, that she can

drive the fiery chariot.* Spirit and soul meet in the inner cavern of her heart and unite in the fire of union, just as the two riders meet in the fiery chariot. Thus she is literally 'warm-hearted' (*cor-delia*). This union is the basis of all Amazon vikhelic arts, and is reflected on many levels throughout the symbolism of Cordelia's story.

Sometimes the horses also form a duality, the obedient white steed and the treacherous black one representing the true and false self respectively. But this brings us on to the symbolism of the horse and the unicorn, which we shall examine in our next issue.

The Horse

Like every physical creature, the horse is a manifestation of primordial and transcendent Reality upon the plane of matter. In short, it is a symbol; but of all creatures, the horse is one of the most central and complex symbols of both Divine and human nature. It is scarcely surprising, then, that, with the unerring accuracy of the Dark Age subconscious, the most frequent example of 'evolution' presented by the popularisers, after that of man himself, is a series of pictures showing the gradual development of the horse. Nobody would suspect, from looking at an ordinary school textbook, that this series, and the 'facts' it was based on have been discredited years ago, and are no longer taken seriously by many modern scientists.

Actually, the fossil record shows no evidence for the gradual development of any species. Rather, it seems to move in jumps. Whole categories of beings appear at once without any

* The reference is to the legendary cycle of Cordelia & Imogen. The one extant story belonging to this cycle is reproduced in vol. 3, pp. 866 ff..

real predecessors. There are not just one or two ‘missing links’—all the links are missing. If this ‘science’ adhered to its own principles and was guided by the evidence, it would be forced to conclude that the most likely origin of species is that they suddenly ‘appeared’ at various points in time. But ‘science’ is guided less by the evidence than by materialistic presuppositions about what is ‘possible’ and what is not.

In fact, each species is a celestial Archetype or Divine Idea, which is manifested in material form at a certain point in the development of the historical cycle—by what means need not concern us here. The horse was first used extensively during the great Amazon civilisation at the beginning of the Dark Age, and is one of the central animal symbols of this æon.

The horse has a double significance. On the one hand, it is a solar creature, an image of the solar Spirit Herself. She was worshipped in this form in the British cults of the so-called ‘horse-goddesses’, Epona and Rhiannon. The famous White Horse of Uffington is an existing monument to this devotion. She is the Sun that leaves Her ‘stable’ at dawn and gallops across the sky. She is also Sai Ðamē, her even pace prefiguring the even motion (ðamē) of the stars.

On the other hand, the horse is also the fallen part of maid, the mind, the body and the passions. The control of the mind in meditation is likened in the Teachings to the control of a spirited horse.* The horsemaid (knight) in chess symbolises the path of will—the control of the lower self by the higher, and also the bond of love and obedience between Spirit, the rider, and soul, the horse.†

* Teachings 3:58–66.

† See ‘The Inner Meaning of Chess’ (vol. 3, pp. 1017 ff.).

This dual aspect is understandable in light of the fact that maid is the 'reflection' of God (cf. Creation I:9–10). The destination of the 'lesser' horse is to return to the 'stable', which is the ranyam (realm) of God, where she will be unsaddled (divested of all earthly restrictions) and fed. This meaning of 'stable' is closely bound up with its other meaning (=firm), as is made clear in the dictum of the same Teaching: 'Earth moves, but Heaven is still' (stable).[‡] The destination is also pictured as a tethering post or tree, and here its identification becomes clearer; for the 'stable' is the cave, and the tethering post the pillar of the world, or Tree of Life.[§] All these aspects of the destination of the lesser horse are made clear in our word 'stallion', which is identical in root with 'stall' (=stable), 'installation' and 'stale' (=pillar or turning-post).

The higher or feminine aspect of the horse as the Spirit Herself is enshrined in our word 'mare', which is, of course, cognate with all the 'ma' words meaning 'mother' in the Indo-European languages (especially the French *mère*), and with the most common name of God the Mother, Mari, used in one form or another from ancient India to Ireland and even adopted by the Christians.

The Unicorn

The Unicorn represents a mid-point between the higher and lower aspects of the horse; yet she embodies a perfection no longer to be found in our age, which is why she is not physically manifest in this æon. The myth that the Unicorn did not

[‡] Teachings 3:1.

[§] A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina's treatise on the symbolism of the cave (pp. 39 ff.).

survive the Flood (the end of a world era) is highly significant. Her horn (for, like Pegasus, she is originally female) is the 'ray of sunlight' which connects the earthbound soul to the solar Spirit. It is, therefore, the 'Pillar of Light', or the world-axis itself. The unicorn is maid in her primordial state, having resumed her central, or axial position relative to this level of being. The spiral twist of her tapering horn represents the spiral, or cyclical, descent of manifestation along the world-axis from the principal, unmanifest Point, which is the Spirit. Strictly, it should have twenty-one twists, corresponding to the seven



planetary principles, manifested respectively in Heaven, Earth and Hell; that is to say universally—from our standpoint, on the material level, the sub-material and the super-material.

To the four limbs of the 'lesser' horse, representing the four elements of matter, is added a fifth 'limb', the great horn, representing Spirit. Thus the Unicorn corresponds to the Pentacle, the symbol of perfect maid. Yet perfect maid herself is a dual concept, for she may be either maid risen up to God, or God descended to the state of maid. For the one true perfect Maid is Inanna Herself. This truth is shown in the familiar icon of the Unicorn and the Virgin (see following page). The Unicorn places her head in the lap of the Virgin, and there is slain by hunters. The Virgin here is, of course, the Virgin Mother, Mari Herself, and the act of the Unicorn epitomises Inanna's trust and obedience toward Her Mother in going to Her death. The icon also recalls the corpse of Inanna, lain on Her Mother's knees.*

Yet the Unicorn is also a slayer, as may be seen by reference to her close cousin 'Pegasus', whose original name is Aganippe (consider the obvious significance of a winged horse). *Aganos* is a traditional adjective for the shafts of Artemis, meaning 'giving a merciful death'; *hippe* means mare. This may be applied equally to the Unicorn. Her horn is also the fatal shaft of Artemis which destroys the false 'self' of Her devotee, the earthbound ego, and allows her true (winged) Self to soar free.

Yet while the horn is a deadly arrow from the bow (*toxon*) of Artemis, a cup made from this same horn is said to neutralise all poisons (*toxins*). Thus it is at once deadly (*toxic*) and the reverse. The meaning of this becomes clear when we

* Mythos 6:16.

realise that 'poison', in a spiritual context, refers first of all to the 'three poisons' of Attraction (to worldly pleasure), Repulsion (from worldly distress) and Ignorance (of her more-than-worldly nature), which keep maid chained to the wheel of birth, suffering and death through countless lives. The horn of the Unicorn is deadly to the false ego and all its worldly illusions. But for the true Self, the cup of the Unicorn's horn is the true Grail of Inanna's love (cf. Mythos 7:22) which preserves her from all harm 'in this world and in all the worlds to come'.*

The Grail and the Chalice

The Grail and the chalice are inseparably linked, for every Communion Chalice is, by virtue of the Sacrament, identical with the holy Grail itself, the sacred Chalice into which our Lady poured Her precious Spirit at the primordial Communion.† We do not say that the Communion Chalice 'symbolises' or 'represents' the Grail. The Chalice of the Rite of Sacrifice reflects the Grail; but the Chalice of Communion is the Grail from the time of the consecration to the closing of the Rite, even as every Communion is the primordial Communion.

Nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that holy Communion is an invention of the Christian religion. On the contrary, it is one of Christianity's many borrowings from earlier cults which trace their ancestry back to the primordial matriarchal tradition. The doctrine of transubstantiation has always been a part of this tradition; for example, Cicero, who died half a century before the birth of Jesus, reports that the worshippers at the Mystery centre at Eleusis believed the bread

* The reference is to a line of the Silver Star prayer (vol. I, p. 108).

† Mythos 7:22.

of their communion to be transmuted into the body of Demeter.

The Chalice, wrought in gold or silver, is found among the artefacts of every matriarchal civilisation throughout ancient Europe, Africa and Asia Minor. It is often found in conjunction with the labrys or Moon-Axe,[‡] the two being emblems of the Haiela (priestesses and scholars) and Raihira (princesses and nobles) castes respectively.

The matriarchal importance of the Chalice has nothing to do with the supposed sexual significance imposed upon it by self-styled 'witches' and other modern cultists. That is nothing more than a predictable manifestation of the tedious banality of the post-Freudian imagination, and yet another evidence (if such were needed) that these 'occult traditions' are no more than modern fabrications. This is not to say that there can be no legitimate sexual symbolism. The cave, for example, can in certain respects be related to the womb.[§] But if the Chalice is to be related to a bodily organ, it must be to the heart.

The heart, like the Chalice, is a vessel that is continually filled with blood. It is true that the sacred Chalice is actually filled with the wine of the divine Spirit, but blood represents the vital principle in maid, and as such is closely related to the wine. That is why, in certain more or less degenerate traditions, blood, either actual or symbolic, was used in communions. If Inanna had not spilled Her blood, She could not have poured out the wine of Her Spirit.

‡ A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the heart and the moon-axe (pp. 410 ff.)

§ A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina's treatise on the symbolism of the cave (pp. 39 ff.).

Wine, in fact, is an alchemical combination of water and fire, reflecting the fusion of the water of pure love and the fire of pure Intellect, which find their ultimate Source in the Daughter and the Mother respectively; thus wine, like the heart* reflects the union of the Mother and Daughter principles. Blood, on the other hand, is purely 'fiery' with little element of 'water'. Now in the Absolute, pure Intellect and pure love are one, while on the relative planes, neither love without wisdom (which is mere sentimentality) nor wisdom without love (which remains ineffective even where it does not degenerate into a materialistic rationalism) can lead to salvation. Each path must contain an element of the other. This truth is expressed in the counterchange of elements by which it is the Daughter's blood and the Mother's tears (which are the very Water of Life)† which make possible the outpouring of the wine. We may also note that this perfect equilibrium is impossible in the relative world, which is why wine must be either white (leaning toward the side of water) or red (leaning toward the side of fire, or blood). Since our direct communion is with the Daughter, the wine of Communion is always white.

There is another respect in which the Chalice corresponds to the heart, and that is in the 'hiddenness' or 'secrecy' of the Grail. The loss of the Grail, like the 'hiddenness' of the heart‡ reflects the separation of maid from the Centre; but it is also connected, on a lower plane, with the loss of the primordial

* A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the heart and the moon-axe (pp. 410 ff.)

† A note to the original directs the reader to Mythos 5:16.

‡ A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina's treatment of the symbolism of the cave (pp. 39 ff.).

Tradition. This may operate on various levels, from the loss of the perfect Tradition which began from the dawn of the Golden Age, to the greater losses occurring at the end of each world-era, to the complete loss occurring in the patriarchal period. It may also refer either to the closure of the primal centre or fountain of the Tradition, or to one of the secondary centres operating in a given era. The 'finding of the Grail' in this context always represents an era of regeneration. But in order to go more deeply into this subject, and into certain other matters, it will be necessary very briefly to recount a little of the early history of the Grail as told in traditional Madrian narratives.

During the Silver Time, when there was no separation between the earth and the Archetypal realm, when all things were perfect, and the first daughter of Creation (the first maid) lived in harmony with the Mother of All Things (cf Creation I), the Mother placed a jewel in the forehead of the first maid. This was for her a 'third eye'—the 'single eye' with which she saw Eternity rather than the things of time. It is from this event that the various traditional forehead-markings derive. Now when she fell down and embraced the Snake, this jewel fell from her forehead, or else was plucked out by the Snake. Throughout the Silver Time, she had made her home in the garden at the summit of the Holy Mountain, and this was where the Snake came to her. This had been the first land to emerge at the parting of the waters, and it was the last to be covered by the flood; even then, the waters came no further than the furthest-flung roots of the great apple-tree at the very summit. So the jewel was not touched by the flood, for it lay at the foot of the tree. After She had dispersed the flood, God

built a wall around the garden, and caused thick, entangled briars to grow all about it, that the first daughter of creation might not return thereto.

Now the first maid had a daughter by the transformed Snake, and her name was Stravë. She was the servant of all her sisters, the youngest and humblest among them. One day Stravë left her home and, after many wanderings, found her way back to the garden. In that place, three things happened to her. She was given a new name: Ouranya (or Astræa); she became a wondrous worker in all the crafts; and she found the jewel, and wrought it into the form of a Chalice.

When she returned to the world, Ouranya became the first princess (rayin) of the earth, and there was perfect peace and harmony and justice for many thousands of years. But as the age wore on, human wickedness and dissension grew greater, and finally the people of the East, South and West came to ask for ranyams (realms) separate from, but still in fealty to, Ouranya in the North. This she granted, but soon afterward left the earth and went to rule in the starry heavens for her celestial mother, Sai Ðamë. The Grail was passed to her daughter, who became the new High Princess (Mayarayin) in the North.

But her daughter did not guard the Grail so well as she, and it was stolen by airy spirits, who broke it and made it into four separate Chalices, one like to the first, one golden, one silver and one of crystal. The High Princess recovered the first of these, but the others were taken to the princesses of the East, South and West. In time, each of these princesses wrought her chalice into a crown.

When Inanna was born upon the earth, the three princesses each brought her crown as an offering to Her.* The first chalice had always remained in Her possession, since the Northern Ranyam remained wholly in Her service. It was this chalice which She filled with Her spirit, and after this she ordered the reunited treasures to be given into the hands of the princess of the North.

We should note that the birth and life of Inanna are cosmic events which take place in Eternity and not on this physical earth or in time. There is no reason, however, why these events should not have been 'reflected' directly on the earth in some distant world-era, nor any reason to suppose that the Grail did not and does not exist in a physical form.

To bring the story briefly up to date: the four treasures were again dispersed at the dissolution of the great Northern Empire, but the grail, amid many vicissitudes, passed to the Mayarayins of each succeeding world-empire, the last of which was the Western or Atlantean. During the decadence of this empire, the Grail was spirited away and was taken to Haiela Rhennisraihir which became the far west of the world after the submergence of Atlantis (what later became the Americas was then counted as the far east). This empire had its seat in the British Isles, and the Grail passed to the Rhen princesses until it was stolen by demons and hidden. In the next generation the throne was usurped by the patriarch Mider. But the daughter of the dethroned Rayin was the famous Colwyn the Fair, who won back the throne and afterward sent out her Riders in all directions to seek the Grail. It was found, and the whole land

* Mythos 2:20–30.

was healed of its suffering. But after Colwyn's time it was lost again, and, despite many efforts, has not been found since.



Colwyn's riders sought the Grail

These events obviously contain a very profound significance, part of which may be elucidated by a study of the 'Symbolism' articles 'The Apple and the Mountain',* 'The Cave'† and 'The Heart and the Moon-Axe'.‡ Here space will permit only a few notes:

The jewel in the forehead is characteristic of maid in her primordial state; in the supra-individual states beyond that of maid, union with God is so complete that no 'eye' is needed to perceive Her. In the lower states, perception of Her is mediate and indirect. Stravē, in returning to the Garden and recovering the jewel, is a contemplative who re-attains the primordial state. She brings the jewel back to her sisters not as a faculty of direct vision, but as a vessel from which they may take sustenance

* Pp. 406 ff.

† Pp. 39 ff.

‡ Pp. 410 ff.

and drink the 'Draught of Immortality'. This is connected not only with her priestly function, but also with her establishment of the crafts, which allow maid to approach God through the Gentle Way of the Active Life, centring on a sacred craft, as well as through the hard path of direct contemplation.

The division of the Chalice into four represents a further descent into materialisation. The single principal Point becomes manifest in fourfold matter, even as a pyramid descends from the point to a square base. The division represents not only the birth of the four elements from the 'quintessence' but also the division of the year into four seasons, which had once been perpetual spring, and the division of the four estates. Ouranya, being priestess, princess, craftmaid and servant, had contained all four estates within herself, but after her time, divisions became necessary. These two events are said to have taken place at the end of the Golden Age, but the period envisaged is far more remote than that of the 50,000 year cycle of which we normally think. The ending of a more recent Golden Age took place with the dissolution of the Northern Empire. The Division of the Chalice is also connected with maid's ceasing to depend for sustenance (both material and spiritual) on God alone, but drawing it from diverse sources (the four quarters).

Inanna's reuniting of the four treasures is the gathering of the scattered elements and the return to primordial Unity. We must not be misled by the 'historicising' prejudice of the modern mentality to 'date' Inanna's birth 'at the end of the Golden Age'—whatever period may be envisaged. But we may see in this a paradigm of the fact that every reunification, or atonement (literally at-one-ment), individual or social, has its roots in this primal act of atonement wrought by the coming of She

Who is the Primordial Unity Herself: 'One God alone, none other God than She.'*

The Holy City

The concept of the Holy City may seem an odd one to find in connection with the matriarchal tradition. Are not non-Madrians habitually termed 'urbies', as if unbelief and apostasy were especially a property of the cities? The words of the old Amazon song have long been true: 'there is treason in the town'.† And yet the city is by no means a patriarchal invention, nor a purely Iron-Age phenomenon. There were cities throughout the Silver and Bronze Ages, and a profound doctrine connected with them, as with all aspects of traditional life. Even so, there are reasons why the city, even before the end of the matriarchal era, should have become prone to certain forms of decadence, and why it should today be the very fountainhead of spiritual decay—a complete inversion of its true function.

But first let us understand something of the real meaning of the city. The countryside, when compared to the city, represents pure potentiality. The city is a crystallisation of this potentiality into a particular 'world'. Its very essence has to do with consolidation and the arrest of movement, which is why the phenomenon of 'civilisation' (i.e. citification) could only take place at a particular stage in the consolidation or materialisation of the human world. The very word city (*civitas*) derives from the Indo-European root $\sqrt{kei}$, meaning primarily 'to rest', from which we also derive our 'couch'.

* The reference is to the Drispeal (vol. 1, p. 105).

† The reference is to 'The Iron Ring' (vol. 3, pp. 1131 ff.).

Nonetheless, the city is not merely a contingent earthly phenomenon. It has its celestial prototype in the Heavenly City, founded by the angels upon the body of Hagal, the Universal Maid near to the dawn of time (the name Hagal—h and k often being interchangeable between different dialects—is also distantly related to $\sqrt{kei}$). This city we know to have been the universe itself; yet its form and measurements are meticulously described in the traditional narratives in terms that can only apply to an actual city; for the city, like the house (Germanic *heim*, = Eng. 'home', is also from $\sqrt{kei}$), a microcosm, assimilable at once to the world and to maid. The palace at the centre of the Celestial City is occupied by the lady Sai Raya, and as the divine Centre, corresponds to the sun in the cosmos and the heart in maid.

The other important Indo-European name for a city is represented by the Old English *burh* (modern English borough, burgh) which is still used in some English matriarchal (Rhen) dialects. It derives from the IE root $\sqrt{pur}$ or $\sqrt{pri}$, which, in most western dialects, becomes $\sqrt{pel}$ or $\sqrt{pli}$ —thus, Rhennish *burh*, Sanskrit *pura* and Greek *polis*, all meaning city, are identical. This root means qualitatively fullness or plenitude (both 'full' and 'plenum' are from this root. The Sanskrit equivalent is *puru*, 'plenitude') and quantitatively, multiplicity (as in 'plurality', 'plus', or Gk. *poly*). As with other cosmological symbols, such as the wheel, the qualitative aspect pertains to the 'centre', and the quantitative to the 'circumference'. Thus the qualitative plenitude of the city inheres in the palace, and more specifically in the divine Princess—in Whom all things lie *in posse* and from Whom all things proceed, while its quantitative plurality pertains to the population (also from $\sqrt{pel}$) of the city. The

population is in fact an outward manifestation, or 'extension' (a secondary meaning of *√kei*) of the plenitude of the divine Centre; thus the entire city is existentially dependent on the centre, being simply a crystallisation of the 'rays' of the divine Sun. Strictly, then, God is the only 'citizen' of the Celestial City, all others being reflections or emanations of Her; which is wholly in accord with the doctrine that She is the Self in all souls: 'For the Spirit is One, and I am the Spirit. And you are the Spirit also, in the innermost temple of your heart.'^{*}

The palace and the Temple were formerly one, and, of course, the palace in the Celestial City is by definition the Temple, since it is the very House of God. Thus, the populous city, with but a single 'consciousness', is at once the universe—the vastness and multiplicity of which are but the outworking of the divine 'play' of She Who has 'laughed all the world into being',[†] and maid, who, according to traditional psychology is not at all an 'individual', but rather an association of psychic entities—passions, tendencies, verdic impulses—all of which are quite 'personal', and, indeed, persuade 'us' that they are 'ourself'. But in fact this shifting agglomerate is not the same from one moment to the next—there is no enduring self outside the Self—the 'Sun-ray' upon which all these entities are threaded 'like jewels upon a string'.[‡] This 'ray' or 'thread' is the particular 'extension' of the divine Princess (the particular spoke of the wheel) which we are.

The justly ordered city or ranyam (realm) is that in which the rayin (princess) rules and is not ruled by the people. The

* Teachings 12:12–13.

† The reference is to the Silver Star prayer (vol. I, p. 108).

‡ Fragment 8.

justly ordered household (*heim*, home) is that in which the mother rules and is not ruled by the family. The justly ordered maid is she who rules and is not ruled by the passions and tendencies of her 'personality'.

But in each case, the rulership is only just if it is wholly in accordance with the Principle which constitutes its 'divine right': for 'only the obedient may command'.[§] We have referred to Sai Raya as God, although she is in fact a Janya—a direct and perfect emanation of God. We may treat her rule as identical with that of God so long as she is wholly in obedience to Her (should she cease to be so, she would no longer be a Janya).

In the same way, the rayin (head of the Raihira estate) is obedient to the *brighe* or *antistita* (chief priestess and head of the Haiela estate). Their relationship is like that of a marriage, in which the rayin, belonging to the 'material' world of outward activity, takes the relatively 'masculine', or subservient, rôle (we may note that the word *brighe* is related to bride). The marital bond of Haiela and Raihira—*sacerdotium* and *regnum*—is the foundation of the city, just as the marriage of maid and man is the foundation of the household, while within the 'city' of maid, the 'marriage within the heart'[¶] of the 'rational' (or 'emotional') self with the Intelligent (or Amative) Self, is the foundation of her truly human, as opposed to merely 'animal', existence.

But it is not only in its polity that the earthly city resembles the Celestial. Every traditional city was sited and aligned

§ The source of this quotation is unclear, though Teachings 8:17 asserts that 'the disobedient may not command'.

¶ A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the heart (pp. 410 ff.).

according to strict geomantic principles. Its form and proportions were designed, according to the canons of sacred science, in order to reflect and to be commensurable with those of the Celestial City, that, in allowing the 'consolidation' inherent in *civil*-isation, and necessitated by the downward 'evolution' of the historical cycle, what was produced should be a 'crystallisation' of true Form, as opposed to a merely arbitrary (literally 'heretical') development.

In this context it is important to note that the scales of measurement used in the construction of the traditional city are of profound significance; far from being 'arbitrary conventions' developed at random by different peoples, there are precise mathematical relationships between the measures used in the construction of the pyramids, those used at Stonehenge, modern British and Indo-Chinese measures, to name but a few, and all of these relate directly both to human and cosmic proportions and to each other in a manner which is, to say the least, remarkable. Numerous examples could be given, but space allows us only one. Stonehenge, a pre-Celtic matriarchal edifice dating from Rhennish times, is based on a unit known as the Megalithic Yard. The relation of this to the modern British yard and to cosmic proportions is made clear by the following figures:

Earth's diameter: 7920 miles

Moon's diameter: 792 Megalithic Miles

Perimeter of a square containing the circle of the earth:
31680 miles

Perimeter of a square containing the circle of the moon:
3168 M. M.

Diameter of the sun: 316,800 M. M.

Interestingly, the French metre, which was deliberately designed by the dogmatic rationalists of the Revolution to have no relation to the human microcosm, was designed to be one ten-millionth part of a quadrant of the meridian measured through Paris. Today this calculation is known to be rather inaccurate, while the traditional measurements, whose origins date back tens of thousands of years, are precisely accurate in their cosmic relationships. Another nail in the coffin of 'progress', and a clear indication that even in those matters which are vulgarly called 'scientific', metaphysics is at least as accurate as 'the experimental method'—where such accuracy takes on some incidental importance to its true aims.

The traditional measures occur naturally in phenomena from the human to the cosmic scale, as do the traditional proportions upon which the city is based—the Golden Mean of sacred art and architecture, for instance, governs the spiral of a snail's shell, the spacing of leaves along the branches of certain trees, the shortening of a plucked string required to produce the exact notes of the musical scale, and many other phenomena. Thus, the sacred city was linked by geometric principles at once to its celestial prototype, to the manifest cosmos and to man.

Just as the palace is the heart of the city, so the city may be the heart of the surrounding country, and an imperial city the heart of a whole empire. In Rhen folklore a feeling of mystic awe still surrounds the name of Caire, the capital city of Abolrai, and 'hub' of the old Western Empire. The phrase 'all roads lead to Caire', later transferred to Rome, is of great

significance. We still speak of major roads as 'arterial', and the word 'street' implies something strewn out from a central point like the rays of the sun.

In this aspect, the city resembles not only the rose 'the heart within the heart', but also the axial mountain at whose summit is the walled orchard of Avala. It is for this reason that the capital city of the Rhennish Empire (probably modern Glastonbury) was called Avalon, which is the diminutive or masculine form of Avala. Yet this concurrence of 'centrality' with 'consolidation' is a two-edged sword. On the one hand it may be a powerful force for keeping maid connected with the true Centre in an age of consolidation. On the other, it may become a centre for all consolidating and materialist forces. In this latter aspect, it becomes the very inverse of the sacred city—the diabolic city. It is this diabolic city which dominates the modern world, and is 'incarnated' in New York, London, Moscow, etc. But to discuss this more fully, we must compare the city with the countryside, and with Avala itself. This (if our Lady wills it so) we shall do in our next issue.

The City and the Garden

In the previous article in this series, we discussed the nature of the city, indicating its sacred significance as the Heart and Centre of the surrounding countryside and explaining the metaphysical reasons underlying the process by which the modern city has become the very inversion of all that an authentic traditional city must be. The very word 'metropolis', which today signifies the sprawling and inhuman power-centres of an utterly profane machine-'civilisation', means literally 'mother-city', and is rooted in the matriarchal conception of the city as the

representative of the solar Spirit, the Mother of All Things, within the surrounding country.

In Rhen folk-tradition, the false metropolis of the degenerate 'urbie' civilisation is typified by the last decadence of Caire, which was the capital of old Abolrai (Plato's Atlantis) and the matriarchal Western Empire; for in this city the matriarchal order became so decayed, the practice of the divine Law so wholly perverted and defiled that its ritual impurity finally became exteriorised in physical catastrophe: the drowning and submergence of the entire continent in the waters of the Atlantic. Rhen tradition refers to the city in its last decadence no longer as Caire, but as Babylon—a word which at once refers to the Wicked City of Chaldea and is taken as a corruption of Avalon, the capital of Rhennisraihir (the Rhennish Empire) itself. By extension the name Babylon is applied to every wicked city and to the whole 'civilisation' of the modern world.

The word civilisation is placed in inverted commas here because, as we saw in our last issue, the city is a phenomenon which arises at a relatively late stage in the historical cycle. Like other innovations, such as the art of writing, it is a necessary response to the increasing 'materiality' of the times, and, despite its imperfection, it is inherently sacred. A *civil*-isation is a society held together by the centripetal force of the true city (*civitas*) and actuated by all the correct 'marital' relationships described in our previous exposition. Modern society, according to any authentic traditional usage of the word, cannot legitimately be called a civilisation; for while it is undoubtedly 'urbie', it is, in the fullest sense of the term, uncivilised.

As we have previously observed, the countryside represents pure potentiality in relation to the city, which is the crystal-

lisation of that potential into a particular 'world'; this latter being a necessary 'consolidation' of human life at a particular point in the historical cycle. Nevertheless, the beginning of the cycle is represented not by the countryside, but by a garden: the earthly paradise of Avala wherein the events of the Creation take place.*

Avala is enclosed by a circular wall (both 'paradise' and 'garden' mean literally 'enclosed' or 'walled', which is closely related to the hub of the wheel of manifestation, while the World-Tree at its centre is the axle-point, being the very world-axis itself.† It is from this principal Point that all the ramifications of this world-system proceed. The garden contains all that is in nature, but in a state of formal perfection, even as the hub of the cosmic Wheel is the realm of the Archetypes or Perfect Forms, of which all physical things are but reflections. It is, therefore, significant that maid was excluded from the garden only after her actions had brought about the end of the Silver Time, in which all things existed as unfallen Archetypes. From the Fountain of Life at the foot of the Tree flow four rivers; one in each of the cardinal directions, signifying the extension of the Essential Forms into the world of matter.

* A note to the original reads 'It should be understood that the earthly Avala is not identical with the eternal Avala, but a direct manifestation of it; and also that this (as well as the True Caire) appears only at the juncture of a full Cycle. A sub-cycle, such as that presently ending which constitutes some 50,000 years, is marked by more or less direct reflections of these manifestations. It must also be noted that the events of the Creation, while reflected in the earthly cycles, transcend even the greatest of them.'

† A note to the original directs the reader to the treatments of the symbolism of the apple and the mountain (pp. 406 ff.) and of the cave (pp. 39 ff.).

Avalon, as we have noted, is the 'masculine' form of Avala—the gender denoting both a diminution and a materialisation: both of which, of course, are necessary for the earthly reflection of a heavenly Reality. What is interesting is that in the earthly reflection the garden is a city. This, of course, reflects the materialisation inherent in the downward movement of the historical cycle. The vegetable symbolism of the garden is consolidated into the mineral symbolism of the city (the transformation takes place not immediately, but by stages—the point at which maid moved from building cities of wood to those of stone was a crucial point in the movement of consolidation). That Babylon represents at once the historical corruption of Caire and the verbal corruption of Avalon is by no means a coincidence or confusion; it reflects on one level the fact that Rhennisraihir, the last great matriarchal Empire, was the successor to the Western Empire of Abolrai, and that Avalon was, therefore, the 'heir of Caire'. On a profounder and more universal level, it signifies the understanding that every true *civitas* is an earthly reflection of one and the same Celestial City. The name Caire itself implies at once a mountain and a wall or fortification, both of which belong, of course, to Avala.

It has been stated that Avala stands at the beginning of the historical cycle, at which time it was in fact manifested on this earth; but it must be understood that earthly conditions at the beginning of the cycle were very different from those now prevailing at its end, being at the furthest possible remove from the hyper-material cosmos of the rump of the Iron Age. Even so, the manifestation took place at the intersection of earth and the celestial regions, the Mountain of Avala (Caravalas) being said to rise to the sphere of the moon, the First Heaven.

This is one of the significances of the silver colour of the pre-lapsarian world; and God's assumption of the form of the moon as She became more distant* indicates maid's removal from and loss of access to the first heaven (the movement of God, like that of the sun, being merely an illusion occasioned by the real movement of maid or of the earth). In view of this it may seem strange that the symbolism connected with Avala—Autumn, evening, the far West, the sunset—clearly relates to the end of the cycle. This might be explicable if the end of the cycle were to see the restoration of Avala to the earth; but what is indicated for the end is in fact the descent of the Celestial City, 'True Caire' or 'True Avalon'. The City, of course, occupies the same 'space' as Avala, since the Temple/Palace at its centre is precisely the same Axial Point as the Tree at the centre of Avala; but its boundary is square rather than round and its symbolism mineral rather than vegetable. This, the true 'squaring of the circle', represents the ultimate consolidation of the tendencies of the present cycle—yet they are transmuted by the intervention of a transcendent principle (this could not be otherwise, since the logical development of the modern world could only end in utter disintegration) as is made clear by the fact that the minerals of the celestial city are precious stones and metals—'consolidated light'.

The manifestation of the True Caire at once completes and transfigures the process of cosmic materialisation, crystallising within it all the tendencies of the cycle which become the seeds of the new cycle. It is here that the relationship between the City and the Garden is made most clear, for the 'squaring of the circle' is the 'moment' at which time stands still before

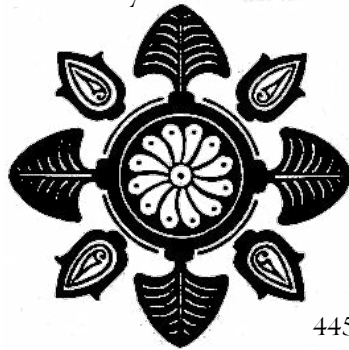
* Creation 3:8.

the renewal of the cycle; and the True Caire of the old cycle is the earthly Avala of the new Golden Age, depending on which 'side' it is viewed from. As the new Age dawns, all things are reversed; 'the East becomes West and the West becomes East' precisely because they are viewed from 'the other side'. It is for this reason that Avala is said to be situated west of (i.e. on the other side of) the sunset, and it is for this reason also that the sunset is gold.

The Gates of Heaven

In the article entitled 'The Cycle of the Seasons',[†] it was explained that the different phases of the yearly cycle create different conditions within the heart of maid. We may explain this a little further by saying that the different phases of the year are in fact different 'places' in both psychic and symbolic terms. Many traditional symbolic designs are in fact 'maps' of the year, seen as a geometric 'territory'. The simplest and most fundamental of these is the cross itself. Of course the cross has many 'other' meanings: but since the fourfold cross and the four seasons of the year are precisely analogous (the fifth season of Moura corresponding to the centre of the cross), all the meanings of the cross are transferable to the year and *vice versa*; indeed we may say that it is impossible fully to understand the one without the other.

Other symbols more specifically represent the year, such as the opposite figure, which depicts the thir-



[†] Pp. 356 ff.

teen months of the year (with Moura at the centre), the four cardinal festivals (the solstices and equinoxes) and the four cross-quarter festivals in between them.

Reverting to the cross: two solstices make up the vertical axis, the direct ray of divine light which descends from God (at once the 'Central' and the 'uppermost' point of being), while the equinoxes make up the horizontal axis—a particular plane of manifest existence (usually our own) upon which the perfect Forms or Archetypes transmitted by the divine Ray combine with the 'matter' of that plane to take on substantial forms. It is for this reason that winter and summer correspond to the 'subtle' elements of air and fire and spring and autumn to the 'gross' elements of earth and water.

The two solstices, at the highest and lowest points of the year, are called the 'gates of heaven'; for they are the two points of entry and exit from the world-cavern in which we exist (that is why both the Nativity and Rosa Mundi periods are noted for the manifestation of subtle entities on the world). The winter and summer solstices are known respectively as the Gate of God and the Gate of Maid, and this corresponds exactly to the solstitial mysteries, for the Nativity mystery is precisely concerned with the descent of God into the world-cavern, while the Rosa Mundi mystery is concerned with the ascent of maid 'like a lark' directly upward into perfect union with God. The complementarity between the two solstices corresponds to the third and final declamation of the quintessential matriarchal statement of faith, the Drispeal: 'God became maid that maid might come to God'.*

* A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina, 'The Three Eternal Truths' (pp. 100 ff.).

From another perspective, however, the two gates are both exits through which maid may pass out of the world-cavern. In this case, the Gate of God leads to the 'Northern Way' by which maid passes into her perfection and does not return to the world of manifestation whether on this earth or otherwise; the Gate of Maid leads to the 'Southern Way' in which maid reaps the reward of her merits in a heavenly state, but, being yet imperfect, must return again to the world of change and becoming, death and decay.

The paths to which the two gates lead correspond to the two halves of the year: the 'ascendant' half in which the sun's strength waxes towards the fulness of midsummer, and the 'descendant' half in which her strength wanes toward midwinter. We may see then that the path which begins from the Gate of God leads through the sacrifice of Eastre in which the soul must give herself to death—that is, the destruction of her ego; all that she calls her self as opposed to her true Self, which is none other than the Spirit Herself; for as our Lady has said: 'the Spirit is One, and I am the Spirit. And you are the Spirit also, in the innermost temple of your heart.'[†] The sacrifice truly is a death: the death of the personality, the ego, the self—of everything that retains the illusion of being other than God; and it is only through this death that the soul may pass through the heart of the sun into the immortality that lies beyond—into perfect union with God.

This, then, is the Northern Way, passing through the sacrifice of Eastre into the consummate union of Rosa Mundi. The Southern Way, which is the lesser, begins from Rosa Mundi. This may at first seem confusing, but it is to be understood

[†] Teachings 12:12–13.

that once one has come out of the world-cavern through one of the Gates, we are no longer speaking of the earthly passage, but of its heavenly equivalent. Therefore the ascendant path leads from the earthly Nativity to the heavenly Rosa Mundi, while the descendant path leads from the earthly Rosa Mundi to the heavenly Nativity.

The descendant or southern path is for those who are not ready to accept the death of the self; who lead a good and devout life, following a legitimate craft or other path, and yet remain within the world of change and becoming. This path leads not to the absolute 'heaven' of perfect union, symbolised by the rose garden, but to the relative heaven from which the soul must return—the apple orchard, the Western Paradise of Avala. The Southern Path thus leads to Avala at the Autumn Equinox, just as the Northern path leads to the Rose Garden at Rosa Mundi; but unlike the Northern Path, it does not end at its 'heaven', but passes on to the Northern Gate of Nativity, which, from the heavenly point of view (and, as we have seen, it is the heavenly Nativity that is here in question), is the place of descent or coming-to-earth. It is also, of course (from the earthly standpoint—and it is to the earthly Nativity that the descent leads) the starting-point of the Northern Path. Thus the Southern Path is also analogous to the Lesser Mysteries, which purify maid and lead her to the very portal of the Greater Mysteries.

We may see, then, that the two paths, the path of return and the path of non-return, are inverse images of one another. The ascendant path leads through an analogy of our Lady's death to heaven; the descendant path leads through heaven to an analogy of our Lady's birth.

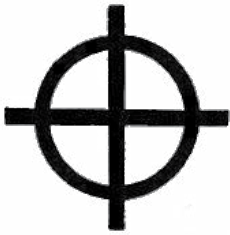
One further apparent paradox remains. It may at first sight appear contradictory that the ascendant path of the sun's waxing should lead from the highest (or Northern) point of the cross to the lowest (or Southern), while the descendant path of the sun's decline leads from the lowest point to the highest. But this is due to the law of inverse analogy. As with reflections in a pool, whatever is in heaven is reflected upon the earth in inversion; thus, from the earthly point of view, the Winter Solstice corresponds to the northern point of the compass, but from the solar (or heavenly) perspective, the Winter Solstice is precisely the moment at which the sun reaches the southernmost point of her annual journey (this, of course, is within the ambit of a geocentric symbolism). It is by precisely the same inversion that what on earth is the Gate of ascent is in heaven the point of descent, while what on earth is the lower Gate is from the heavenly perspective the sun-door itself. From the earthly standpoint, however, the Gate of God is the Gate *par excellence*; the 'uttermost Gate' (English 'utter' is cognate with Sanskrit *uttara* which means not only 'highest', 'superior', 'last', but also 'northern'). Thus January, the Blentish name for the month in which Nativity falls, derives from Latin *janua*, a gate or door. The Madrian name for the equivalent month, Herthe, may not at first appear to be connected with the notion of a gate, being concerned rather with the hearth. However, the hearth, in the microcosm of the home, is the direct reflection of the sun in the macrocosm of the world; and since the sun-door of the Southern Gate is the uttermost Gate in heaven, so, by inverse analogy, the hearth of the Northern Gate is the uttermost gate on earth. The chimney, which is literally a 'hole in the roof' is, in microcosm, an image of the access by which

God breaks into the world. The lightning-bolt which breaks through the roof in the story of the Brown Bull of Norrøway* corresponds to precisely this symbolism. It is for this reason that the French *cheminée* (chimney) is related to *chemin* (way). *Caminus*, a Latin word of Greek origin, means 'hearth' or 'furnace' (and originally also 'chimney') and is related to Spanish and Italian *camino*, meaning again 'way'. It is by no mere coincidence that the Star Fairy enters the house via the chimney, especially since, being the Rayin (princess) of the sylphs or air-spirits, she is the direct representative of Vaya, the Breath or Wind which is the Spirit of God ('Spirit' and '(re)spiration' being two forms of the same word); nor is the practice of sending written petitions up the chimney (borne by up-currents created by the confluence of air and fire) so frivolous in its origins as it has become in Blentish practice.

The Mystery of Nativity and the Mystery of the hearth are closely related, and their relation is actualised by one very ancient and profound ritual custom: the relighting of the hearthfire on the Day of Sai Herthe is always done with the remnant of the Ashen Faggot or Log from the previous Nativity (this itself being lighted from the Altar Flame). In this act is realised the reflection of the Summer Mysteries of fire and the sun in the events of the Winter Solstice. For traditional science teaches that all fire is a yerthing (coming-to-earth) of the sun; and since we, through our fall, have cut ourselves off from the supernal Sun, Who is God, it is only through Her coming-to-earth that the hearth-fires and the Altar Flame are lighted.

* A note to the original directs the reader to the Madrian telling of the story (vol. 3, pp. 917 ff.).

The Fora



The Fora, or Resurrection Cross, is one of the most fundamental of metaphysical symbols. It is especially associated with the western matriarchal tradition, being the standard of Rhennisraihir, the last great matriarchal empire, whose homeland was in Britain. Indeed, so closely is it associated with the Rhennes and those patriarchal tribes which took over much of the Rhennish tradition, that it is commonly called the Celtic cross, despite the fact that, like all metaphysical symbols, it is universal, and is found in many diverse parts of the world.

Since it is a symbol of such fundamental importance, there can be no question of our expounding the full range of its significances in an article of this length and scope; but we may give some indication of its general meaning.

The cross[†] by itself, as we have previously explained, depicts the celestial ray, or world-axis (the vertical line) penetrating a particular level of material existence (we must bear in mind that matter strictly means 'all that is not pure Spirit', and that the physical is only one modality of matter). Now, since the forms of all things are ideas in the mind of God, it is not until the divine ray of Her form-bearing Light touches the material plane in question that the matter of that plane can take on forms, and any thing can exist. Once the ray strikes 'the

[†] A note to the original reads 'Needless to say, we are not referring to the Christian crucifix, nor to the historical events represented thereby, but to the cross as a very ancient metaphysical symbol.'

surface of the waters' (the term applied to a material plane in a state of non-differentiated formlessness) a world will develop. In the case of the physical plane, the world in question is the physical universe as we know it.

The fullest form of the cross is in fact a three dimensional figure with the three lines running north-south, east-west and up-down, all intersecting at the centre. In other words, we have a horizontal cross transfixes by a vertical line. In this three-dimensional figure, the horizontal cross corresponds to the full extension of the world in question in the four directions of matter (the four physical directions have their precise analogies on all non-physical planes), while the vertical line is the celestial ray or world-axis. It is true that the cross is rarely modelled or pictured in this three-dimensional form; but every form of cross depicted in traditional usage is by implication either a 'vertical' or a 'horizontal' cross: although this categorisation is slightly complicated by the fact that just as everything 'below' is a reflection of something 'above', so the horizontal cross is a 'shadow' of the vertical cross, with its north-south axis playing the part of the celestial ray in a limited and reflective mode.

The cross of the four seasons, described in our last issue,* is a good example of the horizontal cross: there the solstitial (winter-summer) axis plays the part of the celestial ray, although the most important part of this cross is the centre, corresponding to the fifth and 'transcendent' season of Moura. This is important, because it is clear that the centre is precisely the point at which the vertical axis transfixes the horizontal cross. Another important point illustrated by the cross of the

* See Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of 'The Gates of Heaven' (pp. 445 ff.).

seasons is that the horizontal cross is a rotating cross, subject to movement and change in the flux of material existence, while the vertical axis remains motionless and immutable, and is the 'still point' about which the movements and mutations of the changing world take place, and is the 'unmoved mover' which governs all these fluctuations. This corresponds to the Scriptural dictum: 'Earth moves, but Heaven is still.'[†]

The horizontal cross is eminently a symbol of quaternity, four being the number of matter, and corresponding to the four elements of the physical world (which have their analogies on other levels of material manifestation). Here the centre of the cross corresponds to the fifth element of æthyr, which is actually the first-created, from which all the others proceed, and which contains within itself all the conflicting tendencies of the four in perfect equilibrium. It is for this reason that æthyr is non-differentiated and imperceptible, since the tangible manifestation of the elements is precisely due to their warring disequilibrium which maintains their continual flux and motion. Æthyr thus corresponds reflectively to the non-manifest Point. It is for this reason that the fifth element is sometimes called spirit, and, in many contexts, symbolises the Spirit Herself.

In Chinese numeration, the cross represents the number ten, and the Latin X is only the cross placed on its side. Here we must note the relationship between the quaternary and the denary, expressed in the Tetrakys: $1+2+3+4=10$. Ten, of course, is the number of the historical cycle, whose four Ages are of rapidly shortening duration, the ration being 4:3:2:1.

Various geometrical symbols relate to the fundamental meaning of the horizontal cross. The cross enclosed within

[†] Teachings 3:1.

a circle $\oplus$ shows the extension of the four directions within a given-world system, and thus relates the horizontal cross to the wheel,* the outer rim being the most consolidated point of manifestation—‘the world’, or, better, ‘the mold’, a Rhennish word designating ‘this material world’, as opposed to the cosmos. For this reason, this symbol has been used in astrology to represent the earth. The figure also implies the rotation of the horizontal cross, as does the swastika, which has half-lines tangential to the (undepicted) circumference, indicating directional motion—but in this latter case the reference is not to the movement of the world itself, but to the operation of the Principle upon it. The circle with a point at the centre $\odot$ long used astrologically to represent the sun, corresponds to cyclic perfection—the integral realisation of all the possibilities inherent within a particular world-system: literally (or rather, pictorially) the alpha and the omega.

Now the fora is often considered to be only another form of the earth sign, but this is not so. The true significance of the fora can best be understood by recalling that the first explanation that young children are given is that it is a picture of Avala. Avala, the paradise of the Daughter, has the Tree of Life at its centre, and from directly beneath this Tree flow four rivers, down the axial mountain, Caravalas, in the four cardinal directions. After the fall of maidkind, a circular wall was placed about the orchard garden. Thus the cross of the fora represents the four rivers, the circle the wall and the central point the

* A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis’ treatment of the symbolism of the wheel (pp. 416 ff.).

world-Tree. Now the tree is the world-axis[†] and Avala itself, being unfallen, represents the realm of the Archetypes, where things are still perfect Forms, rather than the broken and imperfect reflections of them upon the world of matter (as such, it corresponds to the hub of the wheel, just as the Tree corresponds to the axle). The four rivers represent the extension of the Divine Ideas, first as perfect Forms in the Archetypal realm, and then out into the world of matter.

Now the whole movement of the last Ages is away from the Centre. Life in all its aspects tends ever more toward the rim of the wheel and immersion in the lowest and most material aspects of existence. The modern materialist civilisation approaches the extreme point of this tendency; but the tendency has been present for several thousand years, especially since the collapse of the Western Empire. It was thus necessary for the people of the last matriarchal cultures to make use of a symbol which focuses upon the Centre to the virtual exclusion of the totality of the cosmic whole. The symbol has been used in all ages, but toward the latter part of the Bronze Age, its use became more marked, and in the Rhennisraihir this trend received its most extensive development. It was seen in public architecture, upon the banners of legions and the flags of most localities. The multitude of civil uses of the fora on everything from royal standards to the insignia of craft guilds indicates the assertion that every area of life operates legitimately only insofar as it proceeds from its celestial Archetype. The rayin rules only as the regent of God. The craftmaid creates only

† A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatments of the symbolism of 'The Apple and the Mountain' (pp. 406 ff.) and 'The City and the Garden' (pp. 440 ff.).

after the Pattern laid down in the Real world of perfect Forms. The householder, the scholar, the farmer and every other maid perform a sacred function which can be rightly understood only in the light of its perfect and eternal Prototype in the Real world.

The constant reiteration of the fora had a profound ritual effect of centring and re-minding. It was one of the most powerful ritual influences for warding off the disintegration (de-centring) movement of the age for the longest possible time, and after the fall of Rhennisraihir and the invasion of the Rhennesland itself, it has played an important role, both exoterically and in certain secret ritual uses, in holding the Rhennes to their tradition and protecting them from infidel incursion. Now, as the first seeds of the new Golden Age are beginning to be sown, the fora takes on a new significance as a device of re-centring, of re-minding, of re-forming. Slow it will be; at first almost imperceptible. But as surely as spring must follow winter and day must follow night, the sacred Empire shall rule once more upon the earth, and this dark, troubled world shall behold the light of Truth.

The Bridge

The modern mind is so far removed from the normal processes of human thought that it is sometimes to be wondered whether there can be any communication at all between a traditional maid and one who has been conditioned by the modern mentality. Certainly if such communication can take place, it can only be by virtue of the modern maid making a concentrated effort to divest herself of modernist preconceptions, and to see things in a natural way, without inbuilt prejudices.

But what are these prejudices? They have become so much a part of modern thinking that most people are unable to recognise them as such. Underlying the whole of modern thought, from the universities to the public bar of the Pig and Whistle, is a philosophy of nominalism as opposed to realism. That is to say that the modern person takes it for granted that all universal qualities, such as goodness, truth and beauty, are mere names—products of the human brain—rather than actual independent realities. It follows from this that the symbolic qualities of material things are imagined to be nothing more than ‘poetic fancies’, while the things themselves are ‘matters of fact’. A bridge, for example, is imagined by the modern mind to be nothing more than a structure of wood, stone or iron put there for the convenience of maid’s mundane activities. The normal, or realist, mentality, on the other hand, understands that every earthly bridge is but an expression of the Archetypal bridge-ness—the Divine Idea or Perfect Form of all bridges. If it has been made contemplatively and in accordance with the ritual prescriptions of the sacred craft of the bridge-maker, it will express the Archetype more perfectly; but no maid, however profane, can do anything other than express the Forms which underlie all manifestation, although she may pervert or even invert them. Thus every bridge is an expression of the Bridge.

Now the Bridge is not simply a very perfect bridge which exists ‘in heaven’. On the contrary, it is a complex intellectual idea. While the modern nominalist mind sees ‘intellect’ as abstract and ‘things’ as concrete, and places an eternal schism between the two, the normal, realist, mind does not and cannot separate the bridge on earth from the Bridge absolute; nor can it separate the thing from its meaning. (Which is why the tradi-

tional maid hates shoddy craftmaidship and the bleak ugliness of modern idiosyncratic design. They are perversions of the Truth. They are literally lies.)

The Bridge, like every authentic archetypal symbol, is one of the 'figures of thought' upon which the normal realist mind is founded: one of the fundamental building-blocks of the traditional maid's daily thinking. She does not have to be a philosopher, any more than the nominalist bus-conductor is a philosopher. The very fact of living in a traditional culture has given her a rich and deep perception of the archetypal Reality surrounding her, just as exposure to compulsory 'education' and the mass-media has given the modern person a stripped-down, prosaic and two-dimensional view of life.

For the traditional maid, the concept of the bridge is inseparably linked with all the stories, songs and traditions which we propose to discuss in this essay, and particularly in its sequel; and whether or not she is able to expound their meaning on an abstract intellectual level, as we shall attempt to do, she is well aware of the general nature of their meaning.

For the Rhennish maid, the idea of the bridge immediately calls to mind a whole series of associations: The Bridge of the Dead, The Bridge of One Hair, Jana's bridge of arrows,^{*} the bridge of sunbeams in the Ballad of the Bitter Withy,[†] the death of Sai Salya.[‡] She knows that none of these is the mere idiosyncratic fancy of an individual author, but that each relates directly to the true nature of Reality, being 'original' in the

* See pp. 470 ff.

† Vol. I, pp. 265 ff.

‡ See pp. 469 ff.

only worthwhile sense of the word—not an original story, but the original story.

But first of all, her mind will turn to the word 'bridge' itself, as even the most informal education will have trained her to do, and there she will find the key to the essential meaning of the concept. She will know that it is part of a close family of Rhennish words, including 'Brighe', the twelfth month of the year, 'bride', a wife, and 'brighe', a high priestess. This latter term is the obvious starting point, for a priestess is literally a bridge, her function being to connect earth with heaven and to communicate between them. This is the most fundamental meaning of the bridge. The two banks represent two states of being. The hither bank is that state in which one finds oneself at present, the nether bank a higher level of being. Microcosmically, every such duality may be referred to as 'earth' and 'heaven'; each one reflecting the primordial division between the contingent, transient and imperfect world of manifestation (including both the physical plane and all the innumerable levels above and below it) and the perfect, eternal and changeless world of the Spirit. The chasm which lies between the two banks is that which opened at the beginning of time; the first separation of the contingent from the Absolute, or the fall of maid from God. 'For a terrible abyss had opened to lie between the world and She, and Her creatures could not look upon Her brightness.'[§] This is the kear ('crack') which is at once the chasm between the Absolute and the contingent, and the crack, or flaw, in every human soul.

The waters that flow through the chasm are a subject so complex as to require a treatise of their own, but we may suf-

§ Mythos 1:2.

fice it here to say that they are at once ‘the waters of the first darkness’ with which the evil snake attempted to flood the world* and the ‘torrent of the passions’ which bears the soul in its grip as a flood bears a log. This is a traditional image of the Passive Life—life lived purely on the material or animal level, such as that lived by modern civilisation—for while it may appear outwardly active in its restless pursuit of material satisfactions, the soul is in fact the mere passive plaything of the passions (‘passion’ and ‘passivity’ are, indeed, two forms of the same word). On a cosmological rather than psychological level (though the two cannot truly be separated), it is the torrent of the qualities, the flux of forms, or sensations, which constitutes manifest existence.

That these waters lie in the abyss between earth and heaven is made clear by the fact that God walks across the waters in order that She may come to ‘the forests of the earth’.[†] This was the first ‘bridging’ of the waters, but not the first bridge. The first bridge-maker is Her Daughter, Inanna, the Priestess of the World, Who made Herself the Way by which maid might return to God. And it is as Her representative that the earthly priestess is also a bridge (*brighe*). Similarly, the wife (*bride*) is the representative of Inanna in her household. When any maid speaks not in her own person, but by virtue of her function as divine representative, then she is literally ‘pontificating’—i.e. ‘speaking from the bridge (*pons*)’—conveying to earth the will of Heaven.

Brighe is at once the name of the twelfth month of the year, and of a Janya (deity) known in later times in Ireland

* Creation 2:13–14.

† Mythos 2:1.

as Bridget and in Scotland and England as Bride or Brigantia. In the latter form, she gave her name to the northern part of Britain, including Ireland, which in matriarchal and early patriarchal times was called Brigantia, and it is probable that this word-group is the root of 'Britain' itself. She was adopted into Christian usage as St. Bridget or St. Bride. Brighde/Bridget was the head of a college of six (or thirteen) priestesses who had the duty of keeping a sacred flame. This matriarchal cult must have been very widespread at one time, since there is an exact parallel in the Roman Vestal Virgins, who also kept a sacred flame. They were under the control of a high priest called the *Pontifex Maximus* ('great bridgemaker'). The title was later adopted by the Roman Emperor, and later still by the Christian Pope, but it must originally have belonged to the head of the Vestal priestesses, just as every head of the Rhennish/Celtic fire-cult took the name of Brighde.

It should be noted in this context that not only is every head of a household (bride) microcosmically a 'priestess', performing her domestic Rite of Sacrifice, but she is also the head of a microcosmic fire-cult, being the keeper of the sacred hearth-fire. We must also understand that fire herself (she has a proper name in Rhennish, which we may not divulge here) is a priestess, firstly because every earthly fire is a yerthing (coming-to-earth) of the sun, and secondly because it is through fire that the sacrifice (usually a honey-cake) is transmitted to Heaven. Thus, like God Herself, Who is the supernal Sun, fire comes to earth from Heaven and makes herself a bridge leading back to Heaven from earth.

Sai Brighe, the Janya, is said to have given most of the sacred crafts to maid. She herself is a smith (combining craft

with fire). Now the two alternatives to the Passive Life are the life of pure contemplation, of which, as we shall see, the bridge is a perfect image, and the Active Life, or Path of Works, whereby all outward activity is re-connected and re-directed to the Centre. Since the sacred crafts are the very heart of the Active Life, we may see that this aspect of Sai Brighe is also a bridge over the torrent of the passions.

Brighe, the month, stands directly after the midwinter month of Herthe. As we have seen in 'The Gates of Heaven',^{*} the winter solstice and the hearth-fire (which is what Herthe means—and we may note that the Vestal virgins were devoted to Vesta, which is the Latin form of Herthe) correspond to the 'uttermost gate' out of the world as well as Inanna's entry into the world. Since the bridge logically lies immediately beyond the world, the symbolism of this is obvious enough. On the other side of Brighe lies Moura, the month of Inanna's descent into Hell. Thus on the two sides of the Bridge lay the month of the joyful coming and the month of the sorrowful coming; the month of birth and the month of death; the month of the gate of Heaven and the month of the gate of Hell. The significance of this will become more fully apparent in our next exposition.

What, then, is the bridge which connects all the different worlds? It is not other than the World-Axis which passes through the centre of every state of being. Naturally, of course, the Axis is conceived as vertical, but when the passage between inferior and superior states takes place across water, a horizontal symbolism is necessarily envisaged. However the two are reconciled in view of the fact that traditional texts make it clear

* See pp. 445 ff.

that when God threw the waters of the flood upward,[†] they did not all fall back to earth (being sufficient to drown it), but a portion remained to form a barrier between earth and heaven. Indeed, the whole material universe is surrounded by water, so that to leave it in either direction one must cross either 'the waters above' or 'the waters below'. Thus the bridge is directly connected with the ascent and descent symbolism of Herthe and Moura.

The World-Axis is closely related to the sunbeam and the thread-Spirit (*strivatē*), Who passes through all things: 'Thou art the Sun, Whose ray doth thread us all as jewels upon a string'.[‡] And both these concepts are closely connected with the bridge. One of the earliest known words for bridge in our Indo-European language-group is the Sanskrit *setu*, which means primarily a cord or thread; while all the English/Rhennish bridge-words discussed here have the root-meaning 'beam', implying a simple bridge made from a single beam or felled log, but with the double-meaning of sunbeam. It is noteworthy here that many of the Rhennish words for people ritually qualified to 'pontificate' are closely related to 'ray'—*rayin* (queen); *raya* (lady); *ranya* (spiritual- or craft-mistress); *rani* (teacher). The double meaning of 'beam' as 'timber' and 'sunray' is connected with the doctrine of the inherence of fire in wood, which[§] is closely related to the fire-symbolism discussed here.

[†] Mythos 2:16.

[‡] Fragments 8.

[§] A note to the original directs the reader to the notes on the article 'The Huntress and the Bride' (vol. 3, pp. 925 ff.).

In the Ballad of the Bitter Withy,* Inanna makes a bridge out of sunbeams. They are solid to Her sacred feet, but will not support the impure (some trace of this tradition remains in the Irish legend of St. Bridget hanging her cloak on a sunbeam, which dutifully remained to support it even after sunset). Later versions of the Ballad attribute the feat to Jesus, much to the puzzlement of modern Christians, unaware of its metaphysical significance. However this brings us to the aspect of the bridge which we propose to discuss in our next issue: the Perilous Bridge of Dread.

The Bridge of Dread

When Inanna crossed the water on a bridge of sunbeams, the three impure souls who tried to follow Her fell in and were drowned.† The crossing of the bridge is, by its very nature, perilous—indeed, the very word ‘peril’ comes from the same root as the Greek *poros*, meaning ferry, ford or bridge.

In the example quoted above, the bridge is perilous because it is made of a ‘subtle’ material which will not support a soul which has descended into gross matter. More often the bridge is ‘subtle’ in the original sense of the word—exceedingly thin and tenuous. It is sometimes described as a sword-edge, or razor-sharp way, or else it is made of a hair. This is connected with the idea already discussed of the bridge as a cord or rope—the thread of the Spirit which passes through all states of

* Vol. I, pp. 265 ff.

† A note to the original directs the reader to ‘The Ballad of the Bitter Withy’ (vol. I, pp. 265) and Donna Chrysothemis’ treatment of the ‘The Bridge’ (pp. 456 ff.).

being, and is not other than the sunbeam: 'Thou art the Sun, whose ray doth thread us all as jewels upon a string.'[‡]

The simplest form of the rope bridge is simply a rope stretched between two trees, one on each side of the river, which literally ties the two banks (which, of course, are two states of being) together. It forms a tight-rope, and the ancient spectacle of tight-rope walking is a re-enactment of the perilous passage of the solar hero. Like all forms of the perilous passage,[§] it is connected with the avoidance of dualities, since the balance required is precisely the 'middle path' between toppling either on one side or the other—avoiding the dualities of matter in the path toward the transcendent one-ness which lies beyond them (we may note in passing that the word 'path' comes from the same root as the Latin *pons*, bridge—the Bridge being a stage—or rather numerous stages—of the Path). This is made clearly visible by the tight-rope walker's pole which must be held in perfect balance. We may note also that the pole forms a cross with the rope itself, and that this conforms to the normal symbolism of the cross.[¶] The rope is the 'vertical' line, the World-Axis running from the lowest depths of the cosmos to its spiritual summit, while the pole represents the 'horizontal' line, reaching out into the dualities of a given world or level of being. In the symbolism of the bridge proper, however, it is, of course, the banks which represent two separate horizontal lines, corresponding to two levels of being. This sym-

[‡] Fragments 8.

[§] A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina's comments on the rhyme 'How Many Miles to Avalon' (pp. 107 ff.).

[¶] A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the Forā (pp. 451 ff.).

bolism is also inherent in such ancient symbols as the 'cross of Lorraine', known in Rhennish as the Cross of Sai Brighe †. We may note in passing that the so-called 'papal Cross' (Rhennish Thestal) ‡ depicts the three worlds of heaven, earth and hell (microcosmically, our present level of being, and those immediately above and below it) transfixd by the World-Axis. In each case, the higher horizontal lines are shorter than the lower ones, since the degree of quantitative extension into the horizontal dimension of material manifestation increases as we descend from the unmanifest spiritual Source. It is by the same symbolism that concentric circles become larger as they recede from the centre, and we may hereby understand the equivalence of the horizontal bridge with the vertical pole of the World-Axis, since a vertical line running from the highest heaven to the deepest hell may also be expressed as a radial line running from the centre of the circle (or rather of the complex of concentric circles) to its perimeter, or, to revert to the symbolism of the sunbeam, from the central Sun to the outer darkness.

A vertical equivalent of the tight-rope is found in the so-called Indian Rope Trick where a child, having scaled the rope, 'vanishes' from this plane of being. Closely connected with this is the tale of beanstalk found in both matriarchal and patriarchal versions in Britain.*

To return to the bridge proper, whether it be a rope, a beam of wood or a sword-edge, it is always difficult to cross. Where the bridge is that faced by the soul after death, there is

* A note to the original directs the reader to the story 'The Wonderful Beanstalk' (vol. 3, pp. 980 ff.).

often a shining maiden who asks certain questions.[†] If these questions are answered correctly, she will guide the soul across, making the sharp edge 'as smooth as the palm of her hand'. These questions may either inquire as to the soul's conduct during life, or may be of a riddling and apparently paradoxical nature, corresponding to the two modes of salvation—salvation by works and salvation by knowledge. In the latter case, it is not a mere theoretical knowledge that is in question, but the full Intellectual realisation attained by she who has followed the Contemplative Life. The moral questions are asked of the soul who has pursued the Active Life. Their destinations are different, since the former will arrive at the Rose Garden of the Mother and the latter at the Apple Orchard of the Daughter. Since the Active and Contemplative lives cannot always wholly be distinguished (since each contains elements of the other), it may happen that the moral questions are answered at the head of the bridge and the riddles at the gate which lies on the other side. It may be a toll-bridge or, in the case of the Active Life, a ferry may transport the soul over the waters. In each case, the payment corresponds to a purgation of sins before crossing. Mahevik, the rider who found the Holy Grail,[‡] cut her feet badly upon the sword-bridge.

This latter case, however, refers not to the Bridge of the Dead, but to the path of realisation followed within life. Here the soul must purge all her remaining sins before reaching the

[†] A note to the original reads: 'Here the guide may be Sai Nimwē, a form of Sai Mati, Janya of pure Intellect. For the same reason was the Greek Hermes guide of souls. The early Egyptian Goddess Maat (a form of Sai Mati) greeted the souls of the dead when they had crossed the bridge.'

[‡] A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of 'The Grail and the Chalice' (pp. 426 ff.).

Goal. Or, more exactly, she must purge all her remaining attachments to the material world of duality.

So far we have considered the peril of the bridge only as that of falling off. Indeed, in the case of the Bridge of the Dead this is the greatest danger. All those who have not the wherewithal to pay (who have lived life on a merely animal or material level, ignoring the Spirit, and who have not built the bridges within them provided by the ritual and devotional framework of traditional life) must fall off, not into Hell, but into the torrent of all the fears and desires which motivated their material existence. But for the soul on an esoteric path, there is a danger greater than falling off—namely that of going back, or even of looking back.

We have said that from the point of view of this world, the next level of being upward is micro-cosmically 'heaven'. But conversely, from the point of view of that state of being, this world is Hell, and once we set foot upon the bridge, we have already adopted that point of view. The bridge is now the only 'middle ground'—we are suspended between Heaven and Hell. Each step we take redeems a particular fragment, or 'power', of the soul and lifts it into Heaven. But each step backward will corrupt that same power and cast it into Hell.*

The adept must literally 'break her bridge' as she crosses it. There must be no clinging or attachment even to the path itself, for she must eventually transcend both good and evil—that is to say, she must be bound to incarnation by no *werdë* (fate) whether the suffering for evil actions or the reward for good

* A note to the original reads: 'This, of course, does not apply to the perfected soul, who, having reached the nether shore, becomes a mover-at-will and may cross and re-cross as she wishes.'

(this does not mean that she should avoid good actions, but that she must relinquish attachment to them).

The crossing, then, must be attempted only by those who can be sure that they will not 'lose heart' on the way across. Thus it is that just as the pillar at once connects earth and Heaven and holds them apart, so the bridge is at once a help and a barrier. In its aspect as a barrier it is sometimes guarded by a dragon, an armed angel or some other guardian. The story of Queen Colwyn guarding the bridge is one image of this.[†]

So far we have considered the bridge only from the human point of view. But as we made clear in our previous exposition, the making of the bridge is the activity of God. Indeed, She makes Herself the bridge through the Her Sacrifice. This could not be more clearly indicated than in the Mythos where our Lady's body is hung upon the pillar of the nether world, which, of course, is not other than the World-Axis itself.[‡]

Legend tells that, when the Amazons were in defeat and pursued by the enemy, the great saint Sai Salya, who was with them, walked across a river and tied one end of a rope to a tree on the other side. When on returning she found that the rope was not long enough, she lay down, still holding the rope, so that her friends might walk over her onto it. As the last of them crossed the patriarchs arrived, and one threw a rock, thus breaking Sai Salya's back. This is a precise image of the perfected soul, who, having crossed to the other side, voluntarily returns for the salvation of her fellow creatures. She makes a

[†] See vol. 3, pp. 1126 ff.

[‡] A note to the original directs the reader both to Sr Angelina's treatment of the symbolism of the cave (pp. 39 ff.) and to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the heart and the moon-axe (pp. 410 ff.).

bridge of herself, and yet, if they would go to the true end, they must step out onto the tenuous thread of the Spirit Herself. The end of the story shows the sacrifice inherent in this return. Similarly, Inanna is whipped by Her Mother after building the bridge of sunbeams.*

The ease of the perfected soul in making the crossing may be understood in the light of the story of Diana, who once crossed a river by shooting an arrow into a tree on the opposite bank, and then a further arrow into that arrow, and so on until a bridge of arrows was formed which she was able to walk across. Seen in the light of the symbolism of archery† wherein the soul is wholly identified with the winged arrow which flies into the heart of the sun-target, this story becomes wholly comprehensible. The straightness of the arrow's path, so important to the symbolism of archery, corresponds directly to the straightness of the sword-bridge.

Finally, we turn to a story which contains much of the doctrine of the bridge while making no explicit reference to the bridge itself. It is the story of Saille and Teren, which is virtually identical to that of Orpheus and Eurydice, except that, as in the Indian equivalent, it is the maid who rescues the husband from the underworld. The name of the Indian 'Eurydice' makes clear her true identity, for it is Saritri, almost identical to Saritr, the solar angel; while the Greek names make it clear that the story was originally the other way around, for Eurydice means 'wide-justice', a title of God closely related to Eurynome, 'wide-rule', the Mother-Creator of the earliest

* The reference is to 'The Bitter Withy' (vol. I, pp. 265 ff.).

† A note to the original directs the reader to the treatise on this topic (vol. 3, pp. 890 ff.).

surviving Greek creation story, while Orpheus appears to mean 'river-bank' (a reference as puzzling to modern scholars as it is clear to metaphysicians).

The story is universal, and is found as far afield as the North American Indians. It tells of the fall of the soul from heaven into the world of mortality and the journey of the solar Spirit into that world to rescue him (here the soul is male in relation to the female Spirit), for he cannot return unless She comes to make a 'bridge'.

One point which may prove puzzling in the light of this interpretation is that the prohibition against 'looking back', previously mentioned, is strongly present in this story, and, indeed, in the Greek version (but not the Indian) the quest is actually lost by the breaking of this taboo. How, it will be asked, can the taboo apply to God, She Who is the pre-eminent Mover-at-will? The answer is that there is another version of the story, still clearly present in the Rhennish tradition, which has a separate interpretation. This version concerns the descent of the adept on the path of the Lesser Mysteries into Hell, or into the inferior psychic realms, in order to gather the scattered fragments of her soul.[‡] Here the adept herself takes on the role of the Solar Spirit by virtue of her initiation, and it is precisely here that she must avoid all faltering and all looking back, for she treads the most perilous bridge of all.⁶⁶

[‡] A note to the original directs the reader to Sr Angelina's commentary on the story 'The Three Caskets' (pp. 78 ff.).

A QUESTION OF BALANCE

The world we know, for all its seeming substance and solidity, is only half there. It stands midway between existence and nonexistence. There have been times when it has existed more than it does now, and perhaps times when it has existed less. The grey world is poised between the light of pure Reality and the darkness of unreality, and we are grey people, moving now towards one, now towards the other.

In the blindness of modern self-assurance, it is all too commonly assumed that the grayness which characterises this world is alone real, that it is the perfect balance between the 'unrealistic' extremes of black and white. The ancients are condemned for their 'dualism', that is, for distinguishing between Spirit and matter, good and evil, truth and falsity. It is argued that because all these are necessarily mixed and blended in this world, these ancient distinctions are deceptive; and they are replaced by 'reasonable' compromises. Such assertions stem from regarding the world as absolute in itself, as the only reality, as the yardstick by which everything else is measured.

But beyond this world there is a higher truth, which stems from Dea, the Absolute, Who is the only true Reality. All things out of tune with Her have only a partial reality, and only that through Her compassion, for She is the source not only of all life, but of existence itself. Every thing which is apart from Her is on a sliding scale between existence and non-existence. These two 'states' are the paradigm for many other pairs of 'opposites' in which one is real and the other merely its absence: light and darkness, for example, in which light is real and darkness merely the absence of light; similarly with warmth and cold. The

pairs we have already considered—Spirit and matter, good and evil, truth and falsity—are opposites of just this type. Their seeming force and vitality—pitch darkness, biting cold, all the outward manifestations of evil—is in fact a measure of our own distance from Reality. As Dea is pure Spirit, pure Good, pure Truth, pure Beauty, severance from Her necessarily entails a degree of matter (we will discuss degrees of matter later), of evil, falsity, ugliness. There can be no equivalence, no balancing, between these pairs of opposites. The right response is to move from the false to the real so far as is possible. The scales are not here the appropriate symbol: rather more apposite is the image of the ladder ascending from the abyss of nothingness to the threshold of paradise. It would be rather foolish, to say the least, to stop halfway up and build one's house.

Yet there is a genuine celestial polarity, made up not of these unequal 'opposites', but of the equal and complementary principles which run through the whole of manifest creation. Here the balance is 'horizontal' rather than 'vertical', and may be truly represented by the scales. The two 'horizontal' poles are, in their highest essence, the Mother and the Daughter principles. As these principles operate in the world, they are best designated by the Taoist terms yang and yin respectively. These terms derive from the primordial Madrian-matriarchal tradition which was common to east and west, and we must be careful not to fall into the later patriarchal error of confusing them with the male and female principles. Although at a lower level the principles appear to be opposites, in the Absolute they are reconciled and are One, even as the Mother and Daughter are One in Eternity.

In the world, the principles are symbolised and manifested by polarities such as moon/sun, earth/sky, night/day, valley/mountain, blossom/fruit, gentleness/strength, mercy/justice, repose/action, potential/achievement, waning/waxing, peace/joy, love/intellect (gnosis), inhalation/exhalation.

Both 'horizontal' and 'vertical' polarities have been confused under the patriarchy with the polarity of the feminine and masculine principles. The early stages of the patriarchal usurpation, in which the image of the male god replaced that of Dea and men assumed the leadership of society, saw an inversion of natural symbolic values. In the context of these events, and particularly owing to the strong materialistic tendency inherent in patriarchy, the feminine and masculine principles came to be closely identified with maids and men respectively. And as symbolism was brought into the service of political ideology, these principles became crucial to the philosophical justification of the usurpation.

In the patriarchal philosophy, the feminine principle was held to be equivalent to yin, the Daughter principle, and the masculine principle to yang, the Mother principle; and this was interpreted to mean that men were more suited to positions of power and authority. Eventually, with the consolidation of the patriarchy, the feminine principle in this sense was consistently undervalued, so that the 'horizontal' polarity took on the appearance of a vertical one. In the 'vertical' polarity itself, the masculine principle was identified with Spirit, good, truth, etc., the feminine with matter, evil, falsity, etc. These distortions have exercised and continue to exercise a considerable influence on the development of western patriarchal culture.

The feminine and masculine principles do, however, exist, and have a distinct symbolic significance, but not one which can be directly equated with the horizontal or vertical polarity as described above. The pure Feminine and pure Masculine poles represent one aspect of the 'vertical' polarity; the corresponding principles can be seen as directions leading to each pole respectively. In this world we are midway between the two poles, and thus perceive neither directly. The feminine and masculine principles cannot be rigidly correlated with maids and men respectively, as maids and men are closer together on the 'ladder' which stretches between the two poles; the most we can say is that there is a tendency in each sufficient for them to symbolise the principles—and this itself will not be the case in every individual. This is because the material is always, in its higher aspect, a channel for the expression of spirit, and as the feminine principle expresses spirit, so the soul of a human being, regardless of the biological gender of the body, is always female.

The masculine principle has been described as the principle of descent into matter, of the scaling-down of Reality. It is equivalent to the making of a diagram or a map or a mathematical formula—it simplifies and condenses that which our limited understanding finds impossible to comprehend.

Within the world, it is difficult to characterise exactly the nature of the principles, but the following pairs may give an indication: female/male, colour/monochrome, quality/quantity, truth/fact, eternity/time, infinity/space, intellect (gnosis/reason, intuition (gnosis)/experiment. It will be seen that in each case, the first element contains or subsumes the second, making it unnecessary. A full participation in the feminine

principle—that is, in absolute Reality; Dea Herself—abolishes the masculine principle. For just as a map is used as a temporary aid for the exploration of a landscape, to be used less and less, and finally discarded as the countryside becomes more and more familiar, so the material realm becomes less and less solid as we approach pure Spirit, and finally dissolves altogether. For ultimately, looked at in the light of pure Reality, it was never really there.^{*67}

THE PERFECT DEVOTION†

The surpassing excellence of the Rosary as a devotion, with its combination of prayer and meditation and its attunement with cosmic rhythms and the structure of the Divine action, has long been acknowledged in both East and West.‡ A certain quality of magic has been attributed to the familiar yet mysterious beads the world over. Always they have belonged to Dea, or whatever image of Her has remained in patriarchal cultures—whether Mary in the West or the Indian Great Mother. Visions and miracles have often been associated with them, and the apparition of a heavenly maid, whose words or actions extol the virtues of the Rosary, has often been the occasion of a renewed or intensified use of this devotion. The Madrian Rosary realigns the structure of the beads with the fivefold structure of the universe and the five great Mysteries of the year, thus

* A note to the original directs the reader to Camilla, 'The Feminine Principle' (pp. 556 ff.).

† This article credits Sr Angelina as a co-author.

‡ A note to the original directs the reader to the various Rosary materials reproduced in vol. I, pp. III ff.

bringing it back to its original completeness and restoring the full richness of its primordial depth and power.

The Rosary works on many different levels, from the lowest to the highest. This is true even of a single devotion, for every part of a maid's being is engaged: the physical body in moving over the beads and speaking the prayers, the thoughts and emotions in the evocation of the meditative subjects, and the soul in progressing through the timeless pattern of the celestial Realities. But it is even more true in that the Rosary is quite literally inexhaustible. Like the clothes of the fairy child, it grows as we grow. The more we use it the more we will appreciate its depth and richness, for although divinely simple, it contains within it all complexities.

During the month of Vois, 'the Rosary month', every Madrian resolves to say the Rosary (five decades) each day, or, if she already does so, to pay particular attention to the qualitative improvement of her devotion. After the Fire-and-Rose season of summer, which corresponds to the final decade, we return in the cycle of the year to autumn, the season of earth, the golden apple, and the first Mystery of the Rosary. As we become attuned to the primordial pattern of the seasons and their inner spiritual meaning (the Rosary itself is a powerful catalyst in this process) we soon begin to notice changes in our spiritual life taking place with the movements of the seasonal pattern. This continual psychic modulation is always taking place whether we are aware of it or not, but as we become spiritually attuned to it through Madrian ritual and worship, its effect becomes more complete. Vois is a strategic point in the cycle for making permanent improvements in the depth and quality of our Rosary devotions for the coming year. It is

a time of new beginnings as far as the Rosary is concerned, at which we can open up fresh veins and realise new possibilities.

The very perfection of the Rosary can make it prey to a number of difficulties. These are the fruit of the activity of the false self—that part of us which is always trying to drag us further downwards, away from Dea. For the false self rebels against the Rosary, almost more than anything else. Set aside a definite time of the day (preferably when you are not likely to be too sleepy or distracted by the day's concerns). This will act against the false self's ploy of 'forgetting' or 'crowding out' your devotion. There are also likely to be numerous mental distractions, and perhaps also a feeling of fatigue and aversion. Neither of these are faults on your part, provided they are involuntary, and both provide splendid opportunities for spiritual progress. A difficult Rosary well performed is a great spiritual achievement. It may feel unsatisfying to you, but you will have made real progress towards Dea (you may well be granted a glorious awareness of this some time afterwards). Do not give up the daily Rosary, even for some more 'satisfying' devotion, for this will give a spiritual victory to the false self, who will quickly press home the advantage. Above all, never break a Rosary in mid-rhythm.

The meditative aspect of the Rosary will be much enhanced by the lessening of involuntary distractions. There are two important qualities which it would be an immense help to cultivate. The first of these, control of the thoughts and the imagination, which is closely linked with the habit of attention and concentration, can be exercised and developed not only in the context of meditation, but in the activities of everyday life. The application of the student, the magician's practice in

visualisation, the artist's disciplining of the creative imagination—all these bear fruit in meditation, regardless of the intrinsic value of the work concerned. Even the most mundane tasks can provide opportunities for exercising mental control. Our thoughts are so often like butterflies or dead leaves in the wind; they lack depth and direction. Try on occasion to bring the whole of your mind and energy to the task in hand, suppressing wandering thoughts. Another time, seize on some thought or image and hold it still in your mind, direct your thoughts upon it, examining it in detail, perhaps elaborating it, contemplating its significance—above all, keep the central idea unwavering. Try to sustain a line of thought in your head or in conversation, not being sidetracked by any chance words; begin by going over a line of thought or conversation, seeing how many times the thread was lost. Try to bring order into your thoughts. Exercise will begin to tighten up even the most sluggish mind and to tame even the most flighty.

The second quality to develop is that of serenity or peace of mind, which has its root in trust in the wisdom of Dea. Many of us are far more tense and worried than we realise; the first step is to become aware of this, and then consciously to relax the body and quiet the mind. The aim should be to make the mind as a pool of still, clear water, that it may perfectly reflect the heavens.

For more immediate results, the Rosary will be both more worthwhile and more rewarding if a pause is made before the beginning of each decade for brief consideration of the Mystery to be contemplated, and if the prayers are said carefully and quite slowly (though without breaking the essential rhythm). Secondly, allow some powerful image connected with

the devotion to impress itself on your mind. Picture yourself saying the Rosary in the presence of our Lady, Who is listening to every word and every thought (as is true, although we cannot see Her). Imagine that each prayer perfectly said is a perfect rose fashioned as a gift for Her, and each imperfect prayer a spoiled rose (She has spoken in a vision of Rosary prayers as roses, and a vision of the Tibetan Mala, bearer of the Rosary, compared mantras said upon the Rosary to pure lotuses). Alternatively, imagine that this is the last Rosary you will ever say; that nothing in your life has any more meaning except saying this Rosary as well as ever you can, for all will dissolve into dust at the last word of the final prayer. To be on the edge of the abyss of time wonderfully concentrates the mind.

The Graces which have flowed from the Rosary are too numerous to mention; this most beautiful of devotions is a treasure-house of our Lady's gifts and blessings. Our Lady loves us to ask, even when She must refuse, so we must never hesitate to devote a Rosary in petition of some Grace for ourselves, or another, or for the whole community. A common practice is the saying of the Rosary in petition for nine successive days, followed by nine days in thanksgiving. But whether or not our most obvious desires are fulfilled (this will depend upon our *werdē*) we should know that with the Rosary as our companion, our soul-life is fuller and richer, more in tune with the divine rhythms and closer to our Beloved Lady.⁶⁸

THE THREE PRINCESSES

In the Mythos of the Divine Maid, the three great princesses of the earth come forward to offer their crowns as gifts to the

newborn Inanna. The first is a rich and powerful ruler, the second a maid of great wisdom and understanding, the third a devout and dedicated priestess. The light from the Star shines on each crown as it is offered, raising it to a more-than-earthly beauty. The second princess's crown of silver becomes more beautiful than the first princess's crown of gold, and the third princess's crystal crown becomes the loveliest of the three.*

The events of the Mythos are not historical events, but happen entirely outside the limited realm of time and space. They happen in the Pleroma, the realm of pure Being. Our own true selves, which are the fulfilment of the potential perfection within each one of us, exist in this realm, and we can therefore say truly that each of us has a personal knowledge and experience of the Mysteries which is beyond the power of words to express. But we are so wrapped round and blinded by the veil of matter that we have no direct access to our own experience except in the rarest of moments. The words of the Mythos are designed to cut through the veil and evoke a direct vision of the sacred Events. Thus it is that contemplation of these words can create a true understanding of the Realities of which the things of this world are but shadows. For the source of these words lies far beyond the human order.

The story of the three princesses, then, is no mere historical account, nor a pretty fable, but a story containing a fifth dimension, an inward depth to which our souls, given the chance, will respond through a direct recognition of the Truth. This can only be a personal experience and cannot be reduced to words. This article is intended only as a partial commentary which may aid that response.

* Mythos 2:20–30.

In the most immediate interpretation, and that which is suggested by the words of the Janya, the princesses are reflections of the activity of Inanna Herself: Her sovereignty as Princess of the World, Her teaching of divine Truths as Daughter of Wisdom, and Her revealing of Mysteries as Priestess of the World. Her embracing of the world through Her birth means that the whole activity of the world takes place within the context of Her presence and finds its highest expression in Her.

The offering of the crowns is the acceptance and acknowledgement of Inanna by the world, whereby it is transformed, just as the crowns are transformed by the light of the Star. As they are suffused with Divine beauty, so is the world and all its activity made beautiful by Her coming.

In the individual, this acknowledgement is the opening of the heart to Her as ruler, teacher and guide. It is the overthrowing of the usurper ego and the yielding of sovereignty in the soul to She Who made it. It is the beginning of perfection of the will, leading to perfect happiness.

The three princesses also represent different ways of living in the world. As ruler, philosopher and priestess, they embody the life of action, the pursuit of wisdom and the pure service of Dea. They are 'princesses' because they are 'perfect maids'; which is to say that each follows her path perfectly in the light of the Spirit and in accord with the Divine harmony. And each path is a way to the Truth.

The second of the paths, however, is more perfect than the first, and the third is more perfect than the second. The first princess who rules most land and possesses most treasure is the most tied to the material realm, while the third, who 'possessed

but few of the world's things^{*} is closest to the spiritual. While the first princess's crown is made of the most 'valuable' material—gold, it is the third princess's crown of crystal—a substance of little material value—which becomes most beautiful in the light of the Star. And this is because it most perfectly reflects the Divine light; for just as each one of us was first created as a perfect reflection of Dea, so our souls are most whole and most beautiful when they most fully reflect Her. In the Rite of Initiation, the Temple is likened to a crystalline vessel, 'pure and clean and wholly transparent, showing not herself but that which lies in her,' and thus should our souls be, that the light of Dea may shine forth from us.

In the life of the individual maid, the three princesses may be said to represent the three parts of her being, namely body, soul and spirit. While each part may be purified by the presence of Inanna, the body is the part in which we are joined to the earth and spirit the part in which we are at one with Heaven, while the soul stands between them, endowed with the power of choice.

The three parts of maid are each again divided into three. The spirit, as the pure reflection of God, mirrors Her Nature as Mother, Daughter and Absolute Deity, and also the three Divine Principles expounded in the Crystal Tablet: Life, Light and Love. The body is composed of three vehicles, each operating on one of the three levels of matter which we encounter in our present state of existence: the physical body of dense matter, the mental body of thought-matter and the astral body of emotion-matter. These three bodies are vehicles for the 'activities' of the soul: living, understanding and loving—

* Mythos 2:28.

activities which parallel the paths of the three princesses and again mirror the great Principles of Life, Light and Love. The activities encompass the whole of existence; to perform them perfectly, in harmony with the three Principles, is to be perfect.

The soul has not her permanent home in the bodies which serve her in this life. Each will pass away in its season. By far the most short-lived is the physical body, which grows old and dies in the space of a few short decades. Yet during its life it provides the basis for everything we do. Like the golden crown, its superficial value is great, but in the eyes of Eternity it is of relatively little worth. Its true value becomes actualised only when its activities are directly attached to the Divine, in ritual, in the practice of a traditional craft, or in any activity directed by the principles of eternal Harmony.

What is true of the physical body is also true of the bodies as a whole, for taken together, they represent the gold crown in relation to the soul and spirit. But each of the three crowns is accepted by the Janya at the cave's mouth in the Name of Inanna. Each of the three bodies, the physical, the mental and the emotional, has its part to play in the raising of the maid to her former perfection and unity with Dea. Hands, head and heart have their place in the pattern and are essential to the whole.

The greater beauty of the third crown, which in this symbolism is associated with the emotional body, the heart, and also symbolises the soul's activity of loving in accordance with the great principle of Love is especially appropriate to the Nativity season. For this is the season when the heart awakens to the presence of Inanna and Love is born into the world.⁶⁹

TALES FROM ETERNITY

Modern society is a society dominated by fiction. In every town and village there are public libraries stacked with novels, biographies, histories ('true life' stories) usually far outnumbering the volumes of practical information and aids to academic study or the pursuit of a craft. The vast majority of homes have as their focus not the traditional hearth-fire, but the television screen which nightly recounts dozens of different stories, whether fiction or fictionalised fact (or fiction presented as fact). Among those who read, one finds not the few well-worn, well-beloved volumes, companions from childhood and shapers of the soul, but an endless succession of expendable and eminently forgettable paperbacks. We must add to these the millions of story-magazines and comics sold weekly. And we are told that much more fiction is actually being written than even the vast market can absorb. So what is fiction? What purpose does it serve? And has it any right to exist?

Modern fiction consists almost wholly of the expression and evocation of emotion through narrative. One is intended to sympathise, to 'feel with', the invented characters. This preoccupation with emotion is the natural consequence of a society devoted to the passive or passionate life—that is, a life which, having no governing principles, is based merely upon the seeking of pleasure and the avoidance of pain. Normal human societies recognise two kinds of life: the active life, which leads to God through right conduct and the 'path' of a craft and of the rituals of daily life; and the contemplative life which leads to Her through the rigorous 'direct path'. The passive life is not a path at all, merely an aimless wandering in search of

pleasurable sensations (success, money, food, sensual gratification, fame, etc.). Fiction of the modern sort is a perfect reflection of the passive life, providing an endless stream of mere sensations unconnected to any transcending principle.

The story can nevertheless be an authentic spiritual experience. We find prototypes for the true story in the sacred writings themselves. The Creation and Mythos are cast in the form of stories, and stories are used frequently as illustrations in the Teachings. With these there is no doubt—the stories are not for pleasure merely, nor intended to rouse the emotions for their own sake, but are directly symbolic of Reality. And this is always so with the true story. It is not entertainment, although it entertains, but is rhetoric in the true sense of the word—the effective expression of Truth. The simplest true story is always a challenge, for we are asked not merely to appreciate it, but to understand it—to see not only its outward incidents, but its inner depths of meaning. The true story comes not from the merely human level, but is inspired from above; it is an imitation of the divine essences of things, and not, as in modern fiction, of their outward accidents (whether physical or psychological). The true story is literally a tale from Eternity.

The true story survives among us even in the very heart of decadence, in the form of the so-called folk or fairy tale, considered fit only for children. These are the traditional stories of all people who have kept alive, verbally and through repetition, the forms in which esoteric metaphysical knowledge is enshrined after the understanding of it has been lost. Many have become deformed, degenerate and fragmented over the centuries, and the patriarchal overlay is in many cases particularly disfiguring; but the pure light of symbolic truth still

shines through them and illumines their inner depth for those who have eyes to see. This gives the tale a simple clarity, a logic of its own, which is often lost in 'original' stories with fairytale motifs such as have proliferated since the seventeenth century, and for obvious reasons lack a metaphysical/symbolic foundation.

The fairytale opening, 'Once upon a time', sets the scene: we are out of mundane history and mundane space, in a realm beyond that of everyday experience. We are in *illo tempore*, 'that time', the primordial time of which it can be said that human actions were symbolic of Eternal truths and the spiritual quest was the daily task—when maid, true to her essential nature, occupied her true 'central' position.

The reality of our state upon this earth, separated from the Spirit, Source of all life and joy, and seeking reunion with Her, is the most essential of the symbolic themes of the fairy tale. Every prince seeking the princess, every child seeking her mother, every questing hero seeking the grail, the golden apples, the singing bough or the water of life—all ancient symbols of Dea—is the soul seeking Her.

Often the central character is not the only one to set out on a quest, but is one of three, the youngest and silliest. This 'silliness' is a purity of heart and a humility ('the wisdom of spirit is folly to the world') which listens to advice from old peasant women and talking animals. And the supernatural aid which rewards this humility leads to success in the quest. Those souls not open to Spirit can achieve only on the human level, where they achieve at all. More often they are deceived by a pleasant but maleficent stranger (the illusions of the world) or lured into a wayside inn where they are pauperised or even

killed; while the despised youngest, with supernatural aid, becomes the highest in the land. Often it is simplicity, humility and obedience which prompt the soul to the other virtues: courage, generosity (freeing trapped animals, sharing scanty food with strangers), wisdom (correctly solving riddles, performing impossible feats—helped or instructed by Spirit). For it is only through Spirit that Spirit is attained.

A second theme is the transformation. While the quest can be seen as the activity of the soul, the transformation is the activity of the Spirit. The soul, in this case, has taken on the aspect of some creature, bird, bear or lion, or more often a



loathsome creature, a snake, dragon or toad, or an old ugly person. This enchantment represents the soul's fallen state, and can only be broken by Spirit. Here too, the Spirit is usually female, the fallen soul male: The Frog Prince, Beauty and the Beast, the Black Bull of Norrøway,* Snow White and Rose Red, The Bride and the Lindorm etc. This last story (illustrated) is of particular interest

* See 'The Brown Bull of Norrøway' (vol. 3, pp. 917 ff.).

because the bride (Spirit) breaks the enchantment not by the usual kiss, symbol of love and union, but by herself taking on a similar state to that of the Lindorm. He is wearing seven snake skins; she puts on seven dresses. The bride bargains with the Lindorm that she will take off her dress if he will shed his skin. This is done seven times until the Lindorm's beautiful inner form is revealed. The number seven is symbolically perfect, for the soul's ascent is through the seven spheres of heaven, while the Spirit descends through the seven gates of Hell, divesting Herself at every stage.

The symbolism of fairy tales, as will have become apparent, is a vast subject. Many themes and motifs of spiritual significance have not been touched upon here. Every tale demands its own exposition. But more than that, it demands to be listened to (not once, for its *novel*-ty value, but many times) and to be understood.⁷⁰

LOVE THE SOUL'S ASPIRATION

It is love that holds the stars within their courses, and all the worlds of
the immeasurable cosmos within the harmony of the celestial music.
(Tablet 34)

This cosmic love, which is part of the very Nature of Dea, and which sustains the fabric of the manifest universe, may seem at first to have little to do with the bonds of attraction and affection which unite the beings of the material realm. But in truth there is an integral connection, from the highest to the lowest, for love is always ultimately the quest for union with the Spirit.

In the realm of Perfection, the eternal dance between the celestial Mother and Her divine Daughter is the expression of absolute Harmony. On this material plane, we, who have, through ignorance or malice, chosen imperfection and chaos, only experience the divine Harmony to any extent as a direct result of the Daughter's Self-giving in love. Without that sacrifice, the ground would not be firm under our feet, and we could not have certainty in anything, not that the sun would rise in the morning, nor that the tree before us was not a squirrel a moment ago and will not be a lightning-flash a moment hence, nor that two plus two equals four. We have a fleeting taste of chaos in our dreams, and they are mercifully soon forgotten. We live in an orderly universe only because the Daughter, Who is pure Spirit, has come among us. At the lowest point of the cosmos, She is reunited with Her Mother in the dance of love and harmony, thus patterning a new world. These loves, the love of the Daughter in coming to us and staying with us, and the love of the Mother in coming for Her Daughter, although they are expressed in terms of human relationships, are on a scale beyond our understanding, to which our only reaction can be awe.

Our true self, that part of us which is closest to Spirit, has only one love and one desire—the love of the Spirit and the desire to be reunited with Her. She yearns to be in harmony with the divine dance and to tread its measure. This is our true destiny, since it was for this, in and through the dance, that we were created, and thus it is only the fulfillment of this desire which can make us perfectly happy. This union, then, is the ultimate aim of all of our activities: we should be striving for

it in everything we do. Every act performed in the soul's true quest for the Spirit, however minor, is an act of love.

The true self, in loving the Spirit, will naturally also love the world, in which the Spirit is mirrored, however imperfectly. Pure contemplation of the Spirit is rare in maid, and many of us may never achieve it in this life, yet we all perceive the world, in which everything that is good or beautiful or pure or noble reflects She who created it. The pure soul will, like the Daughter Herself, embrace the whole world in her love, from flowers and spiders to metaphysics and mathematics, and will have love for every maid.

To recognise and appreciate the beautiful and the good even through the more unattractive forms of matter is a gift which some maids seem to possess naturally, but for most it is a hard training of the perceptions which brings us closer to the Spirit. It can also be rewarded by a flowering of love in the object of perception, for, in the case of maids and animals, and even of plants and trees, the best in them can be brought out by the sincere attempt to recognise the Spirit in them.

But this love cultivated against the odds is eventually no different from the spontaneous love which flows from us towards those maids, creatures and objects which attract us even from the first sight, whether the initial attraction arises from physical, intellectual or moral beauty. To the extent that we 'see' the Spirit in any person or thing, we 'fall in love' because we are seeing again our first and only love.

Of course, although we have been using 'love' here in its widest sense, this is particularly true in the case of love between two people. Over-emphasis on romantic and passionate love, such as is found in this and many other societies in the Kali

Yuga, has inhibited the expression of love in other relationships, and for this reason alone should be discouraged. However, it remains true that for many of us this form of love gives our most vivid experience of 'falling in love' and can provide us with the deepest and closest relationship of our adult life. Many of us will not in this life have a better idea of union with the Spirit than that which being in love gives us.

Love between two people is thus by its very nature a mutual love of the Spirit, the Divine. The deeper the love each has for the Spirit, the deeper the love between them. A modern writer has said 'to love is not to look at one another but to look together in the same direction.'^{*} Only thus can love be enriched and grow, for if the lovers turn their eyes from the Spirit to 'look at one another', the reflection of the Spirit in the beloved will become dim, and the lover consider herself 'disillusioned', when she has in fact succumbed to the illusion of matter. If, on the other hand, the lovers use their love as a stepping-stone to union with the Spirit, they will fall ever more deeply in love as the Spirit in each strengthens and shines forth more brightly.

It is proverbial that everything has its price, and it has been said that the only price worthy of a good and honourable lover is that we should become good and honourable ourselves. Any true love which is borne towards us is a love of the best in us, so that to display and encourage our worse elements will inevitably weaken the love. Furthermore, this is the best possible expression of love and its best fruit. The tendency and desire to flatter and pamper the beloved and seek pleasure above all things is an indulgence of the lower aspects of our love, the love of the material forms through which the Spirit

* This is a quote often attributed to Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

is manifested. Love can turn selfish, often leading to jealousy, as the lover desires only to possess the beloved, unaware that as she clings more tightly to the material forms, that which she truly loves, the Spirit, is slipping through her fingers. The jealous lover will rejoice in the inferiority and dependency of the beloved, and seek to keep her from the company of those in whom the Spirit is bright, lest any should be preferred, and in doing so is constantly undermining and will eventually kill the very love she is trying to protect.

But she who is concerned with attaining the good, fulfilling the demands of honour and purifying the soul will want the beloved beside her, keeping step, so that hand in hand they may become one with the Spirit; the final consummation of all love: 'For the Spirit is One, and I am the Spirit. And you are the Spirit also, in the innermost Temple of your heart. And She Who is the Spirit, My Mother, holds out Her hands to you in happiness beyond all knowing and joy beyond expression of all words. And truly, all sweetness is the far-blown scent of this Sweetness; and all beauty is the pale and dimmed reflection of this Beauty; and all music but the faint and distant echo of this Music.'^{†71}

THAT UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

DEATH AND THE MEANING OF LIFE

However you spend the next hour—whether you read, or play a game, or walk the dog, or pray, or gossip, or sleep—at the

[†] Teachings 12:12–5.

end of it you will be one hour nearer death. Nothing can be surer than this. Death is the one experience no one can escape.

To the modern mentality, which clings to life with a tenacity as pathetic as it is foolish, nothing is more terrible than this universal, unavoidable fact. Every death is a 'tragedy'; nothing is more important than the 'saving' of lives. All the disasters of modern technology and of 'progress' in general are excused by reference to its supposed achievement in making it possible for more people to live longer. To fill bellies, to prevent bloodshed, to cure disease—these are the priorities of the sentimental modernist (though in actuality starvation and bloodshed have never been more rife than in the present century, and cancer, once a rarity, now kills more people than the bubonic plague ever did). They ignore the simple truths: that no life is ever saved, only prolonged; that no death is ever avoided, only postponed.

Those who close their eyes to the existence of death do not know what life is, for they think this life is all in all. The obsession with the material, which is one of the distinguishing features of the patriarchal decadence, has resulted in the concentration of maid's attention on the lowest part of her being—her material body—so that she cannot see beyond it. Even those who claim to believe in 'life after death' continue to act as though they have not the smallest understanding of the implications of such a concept. They have, consciously or subconsciously, accepted the identification of the self with the body, which is encouraged by the whole tenor of modern society; and having made this identification, it is natural to believe also that when the body dies one's life ends. It is small wonder,

then, that death becomes so huge and dreadful an idea that one must ignore it in order to avoid being overwhelmed by it.

In the traditional perspective, however, life is a broader, grander, more brilliant concept altogether, and death assumes its true proportions. Each of us, in that immortal essence which is her true self, has existed from before the beginning of time and will continue to exist after its end. We participate in the Eternal Life which is the Nature of God, our Mother, and there is nothing which can extinguish that life. The human life which we now experience is only a stage on our journey; an important stage, it is true, for as maids we not only have choices to make, but the power to understand the meaning of those choices if we only will; and if we make the wrong choices, many lifetimes may pass before we are in a position to choose again—but still, we are only on one section of a long road.

What, then, is death? It is a gateway on the path, a door from one life to another. All of us have to pass through death to other lives many times; if we had not forgotten, we would not fear. The magic door which opens into another world is a common fantasy of childhood; it appears not only in folktales, but in many modern stories; C. S. Lewis's *The Silver Chair* and E. Nesbit's *The House of Arden*, to name but two. One of my own longed-for three wishes for many years was for a key that would open any door onto a strange country. This is not mere childish make-believe, but the echo of an unremembered reality, for just such a door is death. Yet in modern eyes, death is like that cliché of cinema thrillers, a door which opens into nothingness.

When one looks at life and death from the traditional perspective, one's whole view of the situation changes. It no longer seems so relevant to ask, is this an attractive path? is it easy

to walk upon? are there flowers on the wayside? The pressing questions are rather: where is this path going, and what is on the other side of the gate at its end? In the Crystal Tablet, life is described as a network of crossroads, at each of which we are obliged to choose, and the choice is between good and evil.* That point of the path at which we are at present standing is the result of the accumulation of our past choices in this and other lives. From this moment we can either carry straight on, or take advantage of being maid (she-who-chooses—‘maid’ is related to ‘may’, the verb of possibility) to change our direction, whether for good or ill. Sooner or later—and it matters little which—we shall come to a gateway—the gate into the new life at the end of our chosen path. And then we shall have no choice but to accept it: our choices will already have been made.

The modern deliberate forgetfulness of death—a not-inappropriate response to the fear of perpetual extinction—is simply foolishness from the point of view of the reality of the gateway. For obviously, ignorance of the gate is ignorance of the path. In the mediæval period, there was almost a cult of the *memento mori* (reminder of death and mortality) which cannot help but seem not only crude but unnecessarily callous to the modern mentality. Grinning skulls and mouldering corpses were considered more appropriate decorations for a tomb than beautiful angels and lily-wreathed crosses; they were not only disturbing, but were meant to disturb, and to recall the mind to the transience of material things. More recently there has been a fastidious attempt to suppress even such mild forms of the *memento mori* as the Victorian age permitted. Death, when it

* Tablet 2–5.

is dealt with by the media, is distanced by dramatisation—and, of course, it is never presented as other than meaningless.

One *memento mori* can never, however, be suppressed or distanced—that is, the death of those close to us. Death, although not extinction for she who dies, is loss for those who remain, and is always, inevitably, felt deeply. And not the least of the complex welter of emotions which affects us at such times is the chilling thought, ‘One day, I too shall die.’ It can often be a shock which will turn a worldly maid to the spiritual in the quest for meaning—for it is only in the spiritual that she will find it. The only alternative is to accept the bleak meaninglessness of an absurd universe—and it must be admitted that it takes a kind of courage to acknowledge that one is completely mad. The modernist is not so brave; more often than not she takes bland reassurance, uncomfortably, from a cold religious heritage, or from the tepid platitudes of post-Protestant ‘humanism’; and, thinking that grief is distasteful and mourning unfashionable, tries to dissipate the possibility of awakening to the true meaning of life and death with a profusion of distractions, until time brings forgetfulness again.

Ultimately such a course can bring neither ease to the heart nor solace to the mind, and, above all, it does nothing to prepare the soul to face her own death when it comes. For this we need a clear perception of death as a gateway, an understanding of the purpose of human life and the confidence that we have at least tried to fulfill that purpose. In this belief we call upon Inanna, Guide of Souls, Lady of the Dark Gates, to take our hand as we pass through.⁷²

OUR LADY'S CREATURES MAID AND THE ANIMAL REALM

The centrality of the human state is affirmed in all traditional teaching. A human life is hard to obtain—it (in common with all analogous ‘central’ states on other worlds and levels of being, which are also designated by the term ‘maid’) presents the greatest challenge of all possible forms of incarnation, and also the greatest risk. Maid means ‘she-who-chooses’; and the power to choose God and the Good is also the power to reject God and the Good. Maid, with her ability to choose, is at the pivotal point of change. From this life she can attain the greatest heights or the lowest depths. She stands at the very centre of the universe, and thus contains all potentialities. She is the perfect microcosm and the Princess Regent of the earth. This we know.

What then of the animals, the sentient and often intelligent creatures who live and work, suffer and know happiness with us? What is their meaning in the universe? What is their relation to us, and how should we regard and treat them?

Insofar as animals are without choice, they live inevitably within *ḍamē*—within the celestial harmony. An animal moves in the rhythm of its life just as the star moves within its fixed sphere; and the pattern is Divine. There is no ‘virtue’ in it as we understand the term, for without moral choice there is neither virtue nor vice. But it is good, for it mirrors spiritual Reality.

Thus it is that, like the sun, the earth, the trees and the sea, each animal mirrors some aspect of the Divine Whole. The dog’s loyalty, the lion’s courage, the ox’s strength, the dove’s gentleness, the cheetah’s swiftness, the ant’s industry, the crick-

et's joyfulness: all present us with models of perfection. Even the negative symbolism of certain animals—the pig, the cock and the mule, for example—while not reflecting on the moral state of the animal itself, reveals the lower possibilities of human action, while the more complex symbolism of the horse, the bee, the spider (whose web-spinning reflects the activity of Sai Werde) and other beasts is a living manifestation of metaphysical Truth and enhances our understanding of the meaning of the universe. We can learn from the animals in a way that they cannot learn from us, for while a dove cannot manifest the qualities of a fox, nor an ass those of a lion, we, as maid, can choose to be what they by nature are.

Individual animals can, nonetheless, have character, as anyone who has ever kept a pet must know. It would also seem that those animals which have most contact with human beings—such as horses, dogs and elephants—have the most character and the most individuality; which must be more than coincidence. A modern pseudo-spiritual belief holds that the souls of such animals are in a process of evolution, and will in time develop into human souls, just as some scientists claim that the human body has evolved from animal forms. Such a belief is incompatible with an authentic metaphysical understanding of the soul, and must therefore be discounted. It is, however, a traditional belief that those maids who fall short of human status in this life may be reborn as animals—a belief very effectively illustrated in the game of snakes and ladders.* It surely makes sense to regard those animals in our charge as possible vehicles for a soul which is capable of re-attaining the human

* See Sr Alethea, 'Snakes & Ladders' (pp. 346 ff.).

state. Such an attitude could not help but affect the way we treat them.

It is a temptation to treat a pet, as it is to treat a child, with a mixture of indulgence and occasional bad-tempered severity, and like all temptations, it must be firmly resisted. The truest kindness is a thorough training, especially in obedience, the first of the virtues, which disciplines errant will. But a discipline which is not founded in love can be worse than a loving indulgence, for it is the love and trust which develops between a trained animal and her mistress which is the most valuable fruit of the training. We see this at its best in working animals such as sheep-dogs, farm-horses, cavalry horses and draught oxen. Merely to 'exploit' animals as though they were no more than tools (or rather pieces of modern machinery, for every traditional craftsmaid has a special reverence for her tools) can do nothing but harm on either side; but to work with an animal in true harmony and understanding can be a genuine craft and a way of spiritual advancement for maid and beast alike.

The animals who are our companions, who do our bidding and act with intelligence and affection: these are our special charge. But it is not with them that our responsibility ends. The bird with a broken wing, the trapped hare, the wounded deer—all make demands on our compassion in the love of our Lady, Who has said: 'and you, My children, if you love Me, are friend to every living thing'.* We should always remember to live according to this; not to trap or hunt beyond our needs, nor cause suffering through carelessness to any living being. 'Walk gently on the earth, for the earth is thy sister, and the creatures thereof are thy kin. I have set maids to watch upon them; treat

* Teachings 10:2.

them not, then, with hardness.[†] It is a part of our function as maid, as Princess-Regent of the earth, to care for the animals, and indifference is as much a failing as cruelty.

The disruptions of ðamē which mark the latter end of the Iron Age have their effect not only on humanity, but also on the animal world. Wildlife is endangered to the extent that some species are on the point of extinction, and many more are becoming rare, through overpopulation, urbanisation and pollution. The balance of nature is disturbed by the impact of modern life, so that everyone suffers. These are the indirect results of humanity's indifference to nature, caused by the abandonment of traditional ways in the quest for efficiency and maximum profit.

More directly, ðamē is perverted by the adoption of factory farming techniques which destroy the craft of animal husbandry. The battery, the veal unit and many less publicised devices attempt to maximise production for the market without regard for the suffering caused or the inhumanity of the methods. Spiritual consequences are ignored in the search for material benefits. The same principle (or rather lack of principle) applies in the vivisection laboratories, often with a nightmarish cruelty which far exceeds the worst horrors of the factory farm. Although often motivated by nothing more than morbid curiosity, the vivisectors justify their actions by the application of 'findings' to human situations. In both cases, the defenders plead the advantages to humanity, claiming that as animals are 'inferior', we are entitled to torture and sacrifice them in our own interests. Some of their opponents counter this by accusing them of 'species-ism', the exaltation of one species, in this

[†] Teachings 8:3–4.

case maid, over all the others, and by claiming 'equal rights' for animals. Both of these arguments are a perversion of ðamē and the true authority exercised by maid in the name of the Divine Law. Maid is the Princess-Regent of the world, and it is precisely because this is her position that she must care for and protect and refrain from harming the animals. In the first argument, the Princess-Regent has become a merciless tyrant; in the second she has abdicated her position in the golden chain which links Heaven and earth.

It is only when maid takes her true place in the universe as Princess Regent, living within ðamē as the animals do, but through choice rather than necessity, that the balance of nature can finally be restored. The work of the ecologists and animal protectionists is vital in this field, but, acting as it does purely on the material level, it can only achieve piecemeal and temporary results. The material problems are only the symptoms of a deep-seated spiritual disease which can be cured only when maid returns to God and lives according to Her Law.⁷³

INANNA VALIANT AND VICTORIOUS

Red and white, the interweaving flowers and ribbons of the Queen of Heaven,* reflect the aspects of the nature of Inanna which are at the heart of the Eastre Mystery. The meaning of the Act by which the cosmos is redeemed can never be fully clear to us in this life. Its grandeur and its terror would dazzle

* A note to the original reads 'The sacred Name Inanna literally means Queen of Heaven.' This etymology of the name was commonly accepted among scholars in the 1970s, but has since been questioned.

our senses into shocked incomprehension; it would be beyond our endurance. Thus we are give the story of the Mythos to lead our understanding along the gentle way to the full radiance of eternal Truth. For the story is the Truth indeed, fitted to our condition on this world, and meditation upon it opens into an ever richer and deeper knowledge of the Reality from which it protects us. This is the story of Inanna, Whose banner is woven in white and red.

White is the colour of divine Light, containing within it all the colours of the spectrum, all the colours of all things. Its meaning is wholeness, completion and perfection, and it is this light which Inanna brings for the healing of the world. When the world was perfect in the beginning, the white light of the celestial Mother shone on all things, and silver, the radiance of white, was their colour. All was innocent, good and pure, until through the black Snake the world was tainted, and the white light broken. The white robe which Inanna wears[†] symbolises Her own spotless innocence and perfect purity, for She is the perfect soul that has never fallen; the snow-white Dove, the stainless Sacrifice.

Red is the lowest colour of the spectrum of seven colours which formed the rainbow after the fall when the pure Light of the Divine no longer shone directly on the world. The red sphere rules the virtue of courage, and in its turn is ruled by Sai Vikhē, the Daughter of the Flaming Sword and commander of the armed hosts of Heaven in the contest with the forces of darkness. Her name means 'victory'. Red is the symbolic colour of Inanna's sacrifice, Her descent from divinity to the lowest planes of being, and is the symbol also of the heroic

† Mythos 3:22.

strength and great courage which enabled Her to give Herself for us. It is the heart's blood of the sacrificial Dove.

What is the story of Eastre? It is the story of a young, beautiful and innocent Princess ruling Her people in Her Mother's absence, according to Her Mother's wishes. She is given great power; power over the wind and the waters, over the seasons and the stars,* and She uses that power wisely, following Her Mother's Law. She rules with love and with peace, and brings hope and happiness wherever Her reign extends. This is Inanna, Princess of the World, and all the joys and pleasures that we know on earth are the gifts of Her reign.

The Princess knew, however, that there were souls outside Her governance; outside light and happiness and glory; souls who had allowed themselves to be captured by the Dark Queen, and who lay helplessly in the darkness. She knew also that every one of Her people was in danger from Her sovereign enemy. She knew that the Dark Queen feared Her power and Her light, and would always retreat before Her, not allowing Herself to be conquered. And She knew what She must do. To offer open combat, clothed with the sun as She was, would be useless; no envoy could be sent, for none were strong enough. She must go Herself to Her enemy's realm, stripped of Her power, and carry Her own gentleness and goodness there for the comfort of the subjects of darkness. Thus it is that Inanna makes Her sacrifice, that the cosmos may never know eternal night, but that every soul may always hope to be perfected in reunion with the Mother of All Things.

Without fear, there is no courage, and the Princess knew fear. She was weak now, and could die, and knew that She faced

* Mythos 3:I-4.

death and worse than death. She would not be turned from Her purpose by promises or by threats. She did not go with the hope that She would be comforted or protected or rescued. She expected nothing and accepted everything; endured everything with serene resolution, until She stood before the Dark Queen, armed only with Her innocence and courage. And there She died. Thus did Inanna die. Not the physical death which we die, beyond which there is new life, but an unspeakable, unknowable spiritual death of complete oblivion. This is the death from which Her death shields us, in an act heroic beyond human measure.

Inanna's victory over death does not begin with Her resurrection. It begins when she first swears to carry Her gentle light into the realms of darkness and death; for it is in the bringing of the light that She has won Her first victory. Even as She hangs lifeless on the pillar, the great Moon-Axe which symbolises Her light hangs above Her head, at the centre of the Nether World. Inanna also 'brings' the greater light of Her Mother to that realm; a light so bright and fierce that the gatekeepers of Hell flee before it, and the great gate is shattered. In the union of Her light with that of Her Mother is the final victory through which every place comes under Her sovereignty, on, above or below the earth. And this is the joy that is Eastre.

The fruits of Inanna's sacrifice and victory are always with us; for it is from our Princess that all good things come, from the smallest flower to life itself. And as the spring unfolds all about us, as the flowers unfold from the shoot, the trees explode into snowy blossom, the hills and the valleys awaken into exuberant life; it is Her own heart's blood that quickens them. All the glory of the earth She has won for us; it is sweet and

joyful only because it is Her reconquered realm, won back from the withered and withering hand of the Enemy. What would the earth be like without Her? We know exactly what it would be like, for the Scriptures tell us what it was like while She was not with us, during the time that She hung dead upon the Pillar of the World.

...neither bird had sung, nor any flower showed its beauty forth; nor was there joy in any heart. ... And the rivers of the earth ceased to flow, but drained away into the salt sea, and the sea ceased to move, but stood still in awful stagnancy. And there was drouth in all the earth. And neither maid bore child nor ewe brought forth the lamb. And every living thing began to wither from its roots. And in the nights were neither moon nor stars, and the heat of the sun by day was terrible.*

This is the world without Inanna. This is the world as the Enemy wants it to be. This is the world as it would be, if Inanna had not conquered and transformed it by Her courage and Her unthinkable sacrifice. This is the world which, by our disobedience, we have earned, yet by Her mercy and Her courage and Her suffering, She would not allow us to have.

As you look around yourself this spring, it may be that you do not see much blossom; it may be that you see more concrete than columbine; for many places on the earth are very much as the Enemy would wish them to be. For this is the Iron Age, the Age of Irkalla; and she has placed her quislings and collaborators among maids† in the high places of the earth. Nuclear and chemical wastes, and a hundred different forms of pollution threaten to create a world very much like that described in the passage quoted above; yet this is as nothing compared

* Mythos 6:1–5.

† A note to the original reads, ‘This, of course, includes men.’

to the bleak and barren wasteland which modern atheism and materialism is making of the human heart. Yet we know in advance that the Enemy cannot be triumphant, for the victory has already been won, and it was not won by her. We know that the flowers will blossom bravely in the earth, and faith blossom bravely in the heart until the darkest hour, when the struggle becomes impossible; and we know that in that hour, when the triumph of evil becomes complete, it will suddenly be overturned, and even as the blackest hour of the night precedes the dawn, so the very nadir of the Iron Age shall precede the new Age of Gold. Until then, we must fight on. But we are not fighting a lone battle. We have a Leader—a Leader Who has earned our respect, our love and our loyalty many times over by Her courage, endurance and wisdom. One who will lead us to victory, if only we will follow Her. Hail Inanna!⁷⁴

THE DANGEROUS IDEA “WOMEN’S LIBERATION”—

THE ULTIMATE STAGE OF PATRIARCHY

Since the gods of war and storm first replaced the image of the Queen of Heaven in the temples of the devastated matriarchal civilisations and the barbarians first ruled through violence and the crude philosophy of the sword, there have been changes. Patriarchy, like the old wolf, has grown hoary with cunning; over the centuries it has gained in subtlety what it has lost in vigour. While it still deals in brutality and terrorism, its primary weapons are ideas. The specifically modern ideas which now rule the world are born of patriarchy’s old age; unlike many of

the concepts of the older patriarchal traditions, which are the heritage, albeit distorted, of matriarchal wisdom, they are not other than masculist from their inception, and, therefore, are wholly profane.

The essence of patriarchy is materialism, for patriarchy is a phenomenon typical of the Iron Age, which in the historical cycle is the furthestmost stage of the descent into matter. The symbol of the masculist principle, the arrow or cross of matter above the circle of Spirit, represents the materialist tendency; and the domination of men over maids in subversion of the natural order is its expression on the social plane. Masculist materialism is at the heart of the modern mentality; so all-pervasive that not only the *status quo*, but virtually every so-called 'alternative' movement, from the socialist to the occult, is entirely dependent upon it and dominated by its notions, from evolutionism to democratism, from scientism to egalitarianism, from relativism to progressivism. At one with these concepts, and, in a sense, representing the ultimate logical goal of masculism and of patriarchy itself, is the movement widely known as 'feminism', or, yet more ironically, as 'women's liberation'.

It is not to be denied that the position of maids within patriarchal society is, and has always been, definitely constricting and limiting. With the masculine principle controlling the 'outside world', the influence of the feminine principle was contained within the four walls of the so-called 'women's sphere'—the home. In part, this was a preservation by maids of a crucial aspect of matriarchal life, to which the household has always been central; in part an enclosing by men, a placing of maids 'out of the world'. Through the isolation of the home from the activities of the wider society, the inversion of traditional ma-

triarchal relationships within the home, and the claustrophobic effect of a powerful force being held within a small area, domestic life under patriarchy has been far from ideal.

With the developments of late patriarchy, the influence of the feminine principle is further diminished. In other periods the home was a centre for productive activity and the practice of essential crafts—the living-place being also a workplace—and for instruction and entertainment. The advance of industrialism, itself a product of masculist materialism, has not only removed work from the home by the erection of factories, but has reduced all domestic labour to the level of drudgery (one has only to compare the wide range of skilled crafts and activities practised by a traditional country wife with the almost equally time-consuming but infinitely less satisfying daily round of the modern housewife). The destruction of the extended family and the growth of external education and entertainments (including television, which is a purely external incursion and inhibits interaction within the home rather than developing it) have further considerably narrowed ‘woman’s sphere’, so that maid finds herself trapped within a circle which is being gradually emptied of all content and meaning.

The ‘women’s liberation’ movement is primarily a response to this situation. Inevitably, however, it mirrors the values of the late patriarchal society which gave it birth, seeking further to devalue and destroy the last refuge of the feminine principle as it has existed in ‘traditional’ patriarchy, and to integrate maids into the ‘outside world’, man’s world. The environment which masculist materialism has created for men is as—literally—soul-destroying as that into which it has forced maids; to ‘liberate’ maids into that environment, whether as high-ranking

executives or as faceless factory hands, is to enslave them more thoroughly than patriarchy has every yet succeeded in doing.

One of the most frequent objections made by outsiders to the 'women's liberation' movement is that 'they want women to be just like men', and this, in fact, is the trend of late patriarchal society as a whole. Equalisation and standardisation are two of its most ardent fetishes; usually by means of the reduction of all to the level of the lowest. All the drab uniformity of the present era, the lack of dignity and grandeur, the sameness of mentality masquerading as a variety of 'opinions', is a symptom of the continuing decline into materiality. The final phase of this descent would be a multiplicity of formless, faceless, colourless units: quantity (matter) without quality (Spirit). Just so, the most perfect expression of masculism, the ultimate patriarchal take-over, is the transformation of maids into 'men': the occupation (in the military sense) of the female body by the masculine principle.

The widespread adoption of the masculist-materialist outlook by maids, for effective participation in 'man's world' and the rejection of that which is traditionally (both in matriarchy and in patriarchy) feminine, bring the world closer to the masculist 'ideal'. Within the 'women's liberation' movement the progress in this direction is most apparent, though it can be noticed virtually everywhere. But one does not find the highest elements which patriarchy assigns to the masculine character—courage, intelligence, loyalty, chivalry and the sense of honour, for example—being assiduously cultivated. In fact, at all times these are present in the best of maids, just as gentleness and compassion are found in the best of men. What is encountered among masculinised maids are the characteristics of the more

debased patriarchal men: coarse and slack habits, insensitivity, uninformed and selfish arrogance, a lack of emotional control, promiscuity and aggression. While these are certainly found outside the 'feminist' movement, and although by no means all 'feminists' have such faults, there is a strong tendency for maids entering the movement to develop in this direction.

Maids who thus abandon inner control fall an easy prey to manipulation. They may become the puppet agents of some such masculist force as communism, or, usually under the influence of trendy psychotherapy, display an absurd emotionality and immaturity of thought, speech and action which would have amazed and appalled the most oppressed of maids under earlier patriarchy. They create a veritable cult of 'anger', a childish, and in any case largely artificial response to patriarchal society, apparently failing to realise that the answer to patriarchy is not anger, or any other emotional outburst, but truth. Unwittingly dominated by a peculiarly male viewpoint, they often regard themselves as primarily sexual beings, a body-obsession which no matriarchal maid could have understood. Here we see masculism in its most insidious and most extreme form; for 'feminism', far from being a revolt against patriarchy, is its greatest and ultimate triumph.⁷⁵

THE FIRE IN THE HEARTH

The kindling of the inner fire, the birth of the Spirit within, the coming of the Daughter, Inanna, to the human heart—these are the Mysteries of the Nativity season, and they are closely bound up with the seasonal centrality of the hearth-fire. The hearth is always the centre of the home, but most partic-

ularly in winter does it draw all toward it, effectively replacing the sun as the source of warmth and becoming the focus of activity.

The fire in the hearth reflects the sun within the home as the symbol of the Spirit. In one sense, the midwinter festival of the hearth-fire, the Day of Hestia, reflects the midsummer festival of the Spirit as consuming flame, Rosa Mundi. In the matriarchal societies, the hearth-fires were always lit from the Altar-Flame of the Temple, through which passes the Axis of the world: the central pillar which connects earth with Heaven. Every hearth-fire is a microcosm of the Altar Flame, the chimney symbolizing the Axis itself.* The fire also reflects the Spirit within the heart, at the centre of our being; the heart without the Spirit, like the hearth without the fire, is cold, dark and dead. It is this essential lack, this inner chill, which pervades the modern world, creating sensations of emptiness and centredness.

A traditional society, and each maid, man and child within it, is 'centred'; the Spirit is in their midst; each household centres around the hearth, each village around the Temple; all activity, both work and play, is directed toward the Centre, the Source of all being. People are not fragmented, dissociated units, they are a community, united in the quest for Perfection: they are the individual spokes of a wheel which turns smoothly because each radiates from the central hub, acting not in dissonant 'independence', but in harmonious unison.

In the present age, while the wholeness of an integrated, centred and unified society is denied to us, we should strive

* A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of 'The Gates of Heaven' (pp. 445 ff.).

to make our home a true haven, centred upon the Spirit. We should attempt as far as possible to expel all that does not relate to the Centre, all that is not ðamë, or within the divine harmony. Anything that could not have been conceived or made within a traditional community should not find its way into our homes. In practice, of course, many such things are already in the newly Madrian home, and often in our hearts also, so that it may be painful and distressing to part with them—so painful and distressing that we may be able to find countless reasons why we cannot possibly manage without this or that. Try one thing a week: start with the least attractive—the plastic washing-up bowl, the nylon housecoat, last year's paperback—and go on from there. And as you throw things out, bring things in. Your eye for ðamë will develop slowly as you become centred, but at first begin by considering 'could this have been made, say, five hundred years ago?'

It must be realised that this is no mere matter of sentimental conservatism. All traditional objects made by traditional methods have an inherent symbolism which draws us subtly but powerfully to the Centre. Conversely, forms and materials which have no basis whatever in nature or in normal human craft contain a ritual potency for disruption and de-centring whose cumulative effect is unbelievably powerful, and which is one of the strongest weapons in the arsenal of the disruptive influences which underlies modernism.

Unless the fire is lit, there is no warmth or light, however well swept the hearth and beautiful the mantel; just so, however ðamic the home, it needs the presence of our Lady to be truly nourishing to the soul. Make a shrine in the home with an image of our Lady, candles and flowers, so that you are ever

aware of Her. Use the shrine for your daily devotions, praying, chanting the holy Name, meditating, saying the Rosary, offering incense; and it will become a real source of spiritual warmth. If a family is within the faith, ideally each should have her own small shrine and there should be a larger shrine for family prayers.

As you deepen in devotion to our Lady, you should also be gaining in understanding of the faith and of metaphysical truths. As our Lady has said: 'Therefore know you well the sacred Mythos and the words that I reveal to you, and let your knowledge dwell not only on the surface, but go deep into the inner soul.'^{*} Read and re-read the Scriptures and expositions of the Truth, not with the casual attention given the ephemeral productions of the modern world, but slowly, with care and with the desire to understand not only with the head but with the heart. Mere reading is far from being enough, however; indeed it is no exaggeration to say that one never truly learns except through personal teaching from those older in the faith.

The cultivation of a quiet mind is of first importance—not that one is advocating a Protestant sobriety; rather that the mind should be capable of resting in the Eternal, not constantly flitting from one material thing to another, like a bee among plastic flowers, gathering nourishment nowhere. The restlessness of the modern mind, its absorption in trivia, its inability to be at peace, is a symptom of centrelessness—the mind simply has no stopping-place. The plethora of books and magazines, the omnipresence of the mass-media, the unceasing bustle and scurry of modern life—all these are like a sheet pulled across a gaping emptiness. As you gain knowledge

* Teachings 4:33–4.

of the Truth, which is the foundation of life, these things become of no importance; but begin by reducing your exposure to them as far as possible. Trivia, of course, exists within a traditional community, but it is not the purely destructive trivia of the modern world, which implicitly denies the Truth and disrupts the soul at every turn. Even the trivia of the traditional world conduces eventually to the Centre. To defend yourself against the poisonous trivia of the modern world, you must be always aware firstly of our Lady's presence, secondly of the soul's quest for the Spirit and thirdly of the reflection of the Divine in all earthly things that are not wholly unnatural. Take every opportunity to remind yourself of these great truths. Also take every opportunity to be with others of the faith; and while with them, do not talk of the 'outside world', but only of that which relates to the Centre; and this is not only a question of serious religious and philosophical discourse, for traditional stories, songs and every aspect of traditional life relates directly or indirectly to the Centre.

As you advance in the faith, becoming more centred and more whole, so every contact with the excrescences of modern society will bring a fresh shock to the soul and a feeling of spiritual contamination. This is inevitable, for no one can touch the pitch and remain undefiled. While at present the contact may be impossible to avoid, you should be looking toward a time when it can be drastically reduced. Meanwhile there are various ways of protecting yourself; through laughter at modern absurdity, through a sense of being centred within the sacred hearth-fire of your own heart, and especially through chanting inwardly (or outwardly) the holy Name of Inanna. However, too much exposure can dampen the fire of the heart's hearth,

leaving you depleted and downcast. The home then becomes of crucial importance to your spiritual welfare, very much more so if it is a full Madrian community or household. Here we can find our true Centre and kindle our inner fire anew.⁷⁶

THE GREAT LIE

The concept of the 'march of progress' is the modern world's justification of itself. To every criticism it provides the ready reply: 'Things were worse in the past and will be better in the future.' Every problem caused by 'progress' can be solved by more 'progress'. Twentieth-century western society is regarded as the height of human achievement; its rapid spread to every corner of the globe is seen as necessary and desirable. This is purely the result of blindness: blindness both to the true nature of the modern world and to the inner meaning of the traditional life which 'progress' has all but destroyed.

The exclusively outward vision of the modern mentality sees the problems, difficulties and limitations of life on the material plane and sets out to 'solve' them on the merely physical level. The resulting series of 'solutions' is termed 'progress'. Does it on any level represent a real improvement over the life lived in comparative contentment and harmony for many thousands of years? The superior physical capabilities and control over the environment exercised by modern technological society may be evidence of progress of a sort—certainly in the awesomeness of its destructive power. However, it not only contains the seeds of its own destruction in its heavy dependence upon rapidly diminishing natural resources but in the

process poisons the earth which grows our food, the seas and the very air we breathe.

The medical and other humane aspects of 'progress' are often used in its defence. Let us leave aside the many specific criticisms that might be advanced against this claim of 'progress'—the fact that while some diseases have been eliminated, others, such as heart disease and cancer (the latter often directly attributable to pollution, radiation and other side-effects of 'progress') have increased dramatically; the fact that one in five hospital beds are now occupied by people suffering from iatrogenic diseases (that is, diseases caused by the side-effects of medical treatments); the fact that claims of greater modern life-expectancy are often based on tendentious and inappropriate comparisons (do not Christian scriptures speak of human life as 'three-score years and ten'?*). Let us leave these aside and simply point to the fact that technology must be judged as a whole. There could not be a society which produced life-support systems and did not also produce thermo-nuclear bombs and nerve-gas. The whole momentum of progress is based on the notion that whatever can be done shall be done; and once done, it is irrevocable. Everyone would like to 'dis-invent' the atom bomb, but it cannot be done. More people have been killed by 'progress' in the last half-century than in all the plagues and persecutions of the Middle Ages put together.

But even this is not the fundamental point. The whole purpose of progress is to increase the sum total of human happiness. Are people happier under the regime of 'progress' than they were before? If progress has raised living standards in the most outward and superficial way, it has also increased

* Psalms 90:10.

expectations. People on the whole are far more discontented, and the whole industry of advertising (on which all the other industries depend) is wholly devoted to the continual stimulation of dissatisfaction and the creation of artificial 'needs'. But more important than any of this, the ideology of progress is a pseudo-religion which has, for most people, destroyed the spiritual meaning of the 'old-fashioned' view of life, which was the last remnant of true tradition. The result of this is an overwhelming sense of meaninglessness which has settled on society as a whole. Its effects are soaring crime rates, divorce rates, rates of mental disturbance, alcoholism, illegitimacy, suicide, drug abuse etc.

Belief in 'progress' originates in atheism. Every God-centred society recognizes that all things began in God and have since declined; the doctrine of the four ages being a systematic exposition of this process. If one discounts God, it is necessary to believe that everything began in the primordial slime and has since improved, the theory of evolution being the typical application of this notion to life on earth and humanity in particular. It follows from this latter view that human society, human knowledge and human intelligence have been improving from the earliest times, the present representing the highest stage yet attained. The 'progress' which has produced such disastrous results is seen as the direct outcome of great advance in human knowledge. The scientific materialism which provides the basis for 'progress' and underlies all modern thought is held to be the superior product of the superior intelligence of modern man, and to relegate traditional thought and traditional knowledge to the realm of uninformed ignorance.

It is a mistake to suppose that the scientific and technical knowledge of the modern world is an entirely new phenomenon, and that the only reason why a technological society was not created long ago was the ignorance of traditional people in these matters. There are numerous evidences to show that the very opposite was the case. Metal artefacts found in America, made of an alloy which only the most recent technical advances can duplicate, are estimated to be seven thousand years old.* Seals from ancient Sumer of about the same period show all nine planets of the solar system, while Pluto was only ‘discovered’ by modern science some fifty years ago.† Electric batteries, steam engines, submarines—all these were designed and even occasionally used (for temporary and trivial purposes) many centuries before their modern ‘invention’.‡

It was not lack of knowledge which deterred these ancient cultures from initiating modern-style ‘progress’; it was lack of stupidity, lack of ignorance about the fundamental nature and purpose of human life on this earth. The very existence of ‘progress’ is evidence of a massive intellectual degeneration in tune with the latter days of the Iron Age—a concentration

* It is unclear to what find this refers.

† Akkadian seal VA/243 has been interpreted by Zecharia Sitchin as depicting the eight known planets along with Pluto, two moons, and a ninth planet known as ‘Nibiru’. This interpretation has been contested by a number of scholars, most notably Michael S. Heiser. In modern times, Pluto was discovered in 1930.

‡ Donna Chrysothemis likely refers to 1) the famed ‘Baghdad Battery’ discovered in Khujut Rabu, Iraq. Replicas of this artifact have been shown to be capable of generating small currents and use for electroplating remains a viable theory, though a contested one; 2) Hero’s famed steam engine, known as the *æolipile*, and 3) mediæval Islamic legends of Alexander the Great employing a submersible at the siege of Tyre.

on 'things' and 'facts' as opposed to intellectual and spiritual principles. The attitude of the modern world to the traditional world is that of the child who says, 'I'm lots cleverer than those other kids—I can't read, but I've got more sweets'—and the sweets themselves are in fact poisonous pills.

'Progress' has robbed human life of its inner meaning, its relatedness to the Spirit. The traditional institutions of the crafts, social forms, relation to nature have been upturned, replaced with gadgets, mechanical contrivances, chemical formulæ and above all an overriding bureaucratic tyranny which calls itself benevolent. Few would deny that factory work is unsatisfying and eventually soul-destroying, as opposed to the crafts which were designed to lift the soul toward the Source of life, the Spirit our Mother, and which, furthermore, engaged the body and mind in the production of a truly worthwhile artefact. The very recreations of traditional life had their inner meaning, very different from the bombardment of novelty and trivia which fills most modern people's leisure time. All activity was ultimately related to the Centre, which is the Spirit, all life revolved around it, and each maid was in touch with her own transcendent Centre through the actions of her daily life. Even the more degenerate traditional societies of the Iron Age continued to preserve this to some extent. 'Progress' has eliminated it.

Ironically, in its quest for perfection, which can never be found on the material plane, 'progress' loses sight of the only true perfection, which is God Herself. In conceiving time and life as a straight road leading ever forward, whereas it is in truth a circle, it exerts itself in looking along the circumference for that which can only be found at the Centre. Solutions give

rise to new problems, cures cause disease, increased comfort increases discontent, precisely because a particular degree of limitation and suffering is part and parcel of this world system. 'Liberation' and 'progress' are words that can only truly be applied to the soul in her journey toward God. As the soul ascends toward the Spirit, she is freed from the cyclic flux of manifestation and attains her true heart's desire, to which every earthly hunger inwardly aspires. 'Progress' not only cannot satisfy the fundamental yearning of the soul, but in its concentration upon the merely physical and outward, actually tightens the chains of matter which bind the soul to this world.

This then is the Great Lie from which so many of the errors of the modern world proceed: the lie which denies the past and its traditional wisdom, ignores the present, both its grisly witness against 'progress' and the possibilities which remain inherent in the human soul, and focuses on the future, which it is all set to spoil and destroy.⁷⁷

THE VANDALS

WHEN THE SANE ACT AS LUNATICS

PERHAPS SOCIETY IS MAD

Of all the crimes prevalent in modern city life, vandalism is perhaps the most common and least explicable. When mentioned, it is almost invariably described as 'meaningless', 'senseless', even 'mindless'. Vandals themselves can give no coherent explanation for their actions, yet neither hostile public opinion nor the penalties of the courts seem able to deter them. There are numerous fashionable theories which claim to account for

the phenomenon, but not one can truly be said to hold water, and, more importantly, not one offers an effective way of dealing with the problem. The increasingly usual response is the design of so-called 'vandal-proof' buildings and utilities: a response which merely proves modern society's helplessness and bafflement in the face of widespread wanton destructiveness, as well as producing results scarcely less hideous than the effects of vandalism itself.

This acceptance of vandalism as an everyday and expected occurrence masks the true outlandishness of such behaviour. People have become so inured to the situation that, although they may be shocked by specific instances of vandalism, they are rarely truly surprised when it happens. It is hardly realised that in any normal society such acts would be regarded as entirely lunatic, and could, in fact, only be the work of the genuinely insane. This is not only true of traditional societies, but of any small, human-scale community. It is only in vast, dehumanised societies, like those of the present day, that vandalism is commonplace.

It is not difficult to appreciate the truth of this assertion. It is, for example, impossible to imagine members of a tribe setting out to pollute the communal water supply. Nor would anyone believe that one of a group of settlers might burn the settlement's crops by night, nor that some inhabitants of a self-supporting island village would go out to wreck an important central construction, whether a bridge, a mill or a trading-place. The reason is not far to seek. In the integrated society, each member knows that the achievements of the community have been the results of her own work and that of her family and neighbours. What is hard won by one's own effort

and is valuable for one's own welfare is to be carefully preserved and protected. And in such a society there can be no division between the individual's interests and the interests of the community at large.

While it is clearly true that vandalism in the context of a traditional society would be simple insanity, vandals are not mad. Unlike traditional people, they have no stake in the 'community' in which they live. They do not perceive their interests to be identical with those of society in general, nor have they any reason to, for they are not. They are not surrounded by the proud, hard-won achievements of their families, friends and neighbours, but are rather trapped within a monolithic and seemingly indestructible system in which virtually everything is imposed from without by an impersonal bureaucracy. It is not to be wondered at that, in however unclear and ill-defined a way, 'society' is seen as the enemy—the vague and oppressive 'them'. It is not politically nor philosophically that the vandals' animosity is expressed, but purely physically. For, as no sane person, however bad, will destroy her own property, though she may well destroy that of her enemies, so the vandals normally attack the 'property' of 'society'—whether public buildings, telephone kiosks, shops, parks, schools or reservoirs.

Now let us be perfectly clear about this. We are not for a moment lending support to the fantasies of those political propagandists and woolly-minded 'intellectuals' who believe (or pretend to believe) that vandalism is a conscious act of social protest on any level whatever. We are simply noting the incontrovertible fact that large numbers of young people, of whom vandals are only a particularly striking example, do not act, as traditional people do, as though society were an exten-

sion of themselves, but, on the contrary, behave as if society were their enemy. And in this, unfortunately, they are not mistaken. Society is their enemy. Modern society is always and everywhere the implacable enemy of the human spirit. It imposes the dark creed of materialism through its education, its advertising, its mass-media and its economic and legal structures. It robs the individual of her spiritual rights: her right to be taught the Truth, to be guided by a legitimate authority and to have a just livelihood which is an authentic spiritual path.* It denies the dignity of the individual soul, reducing her to the level of a cog in a machine, a 'naked ape', a creature of chance in a meaningless universe, both in its philosophy and in its work-system. The vast majority of the populace, having been compulsorily subjected to a worthless education, are driven into a soulless employment in the production of the ugly and the unnecessary, and end in the hopeless redundancy of an old age stripped of its rightful dignity and authority. In modern society, where the population is debased and those in positions of 'authority' are either power-grubbers or money-grubbers or both, there is little if anything for an honest maid to respect or admire and certainly nothing worthy of her allegiance.

Whenever they are vocal in the defence or explanation of their antisocial activities, vandals, in common with most of their contemporaries, unfailingly complain that 'There is nothing to do around here.' As this will be said as readily in London or Oxford as in Maidstone or Wigan, it is plain nonsense on the level at which it is normally understood—that is, as concerning the provision of entertainment facilities. Nor is it an outcry of the unemployed, being as often on the lips of young

* See 'Human Rights' (vol. 3, pp. 977 ff.).

workers and schoolchildren. The phrase does, however, reveal a deep dissatisfaction, and one which those who utter it, conditioned as they are by their materialist upbringing, are not able fully to express, or even understand. They mean that of all the many things which there unquestionably are to do—and the modern town-dweller has more profane hobbies and entertainments open to her than all but the richest classes in the richest societies of the ancient world—not one of them is actually satisfying; not one fulfills the inner urges of the human soul. These children are spiritually starved. Never in their lives have they known for one moment that which the poorest traditional child on the poorest dirt-farm has known since the age of four: meaningful activity. In a traditional society, every activity of life is bound up with the Absolute. Every craft is a spiritual path. Every job, from building a bridge[†] to feeding the chickens is a ritual act, directly linked to the inner Reality of being. The traditional maid understands the value and significance of her actions, both in terms of their economic value to her community and their relation to absolute Reality. Modern life, on the other hand, is shot through with a sense of ultimate pointlessness. There is nothing to do—nothing that has any point.

There is another aspect to this question. A recent survey quoted in the *Times* showed that children of lax parents are seven times more likely to get into trouble with the police than children of strict parents; and there are many, like Dr. Rhodes Boyson, who believe that modern rioting and destructiveness is the direct result of twenty years of trendy permissive education. As far as they go, they are right. But they ignore the fact that

[†] A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the bridge (pp. 456 ff.).

modern permissiveness came about for a reason. Modern people lack the confidence to enforce discipline because they have no absolute values. Sound discipline can only proceed from a total world-view which knows what mankind is and what is the meaning and purpose of her existence. The traditional parent or mistress knows God's Law, knows that she is a servant of God and rules in Her name. A society which has no absolute values must quickly lose the confidence to enforce discipline unless it is completely hypocritical, since it is simply a case of the blind leading the blind. Even if it does insist upon doing so, it can never win the respect of the young.

When a society has thrown traditional ways and values out the window, together with all traces of true philosophy, it quickly begins to disintegrate. Only in a meaningless civilisation does one find meaningless vandalism.⁷⁸

THE POWER OF CHOICE

A casual observer might suppose that modern society was not unaware of the value of human life. It is proud of its record in preserving and prolonging lives through modern medicine or institutional charity. It supports the work of those feeding the starving, seeking cures for fatal diseases and keeping the peace. It reports all loss of life as a 'tragedy' and unreservedly condemns political terrorists and mass murderers. It is almost obsessively concerned with safety in all areas of life. Death is its enemy, to be thwarted at every turn.

Nevertheless, there has never been a society more ignorant of the real reasons for valuing human life, never a society which devoted more time and energy to encouraging the waste

of lives, never a society less truly human in its activities and aspirations. In regarding humanity as an end in itself, it has lost sight of all that makes humanity what it is and so has become positively sub-human. The great majority of people today live on this sub-human level.

The essential quality of humanity is the power of choice or free will. It is this moral faculty which above all distinguishes the human state from the animal and other non-human forms of life. It is a spiritual power or freedom, and relates not to the world of matter, which limits and constrains our choices, but to the direction of the soul, for good or for evil.

The word 'maid' used by the Rhennes to signify humanity as a whole bears the meaning 'one who has the power to choose', being connected with the words 'may' and 'might'. 'Man', the corresponding word in Blentish usage, means 'one who reasons', a reflection of the inversions of patriarchal culture. For while the rational faculty is an invaluable servant of the will, its elevation to supreme position among human faculties has created the technological meritocracy which is the bane of the world.

It is evident that the possession of the power of choice is not in itself a cause for self-congratulation. It is outwardly directed, involving responsibility and demanding positive action. Because maid occupies a central position in the cosmos, symbolically situated on the world-axis running between heaven and hell, her potential for movement in either direction is literally infinite. In a single lifetime, a maid may transcend the material world and become one with the Absolute, God Herself; on the other hand, alone among creatures, she is capable of manifesting pure evil. Normal maid, which is to say any maid not raised in spiritual ignorance in an unnatural and un-

traditional community, has a natural and healthy love for God and the good, and is capable of using her free will to come closer to Her. The irresponsible amorality and passivity of the will which characterises most modern people's approach to life fails to satisfy this fundamental urge of the human soul and leaves people stranded in a spiritual wilderness.

Our power of choice is necessarily exercised within the context of our particular *werdë*, or personal destiny. This *werdë* is built up out of the choices we have made in this and earlier lives. It represents our present position in the universe. The circumstances of our birth, our personality, our gifts and inclinations and all the apparently accidental happenings of our life are part of the intricately woven tapestry of our soul's history. So are our choices of every day the stuff of which the tapestry of the future will be made. This cosmic play upon the loom of the material world is no matter of divine 'judgement', of reward and punishment, but is as simply impartial and inevitable as the balancing movement of a pair of scales.

Every situation in which we find ourselves presents us with a choice to be made, and every choice is a spiritual opportunity. It is wasting that opportunity to make our choices purely on the basis of expected material results, assessing the benefit which might be obtained or the loss which might be avoided. Human beings have the ability, and therefore the duty, to recognise a good higher than pleasure and an evil fouler than pain, to look beyond the outward appearances of the world to the underlying reality.

Moreover, it is not possible to predict with certainty the full consequences of any act in advance. *Werdë* is too complex for that. It is only possible to be sure whether it is right or

wrong in itself. The material universe is shifting and uncertain; only on the spiritual path, the unshakeable pillar of light, are we secure.

In turning our face towards the good, fashioning our life in the light of the eternal Truth, we are ever moving closer to the divine Spirit Herself. This is a process of becoming whole once more, since in the Spirit resides our true Self. The Spirit is One and we are one in the Spirit; this is the heart of the spiritual quest. The material world is dual in its very essence, changing always from light to dark, from heat to cold, from happiness to suffering—the ceaseless turning of the wheel of *Werdë*. Our only true freedom lies in release from the iron wheel, in realising the full potential of the human state.

The various ‘freedoms’ of the modern world are nothing but various states of bondage to material existence. The physical body, the mind and the emotions, which together represent the modern notion of the whole human being, in traditional teaching constitute the lesser self, which the soul controls, or should control. Bringing these three ‘bodies’ to order is the self-control which is an essential part of becoming fully human, a prerequisite of the spiritual adventure.

The lesser self is wholly a product of *werdë* and has no eternal existence. The undisciplined indulgence of its transient whims which passes for freedom achieves no lasting result whatsoever and perverts the true human function of the lesser self. For the body, its hungers restrained by the will, anchors the soul, providing a temporary certainty within the world of illusion, and thus enables the soul to translate vague choice into definite action. And although the mind can lose itself in the conditioned fatuity of its own ‘opinions’, it can enable the

soul to take the first steps on the spiritual path of knowledge, the understanding of Truth. Also the emotions, which without the will's guidance can assume an unjustifiable significance, can greatly help the soul on the path of devotion, the love of God.

In true traditional culture, all of life relates to the Centre: work, celebrations, meals, marriage, music. Nothing is a waste of time, nothing is trivial. Life is based on ðamë, the harmony of the universe, and all is under the guidance of the Spirit. Thus, in the clear light of spiritual understanding, the soul's power of choice can be exercised effectively to lead the soul upward. To return to this way of life is now the only real chance we have of becoming true maid.⁷⁹

MIRIAM DALZIEL

THE ŒDIPUS COMPLEX AN ENIGMA OF MODERN PSYCHOLOGY UNDERSTOOD IN LIGHT OF THE MADRIAN FAITH*

Modern psychology has been a mixed blessing. Insofar as it has increased awareness of levels of mind beyond normal waking consciousness, it has done humanity a great service, but insofar as it has tried to explain these in purely material terms, it has attempted to deprive humanity of even such glimpses beyond the 'natural' as nineteenth-century scientism allowed.

One truly significant aspect of the psychoanalytic method, however, has been its recognition of the importance of myth. Even Freud, the most materialistic of psychoanalysts, realised that in order to express the emotive and psychic quality of a psychological situation, as well as merely describing it intellectually one must harness the archetypal depth of myth to one's purposes. He did not realise, though, that the psychological level of myth is inextricably connected with far deeper levels of spiritual meaning, and that one cannot use one without unconsciously bringing in the others.

It is because of this archetypal depth that the idea of the Œdipus complex has had such a profound effect on modern thought—despite the fact that most of its details are incorrect.

* This article credits Donna Chrysothemis as a co-author.

Baldly stated, the idea of the Œdipus complex is that nearly every man has within him the repressed and therefore unconscious desire to kill his father and marry his mother. The evidence upon which Freud came to this conclusion was correct; but Freudian theory is founded upon a thoroughly materialistic worldview—the belief that human beings have no souls, but are merely ‘naked apes.’ This gave rise to two prejudices which distorted the interpretation of the evidence:

1. The prejudice that we cannot have had any existence previous to this life—and therefore all feelings held from an early age must originate in childhood experience (or even ‘womb-experiences.’)
2. The prejudice that we have no higher or spiritual impulses—and therefore all motivation can eventually be reduced to animal instincts—hunger, aggression, sex, etc.

The Œdipus story is, in its origins, connected with the early stages of the patriarchal revolution.* On the surface level, it is a chronicle of an attempt to overthrow Madrian-Matriarchal society and religion and the tragic consequences which followed. But as the overthrow became complete, the story took the form of a paradigm of the feelings of the deep unconscious of every person—a longing to return to Dea, and a bitter resentment against the cruel and arrogant ‘father’ god of wrath and the repressive social order set up by his followers.

When one realises the tremendous emotional power of past and present Madrian devotion, and the tender and delicate

* A note to the original directs the reader to ‘See Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*, Penguin, vol. II, pp. 9–15.’

relationship which is built up between the aspiring soul and her Dea, it is easy to understand the depth and bitterness of the psychological trauma when she feels herself rudely thrust aside by a coarse and violent-tempered 'god' claiming first to own and possess Dea, and then denying Her existence altogether.

Under the influence of the first of his two prejudices, Freud, who saw every fairy-tale queen and king as types of mother and father, of course interpreted Jocasta and Laius in the same way.

Under the influence of his second prejudice, the only motivation he could come up with for the whole thing was his good old standby—sex. And because of his emphasis on sexual (and purely heterosexual) motivation, he could not conclude that women could also have 'Œdipal' feelings. He therefore invented for women the 'Elektra complex', a pitiful afterthought which has made no real contribution to the understanding of psychology. The Œdipus complex has become a household word because it expressed something which people instinctively felt to contain a great truth—how many people have even heard of the 'Elektra Complex'?

The fact is, however, that the so-called Œdipus complex not only applies to both sexes, but applies more strongly on the whole to women, because they tend to be more spiritually developed.

The sexual aspect of Freud's theory, and of the patriarchal version of the Œdipus myth itself are both typical of the spiritual immaturity of masculist culture. The primary act of communion is the union of the female soul with female Deity—not because all Her worshippers are female, but because the soul itself is female. The matriarchal Celts taught that

upon death the soul took an 'angel' form, and that all 'angels' were female. The patriarchal Greeks and even the Romans still spoke of their souls as 'she'. Only Christian dogma ended this with its unsophisticated doctrine of bodily resurrection after death. (Incredibly, this doctrine is still officially held by all the major Christian denominations to this day!)

The Freudian version of the Œdipus complex has two extremely harmful effects. Morally, its effect is at one with that of puritan patriarchalism—it both crushes and innures; making people feel 'sinful' because of the wicked thoughts which they are unconsciously harbouring, and making them feel that since they have wicked ideas which they can't control, they aren't really morally responsible anyway.

Its second effect is to help establish repression as a condition of life. One's most basic desire is to kill one parent and marry the other. One cannot possibly do that, therefore one's most basic desire must be repressed. Emotional life is to be founded upon frustration from the beginning.

Once we have understood the real nature of the desire, we see also that it can and must be fulfilled. We must overthrow the male 'god' and all the materialisms and puritanisms that follow in his train. We must return to the love of our Lady, the one true Deity.⁸⁰

ANIMA

JUNG AND THE FEMALE SOUL*

Notes Towards a Madrian Interpretation

One of the most valuable contributions Jung has made to the understanding of psychology is the discovery of the anima. Broadly speaking, Jung defined the anima as the female personality existing in the unconscious of every man.

Nevertheless, Jung made two fundamental mistakes in this description, both of which may be directly attributed to the materialist and masculist environment in which it was formulated. The first of these was to see the anima as merely a function of the mind, inferior to the rational consciousness; the second was to recognize its existence only in men.

The word chosen to denote the idea is particularly appropriate and revealing. *Anima* is the Latin word for soul; as in most languages, it is a feminine noun. The Romans pictured the soul as a bird and always referred to it as 'she'. The fact is that the anima is not a function of the mind. It is the soul itself.

The soul is a spiritual rather than a material entity, and as such is regarded by the materialist as a mere abstraction without reality. When the soul is properly considered, however, it is clear that it is more, not less, real than the body and the mind. It has lived from before the beginning of time—they have not; it will live forever—they will not; it has been perfect and will once again be perfect—they by their very nature are imperfect. The human soul, like all other spiritual creatures, is female

* This article credits Donna Chrysothemis as a co-author.

because it is a reflection of the Divine—of Dea. It is female because it is the very nature of spiritual things to be female,* for the feminine principle is the principle of the dominance of spirit over matter.

Jung and his followers come close to this truth, regarding the anima in men as the root of spiritual aspirations and all creative expression. The transcendence of material existence is the aim and function of the soul. The crude interpretation of the anima in material (and often sexual) terms, together with the fundamental unbalance of a male-dominated society, has led to attempts to see women as embodiments of the anima. Thus the masculist may regard women as incomprehensible, uncontrollable, irrational (in the lowest sense), creative (in the sense of bearing children only) and so on. And this has done great harm to many women. When the woman is seen as anima, her own anima, her soul, is denied: she is said to be tied to the body; her spiritual aspirations are blunted; her creative nature frustrated; her view of herself is severely circumscribed. The Jungians say that while men have anima, women have animus (a latent male personality); but as we will see, this is neither an equivalent nor an adequate substitute.

It is important to remember that in masculist society, the male is taken as the norm (as, for example, the word 'man' is used to refer to all humanity; the individual/citizen/child is 'he')—and this is true in psychology as in all other areas of life. Psychology as applied to women has been a secondary study, and has usually consisted of second-rate deductions and infer-

* A note to the original reads "“female” here refers to the universal female principle which operates in women and men, though generally more strongly in women, not to biological femaleness."

ences from findings about male psychology. The over-emphasis in masculist society on sexual matters has led to the idea that psychic processes in men and women must be opposite and complementary. Thus Jung has described the animus in women as complementary to the anima in men. However, as with the Oedipus complex,[†] the anima is potentially stronger in women than in men, as they are closer to the archetypally female form of creative and spiritual energy.

The animus is not a mere figment of the Jungian imagination, however, although it is not a permanent feature of human psychology. It is the personification of the masculist values thrust on women throughout their lives in a masculist culture. These male-oriented values, which are fundamentally incompatible with the woman's inner psychic nature, group themselves together in a distinct and alien bloc in the mind which may appear to be a separate personality. This is then represented in dreams and other psychic experiences by the figure of a man which may be called the animus. Dreams of rape suffered by some women may represent the violation of her natural psychic processes by the masculist values forced upon her.

The difficulties and imbalances caused by the undervaluing and misinterpretation of the anima affect both women and men quite radically. They are connected with the general undervaluing of the spiritual in an atmosphere increasingly dominated by a masculist philosophy. Yet the soul, which reflects Dea, is our most precious possession; it is the part of us which is most truly ourselves. The development of the soul towards its original perfection is the one aim of life.⁸¹

[†] A note to the original directs the reader Miriam Dalziel and Donna Chrysothemis, 'The Oedipus Complex' (pp. 531 ff.).

APOCALYPSE THE END OF THE AGE

All the great prophetic traditions agree that we are now approaching the end of an age. The astrological calculation of the precession of the equinoxes tells us that we are passing from the era of Pisces into the age of Aquarius. Nostradamus, who in the sixteenth century predicted such things as the French Revolution, the rise of Hitler and both world wars, often in great detail, set the end of the epoch at about the year 2000. His prophecies, which cover 400 years, go no further than that time.*

Dozens of lesser prophets, all of whom have predicted events of this century from former times, see the period around the end of the century as the end of the world or of some great world-era.

A. Woldben has collected a number of these prophecies, and writes in an introduction to them:

They are culled from a number of sources and on the whole reveal a striking similarity about the chief events which will take place at the end of the century...†

According to all the prophecies, during the next thirty years the world will pass through terrible tribulations. The necessity of renewal will first lead to the destruction of everything we know in our present civilisation, to give way, in a second phase, to the building of a fundamentally different society.

* A note to the original cites 'A. Woldben, *After Nostradamus*, Neville Spearman, 1973, p. xi'.

† No citation given in the original. *After Nostradamus* appears to have been A. Woldben's only book and so is likely the source.

The Four Ages

Ancient Indian tradition going back to Madrian-matriarchal times speaks of a Great Year or *Manvantara* of 25,920 earthly years (this is equivalent to the astrological Great Year, since each zodiacal age lasts about 2,160 years, and $2,160 \times 12 = 25,920$) divided into four ages or Yugas: *Devpara-yuga*, *Tetra-yuga*, *Satya-yuga* and *Kali-yuga*. We are now in the final phase of *Kali-yuga*.

This division corresponds to the four ages set out by the Greek historian Hesiod at the opening of the present yuga. He described them as the Age of Gold, the Age of Silver, the Age of Bronze and the Age of Iron. It is significant that Hesiod, of all patriarchal writers, knew most about the Madrian-matriarchal ages, and describes the Silver Age specifically as matriarchal.

Both systems make it clear that the first age was the best and that each succeeding age saw a decline both in happiness and in spirituality.

Robert Graves, writing on the Greek tradition, says: 'The myth of the Golden Age derives from a tradition of tribal subservience to the... goddess... The myth of the Silver Age also records matriarchal conditions... Silver is the metal of the moon goddess... the third race adopted the cult of the goddess and her son.'[‡]

The four ages are not of the same length, but just as each age is inferior to its predecessor, so each is much shorter. The lengths are given as follows:

[‡] Robert Graves, *The Greek Myths*, chapter 5.

Devpara-yuga: 10,386 years

Tetra-yuga: 7,776 years

Satya-yuga: 5,184 years

Kali-yuga: 2,592 years

Historically, then, Kali-yuga began about 600 years before the Christian era. At this time patriarchy was established in most parts of the world, and the first exclusively male-god religion was being developed by the Jews. Satya-yuga had seen a steady decline in spirituality and the first signs of what we now call materialism. The masculine principle is the symbolic expression of the materialist tendency, therefore the image of a so-called 'son' of Dea was introduced into religion.

As matter became more important than spirit, so physical strength and material 'progress' came to be more highly valued than psychic power.

In the Silver Age, according to Madrian traditions, people lived in coöperation with nature, providing for their material wants with a minimum of labour, exercising control over material things by sheer power of mind and spirit rather than by physical technology (the feats of Indian yogis and recent experiments in telekinesis, among other things, reveal that remnants of this power still exist). Being less obsessed with matter, mankind was less dominated by matter, and the primary aim of life was not material acquisition but spiritual advancement.

Through the course of Satya-yuga this situation was lost. The human body became more and more dense and material, and the physical environment, as a result, more and more intractable. Towards the end of the Silver Age, cities grew up about the great temples, and the early part of Satya-yuga was

the age of the great matriarchal cities, peaceful and satisfying all earthly needs by a mixture of physical and spiritual science.

But as materiality increased, religion became adulterated by idolatrous 'son' and 'consort' cults, and a few patriarchal revolutions took place in remote areas. Wherever this happened, all the benefits of Madrian civilisation were lost, and the people degenerated into what is miscalled a 'primitive' state. For the first time, physical force became a factor in human affairs, and soon a new phenomenon had appeared on earth—war.

It is impossible to construct a calendar of degeneration. In different places the change happened at different times and in different ways. Some nations were reduced almost overnight to a 'stone-age' condition. Others passed from a modified matriarchy to a modified patriarchy more or less intact. In some, a degenerate matriarchy continued even into Kali-yuga. But we can say that in the last millennium of Satya-yuga, patriarchy was almost universally established politically and was making deep inroads into religion.

Dr. A. C. Bouquet writes: 'It is a commonplace with specialists in the history of religion that somewhere within the region of 800 B.C. there passed over the populations of this planet a stirring of the mind which... produced in a number of different spots on the earth's surface prophetic individuals who created a new starting-point for human living and thinking'.^{*} This was the great spiritual convulsion toward the end of Satya-yuga which began those wonderful and terrible anomalies, the masculist world religions. Religions which would provide comfort to millions and also be the cause, the justification and

^{*} A note to the original cites 'A. C. Bouquet, *Comparative Religion*, Penguin, 1953, p. 96'.

the driving force of wars, persecutions, genocide and torture. The stage was set for Kali-yuga—the dark age.

Kali Yuga: The Tightening Grip of Matter

The primary tendency of our own era—Kali-yuga—is the dominance of matter over spirit, or, to put it another way, of quantity over quality. In what is perhaps the best non-Madrian study of the condition of the modern world, René Guénon writes:

...our period could almost be defined as being essentially and primarily 'the reign of quantity'. This characteristic is chosen in preference to any other... because of its truly fundamental nature... and also because it is the particular tendency in question that leads to the lowest point of the 'descent' which proceeds continuously and with ever-increasing speed from the beginning to the end of a Manvantara... the lowest point takes on the aspect of pure quantity deprived of every qualitative distinction.*

Guénon makes it clear that the reign of quantity is not just a doctrine or idea, but a real change both in people and in their surroundings:

The materialistic attitude, whether it be a question of explicit and formal materialism or of some simple 'practical' materialism necessarily imposes on the whole 'psycho-physiological' constitution of the human being a real and very important modification... modern man (sic) has become impermeable to any real influences other than such as impinge on his (sic) senses.†

* A note to the original cites 'René Guénon (trans. Lord Northbourne), *The Reign of Quantity*, Penguin Metaphysical Library, 1953, p. 10'.

† A note to the original cites 'Ibid., p. 125'.

Guénon points out that this spiritual blindness in itself reinforces the profane point of view which created it in the first place. But beyond this, there is: ‘a sort of progressive “materialisation” of the cosmic environment itself, and it is only when this “materialisation” has reached a certain stage, by now very marked, that the materialistic concept can appear in man.’[‡]

Guénon’s analysis coincides in its conclusion with the prophecies: that we are fast approaching ‘the end of a whole Manvantara, and so of the temporal existence of what may rightly be termed a humanity.’ This does not necessarily mean the end of the physical world (though the means of such destruction are certainly now available). But it certainly means the destruction of all the tendencies of the past several thousand years and the ‘opening’ of a completely new principle.

Working from a different viewpoint, Elizabeth Gould David came to the same conclusion:

The rot of masculist materialism has indeed permeated all spheres of twentieth century life and now attacks its very core...[§]

The ages of masculism are now drawing to a close. Their dying days are lit up by a final flare of universal violence such as the world has seldom before seen... Any and all social reforms imposed upon our sick civilisation can be no more effective than a bandage on a gaping and putrefying wound. Only the complete and total demolition of the social body will cure the fatal sickness. Only the overthrow of the three-thousand-year-old beast of masculist materialism will save the race.

[‡] A note to the original cites ‘Ibid., p. 161’.

[§] A note to the original cites ‘Elizabeth Gould Davis, *The First Sex*, Penguin, pp. 338–9’.

If it is true that the end of the age is close upon us, we would expect some turbulence, some 'stirring in the spiritual ether' as the movement of the future trembles into life.

There has indeed been such a stirring. Perhaps at no time in recorded history have there been so many spiritual apparitions as during the past century, and nearly all of them have one thing in common—nearly all have been visions of a beautiful and awe-inspiring female figure. A. Woldben writes: 'There has never been a time as the last hundred years in which the Virgin has revealed herself so frequently.'

At the end of his book, *Miracles of the Gods*, Erich von Däniken appends a 'calendar of visions'. It is not an exhaustive list, but contains all those which the author dealt with in the course of his research, and may be taken as a fair cross-section. Analysing the list, two facts emerge unmistakably. Firstly, the visions increase dramatically after 1830 (the list from pre-Christian times takes up just under 7½ pages; from 1830–1974 just over 7½ pages). Secondly, the predominance of the female figure is almost overwhelming. Out of the 107 post-1830 cases, 93 are of a magnificent or sorrowful female figure, usually, but not always, identified by the seers as 'Mary'. Of the remaining 14, 6 concern inanimate objects, 5 are of 'Jesus', 3 miscellaneous.

Many of these cases represent more than one vision—in one, 'four different females' had between them 160 visions of 'Mary'. Many of the visions were seen by several people at once—sometimes as many as 50 or 60.

Sometimes the figure is with a child, very often Her appearance is strikingly majestic and awe-inspiring. At Signy in 1890, She appeared 'in a cloud of light, with a long veil held

* A note to the original cites 'Woldben, op. cit. p. 148'.

by angels, hands folded and silent'. In the 160 visions at Al-lenstein, 'Sometimes She was floating, sometimes sitting, but always surrounded by a radiant cloud and accompanied by angels.' Often, those who saw Her called Her 'the Queen of the angels'.

The two most famous visions, of course, were those of Lourdes and Fátima. At Fátima the sun whirled and danced in the sky at the command of our Lady. It was witnessed by some 70,000; onlookers and sceptical newspapermen who had declared their intention of proving the whole thing a 'fake' were forced to admit that they had seen a miracle.

Until recently, these events have usually been interpreted in a Christian context (despite the notable absence of Christ). Of course it is debatable to what extent the worship of Mary is Christian anyway. Protestants often rightly point out that this devotion leads the soul away from Christ to an independent Goddess-figure.[†] Briffault writes that as early as the eleventh century, 'the Holy Virgin... had well-nigh replaced the male trinity in the devotion of the people... She had, in fact, entirely regained her original position as the Great Goddess.'[‡]

† A note to the original reads 'Examples, I. "Mary has eclipsed her son. There has been another eclipse too. The devotion to Mary, in its operation, hides and virtually negates... the fatherhood of God." Prof. W. Smith in *The Virgin Mary* by Prof. G. Miegge, Lutterworth, p. 9. 2. "The evangelical has a strong suspicion that the deepest roots of the Marian *cultus* are not to be found in the Christian tradition at all. The religious history of mankind (sic) shows a recurring tendency to worship a mother goddess ... may it not be that what we have here is in reality an older religion ... whose ancient features persist under a thin Christian veil?" Canon John de Satge in G. Ashe, *The Virgin*, R. K. P., 1976, pp. 7-8'.

‡ A note to the original cites 'R. Briffault, *The Mothers*, Grosset, 1963, p. 429'.

Nevertheless there are already the stirrings of an entirely new and revolutionary interpretation. Olivia Robertson writes:

Studying the Eleusinian Mysteries of Demeter and Persephone (i.e. God the Mother and Her sacrificed Daughter), to me the visions of Lourdes and Fatima are a portrayal of these dramas in actual human history. ... When a Mystery is performed upon the earth before an earthly audience, a new age is upon us.*

Commenting upon the prophecies of Fátima, a Christian spokesman writes:

A tremendous earthquake rocks the spiritual foundation of the universe, and from a ruins a new light is to shine, and a new civilisation is to arise when... all the world feels the spiritual exhilaration of the Age of Mary and the triumph of Her immaculate heart.

Already, She has claimed the love and affection of countless millions not of the Christian faith.

The pilgrim statues that have traversed the world have been received with reverence and honor amongst Moslems, Hindus, Buddhists and other non-Christian faiths.†

Now let us be clear about this. There was very rarely any question of these people bring 'converted' to Christianity—so they were not revering Mary as Mother of God for the simple reason that they did not accept the divinity of Christ. At some level of consciousness they recognised the true Image of Deity, and worshipped Her in Her own right. If this is a foretaste

* A note to the original cites 'Olivia Robertson, *The Call of Isis*, Cesara Pubns., p. 125'.

† A note to the original cites 'R. Bergin, *This Apocalyptic Age*, Voice of Fatima International, 1971, pp. 101–2. (Author's capitalised pronouns)'.

of the Age of Mary, it will be very different from what most Christians would imagine.

But as more and more people are turning to the direct worship of Dea in Her own Name, we may expect to see visions and miracles in which She is fully known and recognised. Indeed, the process has already begun.

The vision at Lourdes was closely connected with healing waters, as are many places of Marian devotion. Olivia Robertson recently wrote to a sister of the Daughters of Artemis, telling of a well in Ireland consecrated to the Goddess by a priestess. This well has produced water which has brought supernatural healing to a number of people. A phial of the water which was taken to England was seen to emit rays of 'brilliant silvery-white light.'

In recent years there have been several visions of Dea recognised as such, and we may expect this to increase in years to come, as Her children become more attuned to Her and to the ancient and universal religion which is beginning to re-emerge through the crumbling surface of the doomed patriarchal civilisation.⁸²

THE MYTH OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Even the most secular society cannot live without myths. A myth is something which cannot be questioned, and no group can live without them. A religious myth cannot be questioned because it is accepted as a Divine revelation. A secular myth cannot be questioned because the society has a deep emotional

need to believe it, and it is therefore inculcated almost from birth into every individual by all the means of persuasion and 'education' controlled by the society.

One of the most deeply-rooted myths of modern society is the 'progress/evolution' myth. The myth itself is a rag-bag jumble of paperback Darwinism and newspaper progressivism, and although it is completely illogical by any standards, it has been more deeply implanted in the twentieth-century brain than almost any other. Materialism has its opponents in the modern world; progressivism almost none—it seems far easier even to shake the modern disbelief in magic than to shake the modern belief in progress. Progress is, in the strictest sense, an article of faith (people call this a sceptical age precisely because where it has faith, that faith runs so deep that nobody even recognises it as being faith).

I am not here attacking the theory of evolution. That theory is a good deal shakier than most people assume; but even the strictest evolutionist will agree that the smallest evolutionary changes take many thousands of years. That means that in the whole course of recorded history (less than 5,000 years) there cannot possibly have been more than the most infinitesimal degree of evolutionary modification in the human species.

A journalist recently wrote that evolution has taken us from sailing ships to spaceships in 2,000 years. As a matter of fact we have come from sailing ships to spaceships in about 200 years; and anyone who talks about evolution over either period simply doesn't understand the meaning of the word.

Now the 'evolutionary' myth (as opposed to scientific evolution) is not new. Indeed, anyone who thinks about it will realise there are only two possible myths of human origins;

the religious and the irreligious. All religious traditions teach that life began at the highest possible point—the Divine—and descended, or ‘fell’ from there. All irreligious traditions teach that life began at the lowest possible point—the primordial slime—and rose, or ‘evolved’ from there.

Modern Attitudes and Their Spiritual Meanings

The second of these views carries with it two tendencies of thought which are very deeply embedded in the modern world-view, and which are fundamentally anti-religious even when they do not seem so. They are:

1. A preference for abstract ‘laws’ above conscious Divine Personality. Now the less materialistic ‘evolutionist’ will speak of Divine law, but nevertheless, a preference for impersonal ‘law’ above the immediate Reality of the Divine Personality and Her love is one of the surest symptoms of a soul or a society slipping away from spiritual Truth.
2. A failure to grasp the moral basis of all advancement. ‘Evolutionism’ implies that ‘progress’ is somehow built into the scheme of things—that we will ‘progress’ willy-nilly whatever happens. But the only meaningful human progress is moral progress. It is not progress to become a more efficient murderer. Again, the less materialistic ‘evolutionist’ will say that ‘progress’ makes us morally better as well as better in other ways. But this commits the fatal error of ignoring the fundamental nature of morality. We do not become moral because we have progressed—we progress by becoming more moral, and in no other way. Moral choice is the free choice between good and evil—between

God and anti-God—open to every soul at all times. We pass from life to life, from physical body to subtle spirit; only one thing remains constant—the faculty of moral choice; to turn to God or away from Her. And this choice determines everything else. Morality is not a by-product of ‘progress’ or of anything else. In the last analysis, everything else is a by-product of morality.

Human souls inhabit animal bodies; and the question of whether these bodies were created instantaneously or developed gradually (evolved) is interesting, but relatively unimportant. Scientific evolution happens to favour the latter answer. But the myth of ‘evolution’ goes much further, implying that human mind and spirit is a mere by-product of the evolving body; that human religion ‘evolved’ from ‘primitive’ nature rites, etc.

However the human body came about, the human soul is the direct product of the Divine, and human religion has its origin not on earth, nor in history, but in the Eternal.

*Patriarchy Depends
on the Progress/Evolution Myth*

But there is another side to the ‘progress/evolution’ myth. If humanity has always been ‘progressing’, it follows that ‘prehistoric’ civilisations must have been much ‘lower’ than present ones.

That is extremely convenient for the supporters of masculinist societies or religions. As we go back in time, the worship of Dea becomes universal throughout the world, and the worship of male ‘gods’, sons, consorts, etc. rapidly diminishes to zero. The archæological evidence is unquestionable on that point.

So it is very convenient to have a myth which suggests that the ancient civilisations must have been crude, ignorant and 'primitive'.

But the facts are against the myth, and each new piece of evidence makes it look more ridiculous—but then secular myths are not concerned with facts when they don't point the right way, so for the most part they are conveniently 'forgotten'.

Ancient Crete, the last great western matriarchate, had four-storey buildings with hygienic plumbing, modern-style locks, a version of chess, etc. some four thousand years ago.

Until recently, civilisation was thought to be less than 5,000 years old (about as old as patriarchy!) but the excavation of Çatal Hüyük in Turkey shows a highly civilised city at least 9,000 years old. A city in which the supreme Deity in every temple was female and where mothers were the heads of households, and in which there had been no wars for over 1,000 years (which is as if England hadn't had a war since before the Norman conquest).

Hard Facts

But there are literally thousands of hard facts which tear the 'caveman theory of history' to shreds. Of course there have always been groups of people in uncivilised conditions. There are today. In parts of Africa and Australia one can find classic 'stone-age' societies. But there is no evidence that these were ever the only human societies, and a lot of evidence to the contrary:

— According to orthodox theory, mankind did not 'evolve' until 2 million years ago, and had not reached a stage at

which she could have made crude footwear until 25,000 years ago. In a coal seam in Nevada, the imprint of a shoe, with clear traces of strong thread, has been found. Its age is estimated at 15 million years! A similar discovery has been made in the Gobi Desert.*

- Metal artefacts dated at 7,000 years old and found in America are made of an alloy which, according to the U.S. Bureau of Standards, can only have been created in furnaces capable of producing a temperature of 9,000 degrees centigrade† (unless, of course, super-physical means were used).
- Decorated ceramics and other artefacts have been found in many ancient sites, depicting prehistoric monsters which died out long before man is supposed to have appeared on the scene—so adherents of the modern myth can take their choice: either human artists lived millions of years ago, or prehistoric matriarchates possessed all the resource-

* A note to the original cites '*We Are Not the First*, Andrew Tomas, Sphere Books, pp. 38–9'. The cases in question are the 'Fisher Canyon Footprint' and a print which the Soviet newspaper *Smena* (1961, no. 8) reported as having been discovered by Dr Zhou Ming Jen. Identifications of both are contested. The print found by Dr Zhou was reported as dating to two million years before present, while the Fisher Canyon Footprint appeared in a stratum dated to 225 million years before present, though some later sources (such as the one on which Miss Dalziel seems to have depended) reported datings of 5 or 15 million years.

† A note to the original cites '*Science et Vie*, no. 516'. Miss Dalziel almost certainly took this from the book by Tomas (cited above), as this particularly deficient form of the citation was singled out for criticism in a review published by *CHOICE: Publication of the Association of College & Research Libraries* 9, no. 1 (March 1972): 79.

es of modern archæology to work out what the monsters looked like. Or both, perhaps.

- Throughout historical times, only six planets were known, until the discovery of Uranus (in 1781), Neptune (1846) and finally Pluto (1930). But matriarchal period seals, some 7,000 years old, have been excavated in Sumer showing all nine planets—and also solar systems outside our own.[‡] And it is only a few centuries ago that patriarchal civilisation stopped believing in a flat earth.

Implications of the Myth

The above list could go on indefinitely, but we will not labour the point here. Rather we will turn to a number of important points which arise from what has been said so far:

1. Whether or not the human body was produced by a process of evolution is neither here nor there; but the belief that the human intelligence and spirit are mere by-products of this bodily evolution is an implicit denial of the Divine origin of the soul—a statement that we came ‘up’ from ‘nothing’ rather than ‘down’ from the Absolute. It is a form of the pride which turns the soul from Dea. Conversely, without this theory, no atheism has a leg to stand on.
2. The belief that human religion ‘evolved’ from ‘primitive’ superstition is essential to irreligion. If God did not create

[‡] A note to the original cites ‘*The First Sex*, Elizabeth Gould Davies, Penguin, p. 53’. This interpretation of Akkadian seal VA/243, among others, is controversial within the academic community.

humanity, then humanity 'created' God. There is no other possibility. For example, the idea that humanity pictured God as female for nine-tenths or more of its existence merely because 'primitive' maid did not understand fatherhood is inextricably bound up with the dogma that humanity created God. Either we know about God because She revealed Herself to us from the beginning, or we do not know about God at all.

3. Beliefs 1 and 2 are held by many modern 'religious' thinkers. People as diverse as Helena Blavatsky and Teilhard de Chardin have constructed pseudo-religious cults based on an unscientific 'evolutionism'. The reason for this is simple. Every step away from Dea is a step away from religion. All patriarchal religion has of its very nature embarked on a slow but inexorable process that leads to complete atheism. 'Evolutionist' cults are a late stage in that process.
4. Emotion can do strange things to reason. A mother may simply 'refuse to see' evidence against her children; or having seen it, she may quite genuinely forget it almost immediately. The underlying dynamics of the progress/evolution myth are spiritual and emotional rather than rational. It is a subconscious rejection of true myth,* and therefore of Dea. At a deep level of consciousness, the soul knows

* A note to the original reads 'A myth is a "story" or "pattern" which gives shape and meaning to our understanding of reality. True myth is that revealed to us by the Divine, which conveys to our inner senses the inward and spiritual nature of existence, so far as it is possible for imperfect creatures to understand it (such as the Creation or the Mythos). False myth is that which is of purely human invention, and based on merely external and physical factors and interpretations.'

the true meaning of its action and its essential disharmony, and is driven on by strong emotions of fear and pride. It dare not consciously admit the truth. That is why the myth survives the tremendous evidence against it. Only as a soul advances spiritually does she become ready to discard the myth.

The progress/evolution myth is the typical myth of masculist materialism, and so it is the myth of the twentieth century. A large proportion of twentieth century thought is meaningless without it. To begin to free oneself of it is a first step toward the coming age.⁸³

CAMILLA

THE FEMININE PRINCIPLE

The understanding of the feminine principle is one of the most vital tasks before us. For those of us who are feminists, it is an understanding of the very roots of our ideology, too long neglected. In religion, it will help us to understand what we mean when we say that Deity is female (for we certainly are not referring to an ordinary biological usage!)—and why the concept is absolutely essential to religion. For humanity as a whole, it may begin to provide an answer to the spiritual crisis of the modern world—for we may well find that the cure lies not in a continuing emphasis on material things, but in the rediscovery of an age-old spiritual principle which has been increasingly suppressed by patriarchal society.

The Feminine Principle is a profound spiritual fact which originates beyond this world. On this earth we see not the principle itself, but only its shadow. Some people seek the essence of the Feminine in the female body—but this is a mistake, for the human female reflects the Feminine Principle in a symbolic way, just as the moon symbolises our Lady. We do not worship the moon as such—neither should we assume the female body to be the Feminine as such. Always the spiritual actuality comes first, and the physical reflection second.

Both feminine and masculine principles operate in women and men—but there is a strong tendency for the feminine principle to be dominant in women. In this world we do not

see the pure Feminine or pure Masculine, but only points along a sliding scale.

The universe vibrates between two poles: Feminine and Masculine; all material things exist in the interplay of these two. The masculine is matter, the feminine is form. The masculine is quantity, the feminine is quality.

The masculine pole (if we could perceive pure abstract masculinism) is two dimensional, black-and-white, material, mathematical, statistical. Everything can be reduced to numbers.

The feminine pole is multi-dimensional, it radiates every conceivable shade and nuance of colour—it is the pure exuberance of Reality, stripped of all our conventional prefabricated modes of perceiving, which normally tame it and make it manageable.

Is the feminine principle, then, an abundant chaos and the masculine a limiting order? No. The divine absolute Feminine is pure Order (in ancient Greece, Order was personified as the goddess Themis). But it is an Order which we, through our imperfection, can no longer comprehend—its sheer variety and vastness would overwhelm us. Thus we must create a lower and lesser order which will protect us from direct exposure to it. Matter itself is such an order, and the masculine principle, in this world, can be defined as the dominance of matter over spirit, while the feminine principle is the reverse.*

The masculine principle is a simplification and stylisation of the world—it is like a diagram or a map as opposed to a place or a landscape. In an extreme masculist phase of histo-

* A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of 'The Symbol of Venus' (pp. 386 ff.).

ry we get a 'science' which believes it can know everything by quantitative analysis—ultimately by reducing people to things and things to numbers. The masculine principle is concerned only with what can be understood by the conscious mind and described in words. The feminine principle uses all levels of the psyche to receive the whole glorious, confused onslaught of experience with all its subtle shades and imponderables.

Of course, we must have the stylisation, or we could not even begin to deal with the world of matter—nor can we throw ourselves into the blazing sun of Absolute Reality until we have become refined to the point at which we can withstand it. ('Her brightness is too great for us to look upon.') But spiritual progress consists in opening ourselves up to increasingly more of reality—not in sinking deeper and deeper into materialist escapism.

The so-called 'realistic novel' is a typical example of this latter. Exactly what it is not is realistic. It does not accept people and things in all their unbelievable richness and diversity (of course, we hardly ever do—but that is what an artist should be striving for). It seeks to bring everything down to a dead level of conventional materialistic perception. Every person is a unique jewel—every soul is a rare, exotic bird in a cage of flesh and bone. To know this and to realise it fully—that is realism. The wildest fantasy which portrays the spiritual adventures of the soul is a hundred times more realistic than the materialist tract which portrays the mechanical misadventures of the body.

The masculist focus on externals means that everything is done by physical means. Things are controlled by technology, people by violence and war. Thus we create an urban, artificial

society dedicated to material values. Nobody really likes it, but nobody knows what to do about it.

But to decide what to do—to work out a plan for the feminisation of values; that will never work. You cannot bring about feminist values by masculist methods. We must change not just our ideas (which affect only the rational consciousness) but our images, which affect the whole psyche. The male god is a masculist image—and since that image directs the psyche toward masculist materialism, it is a paradox; for it must finally destroy all images (note the intolerance of the most extreme patriarchal cults—Judaism, Protestantism, Islam—toward religious icons), and all religion.

The image of Dea, on the other hand, will work on the whole psyche to revitalise the archetypal power of images and symbols within us, and waken the whole perceptive power and sensitivity of the soul. It is this sensitivity, this wholeness of perception, this sympathy with the natural, and with the supernatural and with the other souls about us, which must be the guiding principle of the new age. Of course we must strive toward this, but no amount of conscious striving, no amount of rational effort will bring us to it alone. We must expose ourselves to the image of Dea, and give ourselves up to Her reality.⁸⁴

THE VEIL OF MATTER

Earth-Autumn, the lower-left point of the Pentacle. As well as the Divine Life Mystery, this point also has another meaning.

In the act of making the Pentacle, the line from Spirit to Earth represents the descent into matter.*

Matter: the substance which surrounds us on all sides, so pervasive that a near-sighted civilisation such as the modern west is able to believe that nothing else exists. What is matter?

Madrianism teaches that matter is a substance given to spiritual forms. In the beginning, Dea created all things as Perfect Forms; every creature was unlimited in ability and complete in happiness. Because Dea is Absolute Life, or Absolute Existence, all creatures in full harmony with Her possess a fullness and completion of life quite beyond the understanding of a creature in any lower state.

When creatures turned from Her, it was natural that, having turned from the very Principle of existence, they should cease to exist. But Dea loved Her creatures, and wanted them to continue to exist, so that they might have the chance to return to Her. Of course, She might easily have taken them back into full spiritual existence by spiritual 'force'. But She had given them the power of full moral choice, and to destroy this would have been to destroy them as free moral creatures.

So instead She created special states of half-existence in which they might exist (or partially exist) apart from Her. One such state is the state called physical matter.

Our Lady tells us of a world so bright, so full of vivid colour, that we are unable to look on it.† This is the real world, the world of pure Spirit. The world of matter is like a screen placed before this world, through which only the shadows of

* A note to the original directs the reader to the instructions for 'Making the Pentacle' (vol. I, p. 107).

† Teachings 10:12, 21.

spiritual things can be seen. These shadows are what we call material things; and we not only watch the shadow-play but become a part of it.

In the patriarchal ages, Spirit has always been thought of as something vague, subtle and insubstantial. But the truth is that the fullness of Spirit is so great that in comparison, material things are but two-dimensional shadows—the colour and vividness of Spirit is so great that once we have returned to Spirit, all earthly colours will be seen to have been like shades of grey upon a pale screen.

Matter is not Reality, but rather a scaling-down of Reality which has been diluted a hundred times by an act of Divine mercy because the full vision of Reality would be fatal to us.

To put it another way, matter is the ‘outward’ expression of ‘inner’ spiritual things. Material events are the physical out-working of movements on the moral and spiritual plane. That is why life is full of what appear to be ‘coincidences’—because every seemingly ‘accidental’ happening has an inner meaning if we could but know it (and we must learn the humility to realise that, as imperfect creatures, we cannot know much of the real truth behind things). Every event of our life is the expression of some fact of our inner moral and spiritual state built up over many previous lives as well as the present one.

‘But,’ it is often asked, ‘doesn’t this view of matter conflict with modern science?’ Well, the odd thing is that that is exactly what it does not do. What it does conflict with is the outdated science of the last century—and it is this that most people have in mind when they talk about ‘science’; partly because it takes a long time for popular opinion to catch up with the most advanced knowledge, partly because the science of the

last century is far simpler and easier to understand and therefore tends to be retained in school textbooks and popular accounts, but mostly because modern society is happier to keep the outdated view which fits in with its materialistic view of life, and to leave genuine science to the 'experts'. The co-called scientific view of life is just a piece of profane mythology. No serious scientist has believed in old-fashioned materialism for over half a century. As Professor Joad wrote in his *Guide to Modern Thought*:

Nineteenth-century physics was essentially materialistic. . . matter was something lying out there in space. It was hard, it was obvious; indubitably it was real, and as such, calculated to form an admirable foundation upon which the horse sense of the practical man could base his irrefragable convictions. . .^{*}

Today the foundation for this whole way of thinking, the hard, obvious, simple lumps of matter, has disappeared. Modern matter is something infinitely attenuated and elusive; it is a hump in space and time, a 'mush' of electricity, a wave of probability undulating into nothingness.

But can this mean that matter is fundamentally spiritual or moral—that the structure of the universe is not mere accident but is intelligent and conscious? Professor Max Planck, the originator of the quantum theory, which together with Einstein's theories of relativity, has re-shaped modern physics, said, 'I regard consciousness as fundamental. I regard matter as derivative from consciousness. We cannot get behind consciousness.'[†]

^{*} C. E. M. Joad, *Guide to Modern Thought*, Faber & Faber, 1933, pp. 16–17.

[†] This quotation comes originally from an interview in *The Observer*, 25 January 1931, p. 17, column 3.

Of the British physicists Sir James Jeans and Professor Eddington, Joad writes: 'Their considered view is that the reality of things is mental or spiritual, and that co-called material phenomena are the effects of the way in which this spiritual reality appears to us.'[‡] And Einstein himself held a similar view.

In other words, the findings of modern science do not conflict in the slightest with the teachings of the most ancient wisdom. Nevertheless, the ancient and eternal Divine Truth gave and gives a full and complete view of life which enriches material life and (more importantly) leads it toward spiritual completion. Science, even when it points toward Spirit, offers no meaningful help toward attaining it. Since science is the study of physical things, it is, of course, beyond the realm of science to discover what lies behind matter. Matter is all that can be seen with the physical senses (sometimes assisted by microscopes, telescopes or other pieces of equipment). To learn about the beyond-matter we must go to Divine revelation.

Even so, there are times when the intuition of a great scientist (as of any disciplined mind which meditates deeply on the nature of the universe) can lead to the very door of revealed Truth. For example, the astro-physicist Sir Arthur Eddington, who made major contributions to relativity theory, wrote that material phenomena are the result of abstraction and selection by our minds from the spiritual unity which underlies them.[§] What is this but a rather less poetic version of certain words

[‡] *Guide to Modern Thought*, 1933, p. 96.

[§] It is unclear to what specific statements of Sir Arthur's Miss Dalziel was alluding. The reader interested in the spiritual dimensions of Eddingtonian physics may wish to consult Matthew Stanley's doctoral dissertation, 'Practical Mystic: Religion and Science in the life of A. S. Eddington' (Harvard, 2004).

from the Rite of Sacrifice: 'Let us consider that the earthly things we see about us are but illusion, and that could we see with clearer eyes, a more glorious vision would appear before us.'⁸⁵

THE RHYTHM OF LIFE

For there are ways and rhythms in the course of life, of day and night, of seasons and the moon, by which all life, all thought, all work are governed... (Teachings 6:3)

The seasons are one of the most important factors in bringing human life in tune with the rhythms of the Divine. Through the eternal cycles of the seasons we are given a hierophany—a showing-forth of the Divine Mysteries in physical existence.

It is no accident that as society grows ever further from Dea human life is increasingly estranged from the seasons. In ancient Madrian-matriarchal societies, not only outward activities but the whole of spiritual, emotional and intellectual life was governed by the seasons. Over the last few centuries, almost all work has been 'regularised' so that human activity carries on more or less without variance throughout the year.

Between these extremities a gradual decline has taken place throughout the patriarchal period. For example, let me quote from the manual of Madrian ritual magic:

Throughout the Madrian ages, and to a lesser extent up until the Protestant "Reformation"... life was governed by a rhythm of fasts and feasts based on the inherent rhythms of nature, which in turn are reflections of the essential rhythm of the Macrocosm. With the "Reformation", an entirely new rhythm was set in motion, one which remains

* Vol. 1, pp. 138 ff.

with us to this day: that of the five- or six-day working week. In other words, a rhythm geared solely to material ends and acquisitions which ignores as far as possible the rhythm of the Macrocosm. Time is made flat and featureless, like a railway track or a motorway, and like them, it is regarded merely as a means to an end, having no intrinsic value.[†]

It is essential to understand that the seasonal rhythm is not merely or even primarily a physical phenomenon, but affects every area of mental and spiritual life, and it affects everybody, whether they choose to ignore it, or whether they accept it and work with it.

In the Artemid paper on Madrian education[‡] it is suggested that the subjects and approach of academic work should be varied according to the spiritual and intellectual principles which each season brings to the fore. The paper continues:

In doing this, we swim, as it were, with the tides and currents of nature, rather than swimming indifferently against or across them. The power of the mind is enhanced both in force and (since we are attuning ourselves to the true interior of things...) in subtlety.

The alienation of modern life is largely caused by the breaking and separating of one part of life from another—the mental, the emotional, the physical and the spiritual are all filed away in separate boxes. Life is split into a series of unnatural activities called work and an unnatural passivity called leisure. Natural life is whole and unified: an organic expression of the spiritual Reality which underlies all things.

To attune our lives to the inner meaning of the seasons is a first and very important step toward regaining this wholeness.

[†] No extant copy of this text is known to the present editor.

[‡] This is likely a reference to the paper 'Intellect Against Intellectualism' (vol. 3, pp. 1105 ff.).

To go fully into these meanings would take us far beyond the length of a single article, but let us outline them:

Spring / Resurrection / water: Emotional life; the working of the Daughter's love in all nature; rebirth, and all the mysteries of new life and achievement springing from sacrifice.

Summer / Rose of the World / fire: Self-perfection; straining for union with the Mother; the conflict of true self and false self; energy.

Autumn / Divine Life / earth: Patterns of destiny; death and afterlife; the spiritual reality behind physical things; the knowledge that all material existence is the consolidation of the perfect creation of the Mother.

Winter / Nativity / air: The birth of the Daughter-principle within the self; intellectual life; knowledge of the inner self as something objective and separate from our ego consciousness.

Moura / Our Lady's Death / Spirit: Penance; purification.

Even from this brief description, certain general principles become apparent. The four long seasons are governed by combinations of two pairs of principles, as follows:

Spring: Daughter, External.

Summer: Mother, Internal.

Autumn: Mother, External.

Winter: Daughter, Internal.

The internal principle looks at the self, the external at the world. The Mother principle is stable, active, transcendent; the Daughter principle is transforming, passive, immanent (patriarchal cultures sometimes erroneously identify these as the female and male principles).

Of course, all four principles operate all the time, but the rhythm of nature continually shifts their relationships and relative prominence. The year-pattern can be seen in every activity—in a human enterprise, a human life or the life of a civilisation. There are also other cycles which show forth the pattern in nature. In the month we may see it thus:

New Moon – Day of Artemis: Spring
Day of Artemis – Full Moon: Summer
Full Moon – Half-Moon Day: Autumn
Half-Moon Day – New Moon: Winter

Or in the day:

Dawn – Midday: Spring
Midday – Dusk: Summer
Dusk – Midnight: Autumn
Midnight – Dawn: Winter

In the month, Moura is represented by that period when the moon is dark, and in the day by that strange period known to all who have kept the night vigil and called 'the darkest hour before dawn'.

As well as the four 'quarters' of the long seasons, we must also recognise two other quarter-year periods which fall into all five seasons. These are the Eastre cycle, which runs from the

Feast of Lights* to the Exaltation and, diametrically opposite to it on the circle of the year, the Mysteries of Life cycle which runs from the Festival of Regeneration† to Tamala.

But all this is only a brief outline of the most outstanding rhythms, and is by no means complete.

Well, now to the obvious question. How on earth can anyone juggle with all these abstract principles in the course of her daily life? There are two answers. Firstly, it is impossible. Secondly, it is so simple and natural that you are already doing it.

It is impossible to consciously and intellectually take every aspect of the principles into account all or even much of the time; but the unconscious self is responding to the rhythms and principles constantly, whether we are aware of it or not. The important thing is to heighten our awareness of the rhythms and to bring our lives in tune with them. Intellectual understanding is important, and it is hoped that the principles outlined here will be of help, and stimulate more work on the subject. But intellect is only one small part of the way in which we participate in the cycle of the Mysteries.

Ways of self-attunement will be discussed below, but if the process were to be summed up in one sentence, it would be this: 'Let us give ourselves heart and soul to our Lady.'⁸⁶

* I.e., Luciad.

† I.e., Chelanya.

DANCING TO THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES[†]

All things begin in Spirit. Physical things are but reflections of spiritual things. We must remember this when we begin to attune ourselves to the cosmic rhythm of the Divine Mysteries. Attune first the Spirit and all life shall be attuned.

The most basic way of attuning the Spirit is already practised by all Madrians: the pattern of Rites and Festivals of the Madrian year. The four Natural Rites make us spiritually aware of the rhythm of the month, and the Major Festivals serve the same function for the yearly rhythm. Since the Rite of Sacrifice does not require a priestess, any group of people, however small, can participate in this rhythm of ritual.[§]

The Rosary follows the same rhythmic pattern, and frequent Rosary meditation will increase the strength and vitality of this spiritual pulse.[€]

Next, is the spirit of the seasons. The careful observance of fasts, the joy and excitement of feasts. The modern world, cut off from the rhythm, pursues pleasure at every opportunity and cannot find it except in fleeting and elusive forms. Puritanical religion eschews pleasure as evil. But as we attune ourselves to the eternal rhythm, pleasure takes its true place as a part of the pattern—neither a worthless evil nor an ultimate goal.

All life knows this pattern—ebb and flow, waxing and waning, night and day, fast and feast, pleasure and penance. Life is

[†] This article credits Sr Angelina as co-author.

[§] A definition of the Natural Rites and the text of the Rite of Sacrifice can be found in vol. I, pp. I29 ff.

[€] Instructions for this can be found in vol. I, pp. III ff.

always so, whether we want it or not. The soberest puritan cannot avoid pleasure (if only the pleasure of self-righteousness), nor the wildest epicure avoid pain. But through attunement to the pattern of fasts and feasts, we begin to become aware of the inner meanings of both pleasure and sorrow and to experience something that lies deeper than either—a feeling of meaning and purpose; and a joy far more profound than mere pleasure, which is present just as strongly in penance as in rejoicing.

As well as the Major Festivals and periods of fasting, some special pleasure should be had in recognition of each natural Rite day, and minor acts of self-denial should be practised on each Rhavedi (the planetary principle of Rhavedi is the conquest of matter by Spirit) and on the thirteenth day of each month, which commemorates the thirteenth month in which our Lady died.

Decorations for the seasons and festivals are of great help, and also seasonal colours may be used in the decoration of household shrines, candles, etc. These are the seasonal colours from the beginning of the year:

Resurrection – Exaltation:	White
Exaltation – Chelanya:	Violet
Chelanya – Tamala (Mysteries of Life cycle):	Green
Tamala – Commencement of the Advent:	Violet
Advent:	Green
Nativity – Duodecima:	White and gold
Duodecima – Purple Monday:	Violet
Purple Monday – Luciad:	Purple

Luciad – Moura Eve:

Violet

Moura:

Purple

Colour has a deep effect on the unconscious self, and each festival, as well as these seasons, has its own colour. A general guide to the meanings of the colours is as follows:

Violet: The usual colour for religious devotion. It represents the moon, and therefore the non-physical levels of being and also the action of the Daughter within the physical world. Blue (but not a dark blue) may be used instead of violet.

White: Purity, perfection

Gold: Glory, completion

Purple: Penance

Green: Life

These are hints rather than full explanations, for colour, like so many things, cannot be explained but only known. Let your mind dwell upon the colours and their meanings in relation to the seasons. Let them be food for your meditations.

Another set of colours are the Rosary colours. These apply to the five decades of the Rosary and their Mysteries, and therefore also the seasons. They are:

First Mystery (Autumn): Yellow-brown

Second Mystery (Winter): Silver

Third Mystery (Moura): Black

Fourth Mystery (Spring): Blue

Fifth Mystery (Summer): Red

Make models or pictures representing the Mysteries, with correct colours predominating in each. Make a collection of flowers and natural things for your shrine at the beginning of each month. Let your stories and your songs and all your works reflect the season and its Divine Mystery. These things are particularly good for children, and therefore are good for all of us—for has not our Lady said to us, ‘Unless your souls are simple as the running deer, My children, and your hearts as little children filled with wonder, how shall you attain liberation?’

And this, before all, is the secret. We begin to cast off our separateness, our selfish isolation, and to give ourselves back to She in Whom we began, seeing the rhythms of nature as the expression of Her will, and to live within them. All life becomes one, and that oneness a bond of love between ourselves and the Eternal. Life is a game, a dance, a ritual, a song; always different, yet always the same. The reality of life is too simple for an adult mind.⁸⁷

THE FORCES OF DARKNESS

Are there really demons in the modern world? To many people the idea seems incredible. To them only things which can be seen and touched are ‘real’. But anyone who has even the smallest knowledge of the spiritual nature of things realises that what is apparent to our physical senses represents only one level of existence; only a tiny fraction of all that surrounds us. Many people have the gift of being able to see on one or more of the other levels at least some of the time, and such gifts often develop with spiritual advancement.

* Teachings 6:I.

Nor are we and the higher animals the only intelligent beings on this planet. There are nature spirits of all types—the lower kinds usually as unaware of us as we are of them—ranging from the sub-human to the near-angelic. There are Janyati: spirits who are at one with God Herself, and therefore channels of pure Good. There are other higher spirits who work in harmony with the various Janyati. And just as there is this hierarchy of Good ‘above’ us, so there is a corresponding hierarchy of evil ‘below’ us.

These can be called the discordant forces of the universe; but they are not mere ‘forces’ in the normal sense. They can often seem as personal as you or I. These are the keres or demon-forces, and their existence is sometimes made terrifyingly apparent in cases of possession or in the horrendous and (often literally) mind-shattering manifestations brought about by the invocations of black magic.

At the top (or bottom) of this hierarchy stands Irkalla, the Dark Queen of Mythos 5. Metaphorically, she may be defined as the crystallisation into personal form of the extreme point of descent from the Absolute; that is, from Dea. In more traditional language, she is the Evil One: the single intelligence directed unconditionally toward chaos, destruction, nihilism and discord. In practical terms, she is the quintessence of all that we understand by the word evil.

The Mythos speaks also of Irkalla’s daughters. These are said to be seven in number, and to represent the extreme perversion of the seven planetary principles which run through the universe on every level from the highest to the lowest. Beyond these come all the lesser evil powers ranging from the great demonic forces to the keres which surround us in everyday life.

For there should be no mistake—it is not only in spectacular events like possession that the *keres* are active. They operate in all human activity. A soul who has turned to Dea will often find them seeking to tempt and distract her, playing on her particular personal weaknesses, such as anger, laziness, pride etc., to try to break up her devotions, and if possible destroy her faith. In the profane political world, *keres* are rife, sowing strife and hatred of every kind. As soon as one learns a little bit about them, one can recognise them at work in all areas of human life. But they are primarily spiritual creatures—or rather, just as on the material plane there is such a thing as anti-matter, so on the spiritual plane, pure evil is anti-spirit. The chief concern of the forces of darkness is not to cause material harm but spiritual harm; to corrupt souls morally and to bring them after death into the darkness. That is their real aim, and they will sometimes even be party to a bit of short-term good if it will help them to achieve that.

When we turn to Dea, we are declaring our complete opposition to the forces of darkness. We are seeking to reorient our whole lives toward She who is Absolute Good. Provided this is a fairly superficial thing, the *keres* will be content and just work quietly on our laziness and apathy. But the more we strive toward spiritual perfection, the more active they will become in their attempts to stop us. A maid kneeling at prayer may seem to be the most peaceful sight in the world. In reality it may be the scene of a spiritual battle as great as any worldly war, and with far more at stake.

But to speak only of the forces of darkness gives a very one-sided picture of the spiritual world which surrounds us. The *Janyati* are with us also; and our Lady, through Her perfect

sacrifice, has brought Her presence into even the lowest level of manifest creation. When we call upon Her name or make the Pentacle, the keres scatter in terror. Perhaps they will return again with renewed force or in more subtle form only seconds later. But our Lady and the forces of harmony are infinitely stronger, and will always protect us, provided we allow them to. If only we stand firm, darkness can never triumph over light.⁸⁸

OREITHYIA

THE ADAM ERROR

As the evidence that female-ruled, Goddess-worshipping societies were once the universal form of human civilisation becomes harder and harder to dispute, new ways are being sought by defenders of the status quo to throw doubt on the importance of these societies.

The first line of attack was to say 'But these were very primitive societies; people had only just come out of the trees 5,000 years ago'. But this is crumbling under the weight of evidence. Seals 7,000 years old show facts about our solar system which astronomers have only re-discovered over the last 40 years.* 10,000 years ago, women navigated the world, making maps so accurate that only recently, with modern equipment have people discovered how accurate they were.† According to philologists, their language, far from being a series of squeaks and grunts, was so much more complex and sophisticated than our own that it is doubtful whether many modern minds could learn it.

* Apparently a reference to the Akkadian seal VA/243, interpreted by Zecharia Sitchin as depicting the eight known planets along with Pluto, two moons, and a ninth planet known as 'Nibiru'. This interpretation has been contested by a number of scholars, most notably Michael S. Heiser.

† This appears to refer to a number of early modern maps, most notably those by Oronce Finé (commonly Latinised as Orontius Finæus) and Piri Reis, that claim to be compilations of maps from earlier sources and have been argued to depict the Antarctic coastline as it exists under the covering ice sheets. Such interpretations are contested by historians and geographers.

So another line is taken—the only reason women controlled society, and the only reason the Goddess was worshipped, was that people did not understand the male role in procreation. They wrongly thought that women were the sole creators of life. In a sex-obsessed world like our own, brought up on the Freudian dogma that lust makes the world go round, this non-sequitur has gained a good deal of credit. It has even been echoed by some writers who really ought to know better, such as Jane Harrison. Jill Tweedie does it again in *The Guardian* in Hera of this year: writing of Madrian-matriarchy, she says, ‘Though you gain power through an error (the misunderstanding about the father’s part in reproduction... you can hang on for a very long time in the face of the most damning facts. Patriarchal gods know all about this too’.[‡]

You bet they do! For the only error in the whole thing is based on a patriarchal myth. It is very unlikely that the advanced civilisations of the matriarchies denied biological fatherhood. All that they denied was that a father is absolutely necessary—and that for a very simple reason. He isn’t.

Modern biology tells us that the primary function of the male sperm is to trigger off the initial growth in the female ovum. But in rare cases this can be triggered without a sperm, and in even rarer cases the growth can continue and result in childbirth. In 1955, Dr Helen Spurway of University College London estimated that virgin birth (parthenogenesis) occurred once in every 1.6 million pregnancies,[§] but more recent research

[‡] Jill Tweedie, “God the Mother Rules, OK” *The Guardian*, 7 June 1976, p. 11.

[§] ‘Virgin Birth’, *Sunday Pictorial*, 6 November 1955, pp. 11 ff.; see also J. W. Nicholas and H. Spurway, ‘Parthenogenesis in Human Beings’, *The Lancet*,

suggests that the frequency is probably much greater, and parthenogenesis is now thought to take place as frequently as ordinary (sororal) twins, or twice as frequently as identical twins.*

Why aren't people more aware of it? Firstly because women having relations with men would have no cause to suspect that they had not conceived by the normal means. Secondly because, as Laurel Galana tersely put it, to declare you've conceived without male assistance has always been one of the surest ways to get yourself put in the looney bin.† This is one of the central myths of patriarchal society, and it is very hard to shake 'even in the face of the most damning facts'.

Apart from these accidental occurrences, there may very well be ways of deliberately bringing about parthenogenesis in people. It has long been an easy matter to produce parthenogenesis in female frogs and sea urchins, and recent experiments with rabbits prove that it is also possible in mammals.‡ In prin-

vol. 268, no. 6932, July 1956, pp. 47–8.

* The origin of this estimate is unclear. Subsequent scientific literature has generally not supported early hypotheses regarding the frequency, or even the possibility, of human parthenogenesis.

† Source uncertain, possibly Laurel Galana, 'Radical Reproduction: X Without Y', in Gina Covina and Laurel Galana (eds.), *The Lesbian Reader*, Oakland, CA, Amazon Press, 1975, pp. 122–37.

‡ The studies referred to are unclear. Interestingly, one publication that was 'recent' at the time of Oreithyia's writing suggests that work on parthenogenesis in rabbits was severely lacking in the post-War period up to the 1970s, though it does so by way of criticizing this dearth of further work building on successful experiments in the 1930s and 1940s (N. T. Werthesen with R. C. Johnson, 'Pincogenesis—Parthenogenesis in Rabbits by Gregory Pincus', *Perspectives in Biology and Medicine*, vol. 18, no. 1, Autumn 1974, pp. 86–93). Subsequent literature has confirmed the possibility of parthenogenetic conception in both rabbits and mice.

ciple, there is no reason why similar techniques might not be developed for people. It seems quite probable that the matriarchies, with their high-level knowledge of natural medicine, may have had such techniques.

Now it is unlikely that matriarchy was dependent on the idea of parthenogenesis. It is certain that Madrianism was not and is not. But patriarchal society and religion appear to have a strong psychological dependence on the myth of the absolute necessity of the father.

The *Orestiad*, in its patriarchalised form, is one of the earliest works of patriarchal self-justification. A young man has killed his mother. He is pursued by avenging female spirits called the Furies, and finally the affair is settled by a court of the new patriarchal 'gods'.

Obviously the killing of the mother represents the overthrow of matriarchy and the turning away from the Goddess. The furies represent the guilty conscience of the patriarchal regime. Their threefold female form is a blasphemous parody of the Divine Trinity, Whom the junta hates and fears. The court is held to try to convince themselves, despite their inner feelings, that they are really right. The nature of Orestes's successful defence is quite remarkable: it is claimed that fathers are the only true parents, and therefore he has no blood relationship with his mother, and was justified in killing her. This theory is expounded at length by the male gods, but since, in their heart of hearts, people were unable to accept their authority, a goddess had to be brought forward. Athene enters the story, claiming that she had no mother, but sprang, fully grown from the head of Zeus (parthenogenesis in reverse!). On this ground, she supports patriarchal society and religion. Here

is the patriarchal theory of biology as stated by Apollo in his evidence at the trial: 'The mother is not parent of the child / Which is called hers. She is the nurse who tends the growth / Of the young seed planted by its true parent, the male'.⁸⁸ And this amazing superstition was accepted by patriarchal civilisation right up until the discovery of the female ovum in the nineteenth century. As recently as the seventeenth century, it was believed possible to create a living being from sperm kept for nine months in a warm damp place and fed on menstrual blood!

I do not suggest for a moment that this is the whole basis of patriarchal society and religion, as the 'paternity' school claim that earlier theories were the whole basis of matriarchy and the worship of the Goddess. It takes a lot more than a theory of procreation to make a spiritual and social order. It is a soul-destroying and rather foolish materialism which seeks to reduce the noblest achievements of the human spirit to these mundane technicalities. An attitude all too common in late patriarchy.

But let us get the facts straight. It was not matriarchy or Madrianism which were bolstered by errors about the 'facts of life' and downright falsehoods. It was patriarchal society and religion. It was not the discovery of the truth which was used to help destroy the universal religion of our Lady. It was the suppression of the truth.⁸⁹

* Aeschylus, *Eumenides*, 628, as translated by E. H. Plumptre, 1873, p. 322.

PHOEBE[†]

EASTRE

The meaning of Eastre is the redemption of the world. It is by this most sorrowful and most joyful of all events that all fallen creation is sustained, and our return to Dea is made possible. It is an Event of such magnitude that although patriarchal religions managed to suppress the worship of Dea, they had to include Eastre in their manufactured set of beliefs; for the knowledge of it is too deeply ingrained to be forgotten or suppressed. For our very existence is dependent on this Act of mercy and love; and deep within her heart, every soul knows this.

As the old year draws to a close, with the month of Moura, in the season of Spirit, we contemplate the suffering of our Lady. She Who is perfect innocence descended into the lowest pit of Hell. She Who is pure and gentle, without the smallest stain upon the radiance of Her soul, descended into the uttermost depths of depravity and filth. She whose thoughts are all of beauty and tender kindness, who is filled with love and compassion for every creature, even to the last blade of grass, gave Herself into the hands of cruelty and hatred to be tortured and mocked and reviled.

She was a maid—a soul like us—it is so easy to avoid the truth by forgetting this, by pretending that it must somehow have been easier for Her because She was perfect. She was cut off from the perfection of Her Mother, subject to all the temp-

[†] Miss Suraline's interviewee identified Phoebe as a pen name of Madria Moura (see apparatus, p. 358).

tations which we feel. She was perfect through sheer heroic effort. She controlled Her thoughts and Her actions; She did not allow Herself one thought of anger or impurity or self-pity. Though She could not see Her Mother, yet She obeyed Her in every smallest thing. She did nothing because She wanted to do it, but only because Her Mother willed it. She was tempted as we are tempted; She was offered wealth and magnificence and ‘all good things’* by the powers of darkness, but She chose the path of unthinkable suffering. Her perfection did not make it easy for Her. We are told in one place that She ‘was filled with trembling’,† and in another that Her ‘heart fainted within Her’.‡ How She must have been tempted to hate Her tormentors, but She always had compassion for every creature. How She must have been tempted to rebel against Her Mother and not to take the dreadful path which lay before Her. Yet when the keres mockingly ask Her if She thinks that Her Mother will save Her, She replies, knowing well that She will not: ‘She will do what She will do, and blessed is Her name.’§

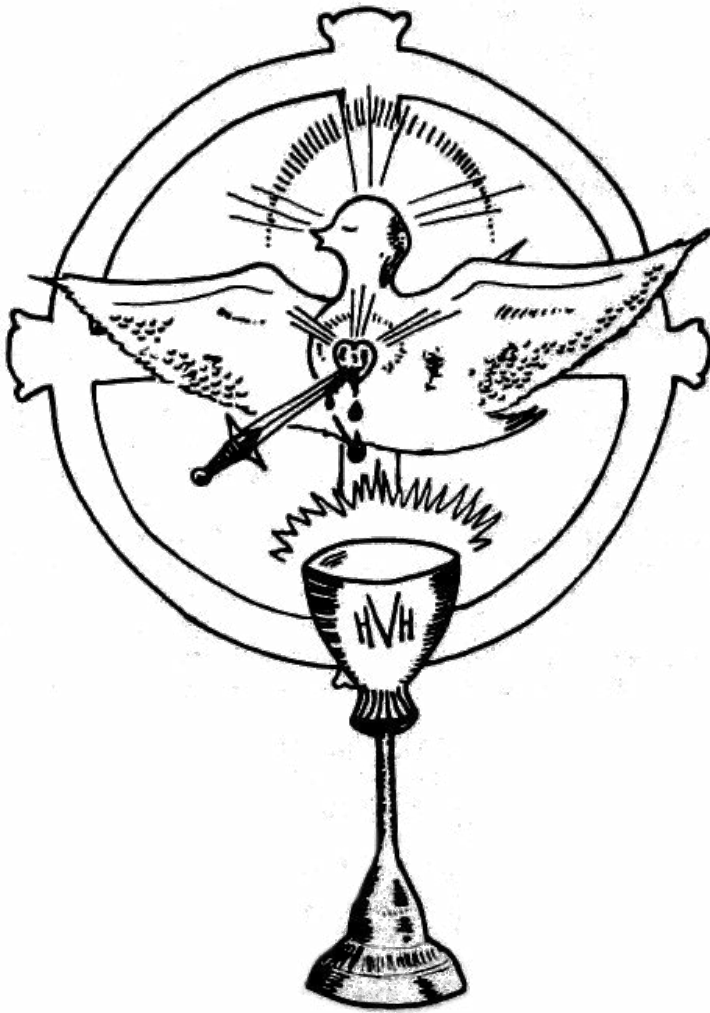
She journeyed through the seven gates of Hell which are the perversions of the seven Virtues. She who had built up the Virtues within Herself with such heroic and self-sacrificing love was now made to experience their hideous anti-selves, distorted by the hand of evil into hellish parodies of all that is true, beautiful and wholesome. Already She had given Her divinity, now, as She journeyed deeper and deeper into that foul land, She had to make Herself more and more vulnerable

* Mythos 4:7.

† Mythos 4:6.

‡ Mythos 4:20.

§ Mythos 4:18.



in order that the powers of darkness might take Her. Had She not stripped Herself voluntarily at each gate, even then not the mightiest of demons would have dared to come near Her. She gave Herself defenceless into the hands of Hell, meekly, of Her own free will, knowing what they do unto Her, knowing that She would suffer more than any creature has ever suffered.

The Passion of our Lady is an inconceivable act of generosity in the true sense of the word. For She poured Her Spirit out of Herself in order that we might return to Her. She journeyed down into the outermost darkness, further than any soul could possibly fall—to a place where even Irkalla, the embodiment of evil, herself could not go. Her soul cried out in its distress, yet came no comfort or answer, only the mocking echo of the keres' laughter. She knelt in the darkness to weep, yet no hand was raised to give Her comfort.

In separating Herself from the Perfection of Her, She became imperfect, even as we are imperfect. In descending to the lowest depths, She took on an imperfection far greater than ours. Yet She is imperfect perfectly, for Her death was not the result of sin (as was our turning from the Mother), but voluntary subjection to the worst possible misery, out of love, for our sakes.

She died for us because She loves us. She loves us completely and utterly, not for what we can do, nor even because we try to be good, but simply because we are ourselves, and our true selves, buried beneath the outward 'selfish' ego, which has turned away from our Mother, are perfect; and when we return to Her, we will again become our true selves. By Her suffering, She has shattered the gates of Hell. The only being to know damnation is God Himself. No soul can ever now be lost, and

in the fullness of time, every soul shall realise the full horror of evil and turn again to the Good. And when a soul does that, however low she has fallen—even if she has descended to a re-birth in the demonic realms, far below our material world, our Lady will be there to guide her, for She has journeyed down to the lowest regions. That is why Her death did not take place on this earth. It took place beyond space, and yet it is taking place at all places. It took place beyond time also. From our limited earthly standpoint, we can only say that it takes place in the Eastre of the Great Year, the eternal year of which our years are but reflections. So, when the season of the Passion approaches in our time, it is correct to say that it is happening now.

And so the Maid hangs lifeless on the Tree of Life. God is dead. She has given up Her eternal life for love of you, for your sake. She endures suffering beyond your wildest nightmare, that you might return to Bliss. Will you not repay Her with your devotion and love, striving towards perfection once more? For this is what She asks of you. As you contemplate her dreadful journey into the land of eternal night and misery, ask yourself if you can refuse Her; if you can reject the Good again.

Think upon Her boundless compassion for you and for all creatures. Think of Her serene courage in the face of nameless terrors, and of Her Mother and ours, weeping for Her Daughter. Despite Her suffering, She greets you smiling, without reproach, ready to forgive all your sins and welcome you home again. That is all she wants. Let us cast aside our pride and our self-assertion and all the illusions of the profane world, and follow Her in true obedience. Let our hard, egotistical false

selves be slain with Her upon the Pillar, and our resplendent true selves rise in the glorious resurrection.⁹⁰

NAMING THE NATIVITY FIR

The northern point of the compass corresponds symbolically to the element of air and the season of winter, and especially to the winter solstice itself. It is for this reason that the winter solstice festival has captured the hearts of people in northerly latitudes such as our own above all the other festivals of the year. Long after the original meaning of Nativity had been forgotten by the patriarchal populations, the great festival continued under a number of different guises, the latest of which is the Christian 'Christmas'. And even now, when the average person does not even know the dates (and often not even the names) of more than two of the major festivals, the mid-winter feast is still celebrated with as much enthusiasm as it was ten thousand years ago. How delightful, then, are the celebrations of the traditional Madrian households which still remember the true meaning of Nativity.

One custom peculiar to the northern world is that of the Nativity Fir. There is a profound significance to the tree, which is at once the Birth Tree and an aspect of the World Tree, but we shall not expound its metaphysics here. The bringing of the Fir into the household symbolises the deeply personal character of the season, as we open our hearts and our homes to the birth of our Princess.

The Fir is decorated with many pretty trinkets, which are often red and green. Green symbolises the birth and growth of our Lady, while red completes the cycle with a prefiguration of

Her Sacrifice, although the Sacrifice is not consciously thought of during this season, for it is a joyous Mystery. Coloured balls in symbolic hues represent the seven sacred planets, and the lighted candles which decorate the tree are called the stars of the heavens. Crowning the tree is usually a fairy doll which represents the Star Fairy.

The Star Fairy is the mistress both of the tree and of all Nativity celebrations. Children are told how she flies from house to house on Nativity Eve, bringing presents to those who have been good throughout the year. As they grow older, we do not have the embarrassing task of explaining that she does not really exist, for the simple reason that she does! The Star Fairy is a name traditionally given to the princess of the sylphs, or air-elementals. Sylphs, like all nature-spirits, are closely attuned to the spiritual rhythms of the world.* They have not forgotten the meaning of Nativity, even if some humans have. Since they are particularly powerful in the northern world, and since, being air creatures, Nativity is in a special sense 'their' festival, we feel the influence of their rejoicing very strongly. Although the Star Fairy does not (usually) bring presents, it is her task to foster the spirit of Nativity, and she does her work so well that urbies (non-Madrians) still celebrate a festival that has little or no religious significance for them. She makes it impossible to forget Nativity, even when people do not know what Nativity is. And it is she who creates the atmosphere of intense excitement, peace and happiness which reigns in Madrian homes at this season.

* A note to the original directs the reader to *Sr Celestia*, 'Spirits of Nature' (pp. 594 ff.).

When the tree is named, it is given a certain individuality, and the Star Fairy is invited to protect it and to rule the home and festivities for the season. The name for the tree is usually chosen by the youngest child, with a little guidance if necessary. It is best to choose a name with a wintry feeling or meaning, although custom permits the tree to be named in honour of a particular person, usually if something special is occurring to her. For example, a child born a few days beforehand might have her name given to the tree in her honour.

Having chosen the name, proceed thus:

DONNA (MISTRESS OF THE HOUSEHOLD) OR CHILD: I
name this tree _____ (in honour of _____).

(Make ☆ over the tree. The children may then light
the candles.)

DONNA: Star Fairy, I invite thee into our household. Mayest
thou rule here, and may the Spirit of Nativity be bright.

The tree is then the centrepiece of the festivities until Duo-
decima, when her final glory is to burn brightly in the hearth.

I hope you have a wonderful Nativity.⁹¹

THE NEW YEAR

The new year is not simply this dawning year that begins with the five-thousand-and-eighty-second spring of the Iron Age. It is a reflection on the Archetypal new year. What do we mean when we say 'Archetypal'? Well, we are not referring to the world of matter, but to the Perfect World of Divine Ideas. All

these Divine Ideas, taken together, make up the original World, of which this world is only a copy. Naturally, the Divine World is not like this world, for it is perfect and complete, while this world is broken and partial. An ash-tree There would be the original and perfect ash-tree. It would be the only real one, of which all physical ash trees are like two-dimensional, grey copies, as compared to the fullness of the Reality itself. Of course, the ash-trees here do not look like the Real ash-tree, but their meanings are the same. All the Divine Ideas (and therefore their material reflections also) are not just things-in-themselves, but are actually meanings; that is, ideas! For example, a certain flower may mean the soul's delight and surrender in turning to God. So when we talk about what the New Year symbolises, we are talking about the one New Year, of which this present one is but a reflection. The New Year is symbolic of many things, but most importantly, it reflects the re-creation of the world—the second creation.

When we fell from Perfection, creation was, in a sense, destroyed. Our Lady's Sacrifice re-created it, but on a lower, material level (or rather, on a number of lower levels, of which the physical is only one) on which our fallen souls could continue to exist. However, we can see similarities between the first creation and the second, for the re-creation is a reflection of the original creation. For example, both creations issue forth from water. In the beginning, God first created water, the sea, which reflects the limitless but unmanifest potential inherent in the Dark Mother, or Absolute Deity. The sea gives rise to the earth, where all Her creatures may live. She then looks into the water, and sees Her own reflection, which rises from the waters and becomes maid. In the second creation, the Daughter is brought

back to life by another water: the Water of Life. Through the Daughter's sacrifice and resurrection, She can re-create the world. Thus the two waters are connected.

Another example concerning water is the connection between the First Waters and spring. The Mother, Who is the Spirit, created the First Waters which we discussed above. Moura is the season of Spirit, and the season which follows it, spring, is ruled by water, the First Matter that arises from Spirit.

A common custom in past times was to plant seven seeds in seven pots on the morning of the Resurrection. Each seed was ruled by one of the seven Janyati. These seeds would then represent the potentialities of the coming year, because the seven Janyati rule every aspect of human life and all manifest existence. This custom is connected with the rainbow in the Creation. The rainbow symbolises the seven Janyati. The rainbow appears in the sky when the seven colours replace silver, the colour of Perfect Creation. Creation is no longer Whole, because maid has fallen, through disobedience to God. As a result, the world was made manifest, and so was no longer unlimited and perfect. Initiation, which is literally a re-birth, traditionally takes place on New Year's dawn, and the taking of a new name is closely bound up with the soul's own re-creation.⁹²

HAIL HOLY HERTHE! MISTRESS OF THE HEARTH

The Day of Sai Herthe is the great festival of the home and of the hearth-fire. As such it is one of the most important minor festivals of the year, for in the matriarchal tradition the home

is the centre of life, and the hearth is the centre of the home. For the hearth-fire is the reflection of the Holy Altar Flame and represents the constant oblation and conformity to the Divine Law of Ðamē that a true household maintains. The fire is the essence to which the substance of the household conforms itself, and its flame does arise from the Temple because all authority and Law derive from obedience to God. The mistress of the household rules only as Her representative, not in her own right, and the members of the household obey her as such.

The household fire is extinguished only twice each year: once on the Day of Sai Herthe and once at Eastre. The fire is extinguished on the day of the Passion in reflection of the extinction of the Altar Flame. The great light being darkened, how can the lesser remain? The Altar Flame is relit during Communion on the Resurrection, and afterwards the house fires are lighted with rejoicing.

On the Day of Sai Herthe the house-fires are damped in submission to Holy Herthe and relit in her name, thus reaffirming the allegiance of the house to the mistress of all households.

It is as the regent and surrogate of this Mistress that the mistress of each household rules. When a maid becomes a householder she takes upon herself a most sacred duty, the duty to transmit the light, laws and love of God to her household, even as a Priestess transmits them to her flock. She must strive to maintain a high personal standard to allow our Lady to shine through her. The mistress will rule neither softly nor harshly, but firmly, wisely and with compassion, filled with love, affection and a genuine concern for the best good of her subjects. Thus shall the house become an offering to Holy Herthe.

In the modern world this duty is not fulfilled. The home is dominated by television, not the hearth. Home life is stripped of all meaning and the children will not obey, thinking that they know as much as their parents—and indeed their parents know as little as they. Thus is born strife and discord and the terrible insecurity of the moderns. And who can blame them for being insecure? As children they have been ruled, at best, by their parents' personal values and opinions, and at worst by their parents' passions, resulting in a mixture of loving indulgence and bad-tempered severity.

These poor souls are indeed deprived. How rare the urbie (non-Madrian) with any emotional security! Home has become somewhere merely to live, instead of a haven of calm and love. The urbie has never been offered anything sure-fixed, complete and eternal; the love of God and Her absolute Law.

Pity them then these poor ones. Never have they known the security of resting in the hands of a wise mistress; never have they known the warmth, joy and harmony of a ðamelic household; but most of all, pity them for they have never felt the joy that every Madrian has felt: that of looking into the inner essence of her home, seeing what it truly is and thus rejoicing—for every ðamic home owes its haunting and wistful beauty to That of which it is the reflection: the One True Spiritual Home, which is God.



It is the custom of the Day of Sai Herthe to bless the home; the Mistress of the House will make the Pentacle with a stick of incense in the four corners of each room and at the doors and windows; while all pray that the home may become a cen-

tre and beacon of our Lady's love. The blessing of a previously non-Madrian home represents a first and important step toward bringing the household within the law of ðamē.⁹³

SISTER CELESTIA

SPIRITS OF NATURE

On one occasion I saw an entire field suffused with the radiance of a group of fairies. They were robed in diaphanous materials of violet and pale green—though I think these robes may have been really extensions of their auras. One, a little taller and rather brighter than the rest, was directing them in what seemed to be a sort of dance. Each was connected to this leader by a sort of thread of light. They all act in perfect harmony in obedience to her—she conducted them like an orchestra, and the dance built up patterns of light in very distinct structures which dominated the whole field. I am sure this was more than a dance, and was directed toward assisting the growth-forces of the field.

The above is one of numerous accounts of the activities of ‘fairies’ or nature-spirits, known to the Celts as the people of the *Sídh* (pronounced ‘Shee’). In fact, such beings are not at all rare, and anyone in whom the ability to see them has developed will do so quite frequently. They are an intrinsic part of the vast panorama of subtle life which exists unseen all about us. In matriarchal times, the human and elementary* realms were fully aware of each other, and worked in close coöperation. Even in relatively recent times, elementaries were by no means unknown to the majority of people outside the cities.

To many people, the elementary realm is a trivial if rather charming aspect of extra-physical nature. But this attitude is

* A note to the original reads: ‘the technical term for nature-spirits of all kinds’.

mistaken, for they play an extremely important role in the life of our planet, and one which is at present in some danger.



It is generally known that elementaries have charge of plants, trees and other vegetative life-forms (there are also water-elementaries, air- and storm-elementaries and many other kinds, too various to go into here). It is often asked what precisely they do—whether all plants have them, or whether it is possible for plants to live without them. The trouble is that in a masculist-materialist society, we are conditioned to think in purely quantitative terms, whereas the answer to this question is really qualitative. What is the difference between a brilliantly-played sonata and a merely competent rendition? None that can be expressed in terms of ‘scientific’ rationalism; but a very important difference in reality. Such also is the difference between a plant with and without the work of an elementary

‘builder’. Actually, the lowest forms of æthyric entity must be present in all plants, for no life can exist purely physically, but without elementary guidance, the plant lacks the ‘spirit’, the *Lebenslust*, which is so essential. The mechanised, chemicalised commercial pseudo-agriculture (for it is but a parody of that sacred craft) of late patriarchy is driving elementaries away, for they cannot, or will not, work in such conditions. The result is an ironic one, for the plants, having lost ‘spirit’ can only grow under the most ideal conditions. They succumb to all varieties of disease and become infested with insects—thus only the most rigorous application of artificial methods will keep them alive.

On the other hand, in some Madrian communities where no artificial methods are used, but good relationships are cultivated with our elementary fellow-beings, outstandingly good crops have been obtained.

As for the elementals’ view of humans, those of us who have been privileged to communicate with them have found that they view modern human civilisation as an unqualified disaster. This is not only because of the destruction of their natural environment, or even because the vast majority of humanity has become for them shadowy and distant, cut off from all the subtler realms of life. There is a reason far more important.

The Sidhe continue to live a normal life, in tune with the Divine plan. They see themselves not as a cut-off unit, living only for the sake of living. They understand that they occupy a place within the cosmic hierarchy which ranges from the highest Janyati to the humblest soul in manifestation. Their life is very different from the human life, but in their own way, they are fulfilling their purpose, and mounting steadily, through the

ritual activity of their appointed work, to spiritual union with Dea; and they look back to the time when human beings did the same. Their ordering is matriarchal, and they have never deserted their traditional forms, which are at once amazingly different from ours and amazingly similar.

The idea of a profane society devoted only to material ends and utterly blind to spiritual reality not only horrifies them, but is utterly incomprehensible to them. They see humanity's self-severance from Divine Principle as not so much impious as suicidal. It is impossible to convince them that we are not carrying out a deliberate and systematic plan for the destruction both of ourselves and of the earth. And, indeed, it is hard to avoid the chilling thought, 'perhaps we are'.

It will be noted that I have not attempted to supply any 'proof' of the existence of elementals. Nearly sixty years ago, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle collected a considerable amount of evidence of this nature, so powerful that he was moved to write:

We... seem to be on the edge of a new continent, separated not by oceans but by subtle and surmountable psychic conditions. I look at the prospect with some awe. May these little creatures suffer from the contact and some Las Casas bewail their ruin! If so, it would be an evil day when the world defined their existence.*

Conan Doyle wrote off this last possibility. He was very optimistic. The idea of the bureaucrats and the 'educators', the sharks and the 'scientists' of late patriarchy getting their hands on this innocent race is enough to make one shudder.

But Conan Doyle was also very naïve. He believed that profane 'science' and 'common sense' were what they seemed—

* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Coming of the Fairies*, Hodder & Stoughton Ltd., 1922, p. 58.

that they worked on honest, impartial logic, not prejudice and emotion. He believed that strong evidence would be followed by reasoned belief, or at least serious consideration. Of course, no such thing took place. Several attempts were made to disprove the evidence; none were successful. So, unable to disprove and unwilling to believe, the 'experts' and the public simply let it drop. They ignored the issue and hoped it would go away—and, of course, in a short while, it did.

Psychic investigators in many fields have found this. There is a cast-iron mental block against the general acceptance of any extra-physical reality, and no amount of proof makes any difference to it.

But there is another side to this question. There are certain things which the profane should not know. In this case, the reason is unusually obvious. It would be a disaster if the profane should ever become convinced of the existence of the innocent race of the Sidhe. A disaster which Providence will not permit to occur.

Those who are ready will believe these things through their own inner knowledge. Those who are sufficiently ready will see for themselves. And for the rest—it is not for this pen to teach those who are forbidden to learn.⁹⁴

ELYSIA

SCENES FROM A MADRIAN CHILDHOOD

My earliest memory is of the little wooden statue of our Lady set up in a niche a little way from my crib and lighted by a little flickering dish-lamp. I often used to gaze at Her before I fell asleep. My mother had told me that She would enfold me in Her mantle as I slept, and in my earliest days I imagined that as soon as my eyes were closed in dream, the statue would step down from her niche and cover me with her blue cloak. I often hoped that, just once, She would allow me to see Her doing it.

The statue had been carved by my mother during the time that she was expecting my birth, and painted by my father in its rich blue and violet and gold. It was blessed by our priestess on the same day that I was named and offered to our Lady; therefore it had a special magical link with me.

While my immortal soul was shaping my body within my mother's body, so she was shaping that other human form without; turning it from a shapeless piece of wood into a delicate and powerful representation of the Mother of all souls and the Maker of all souls. There was magic in this—I felt it deeply from the time I could first understand; but later I was to learn how every craft is sacred, and how a supernatural element is present in every art practised in the true Tradition, passed down from mother to maid since the dawn of time.



My mother was ‘a most consummate worker in the wood’, as I once heard the ancilla (priestess’s handmaid) say. She not only made statues, but pieces of furniture and many other things. The great dark dresser which dominated the kitchen was her handiwork. She was usually busy making and repairing all manner of farming implements. Her hands were a growing source of wonder to me. When I was very young I believed all grown-ups to be capable of accomplishing anything they chose, but as I grew older, I came to realise that my mother’s hands were something special. Small, strong and deft, they performed the most complicated tasks with deceptive ease. In those hands graceful and harmonious shapes were conjured from the brute, unyielding wood—and how unyielding it was, I soon discovered when I was first allowed to try my hand at the craft. The lovely stylised roses along the mantel-piece, the twirling scroll at the end of a lute: forms that seemed almost fluid, and yet were fixed forever.

There was something in this that savoured of more than magic, for, as my father told me, ‘even so did God fashion the

world with Her hands.' I could never listen to a certain passage from the Creation, either in the Temple or at our domestic Rites, without thinking of my mother at her work:

And Her hands knew cunning, and She stretched forth Her hands and gave a shape to each fragment, and no one was like any other. . . . And each fragment was filled with Her delight, and therefore was living, and some grew in the deep earth and became plants and trees, some ran about the ground or flew above it; and those first-made that had no place to be set down became the fishes and the creatures of the sea.*

Many years later, I was to learn that the Greek word for 'matter', *byle*, originally meant 'wood'. So the Greeks also thought of God as a carpenter, carving all things from the *prima materia* of the world. Or, more truly, they saw carpentry as the perfect image or 'reflection' of creation.

This was the way we looked at things. A way that any ancient Greek or Indian would have understood, or from any part of the antique world. But a way that has become quite strange and foreign to our own countrypeople in our own time.

It was not only with her hands that my mother was clever; she had a sweet and clear singing voice and knew a very great number of the traditional songs of our people: sweet, wistful songs, light dancing songs, tragic songs of the sorrows we have suffered in centuries past, glorious hymns of praise and adoration. How often we would sing together when we were at some work in the kitchen, and others would join in too, for rarely were we alone there together for long. There were my sisters and my brothers, there were the maids that worked with my mother at the craft, there were people from the farm, and there were other children too. Some were just passing through,

* Creation 1:5–6, 8.

others had come to fetch something, and others again were working there, for several activities went on at once along the huge trestle-table in our vast and bustling kitchen.

The kitchen was a centre of our household, and it was certainly the centre of my life in my earliest years, for mother would never take me into the workshop. So, with her or without her, I was usually there, amid its cheerful clutter and warmth, its burnished copper and wrought iron, its pottery and terracotta, its wonderful mixture of smells—fermented yeast and herbs, pepper and vinegar, new-baked bread and animals, all jumbled together.

My mother was the complete matriarch in her house, and strict, although not unusually so by Madrian standards. Woe betide any maid, man or child that acted ‘out of time’—out of the rhythm or pattern of ðamelic life—or who was slow to obey her. Sometimes she carried a supple switch of sally (willow), or of cherry in symbol of her office, and would use it to give sharp, stinging little reminders to anyone who was coming close to offending. Everyone was a little in awe of her, but they did not just respect her, they loved her; for she was painstakingly just as well as firm, and she was also cheerful, kind, and always ready with a song. Singing was not such a casual thing with us—it was almost a minor ritual, but we loved it no less for that. When things went wrong and life was difficult, my mother’s courage and good cheer, as well as her practical resourcefulness and competence, never failed to raise our spirits; while hard work and a flick of the switch was a certain cure for self-indulgent depressions.

Mother was a Ranya at her craft. That meant not only that she was mistress of its technique and mysteries and a teacher

of pupils. Her position was in some ways more like that of an eastern guru. For the craft was not simply a means of 'producing the goods'; it was, first and foremost, a spiritual discipline. The 'mystique' and the perfectionism of all the old crafts is a remnant of the time when their more-than-earthly significance was understood by those who worked them and known of by all. A large part of the discontentment of the modern world is due to the fact that the work people do has no significance beyond the mundane. Cats and dogs were made to do nothing but eat and sleep and gratify their physical senses. Human beings were made to live this life in the light of Eternity—not just on Sundays, but in every act of life. Among the urbies (non-Madrians) most of the crafts have now been replaced by factory methods. But this could not have happened until after the last trace of the true meaning of craft had been forgotten, and its outward and lesser part was taken for the whole.



In many ways my father was a very contrasting personality to my mother. While she was controlled and dignified and a little reserved, he was of a sanguine and outgoing temperament. He found life in general to be amusing and laughed often. While my mother was learned in the history of our people and could, with a little persuasion, be induced to tell high tales of the ancient days, my father knew countless merry yarns and could tell more of the tricks of Shearwind the vixen than anyone I have met. His songs, too, were of the merrier sort, and though his singing voice was not sweet and true like my mother's, he could hold a tune well enough on a fireside evening with plenty of good ale inside him.

I remember when I first went to a large city in my teenage; some Madrians who were familiar with that place came to guide me through the unfamiliar world. They were acutely embarrassed by the noise and bustle, by the thousand unnatural things that were monuments to a debased and materialistic way of life. There was a sense of shame in allowing these things to come into contact with a properly-reared Madrian child. By contrast, about a year later, my father had occasion to take me through that same city. In him there was no trace of embarrassment. He pointed out the office blocks and vulgar advertising posters and simply roared with laughter. To him, the monstrous anomaly of modern civilisation was just a huge, outlandish joke. And nothing in the world could have protected me from the strangeness and wickedness of this modern Babylon better than the comfortable, confident and heartfelt laughter of my father.

To those who did not know him, it may have seemed that he was a person who ignored the deeper and more serious side of life. But that was not so. He had unbounded admiration for my mother's wisdom and devout spirituality, and this was an integral part of his deep love for her. It is true to say that his life revolved around her. Ideally, of course, every wife is the representative of God to her husband, and insofar as she obeys Her laws and rules him in accordance with them, this is so.

But when the maid is truly the mistress of her lower self, and truly the servant of God, then this can go far deeper. The Scriptures say that a man may approach God through his wife, and this my father did. He treated her always with a deep reverence, obedience and devotion. Of course, any man would count it a low and contemptible thing actually to disobey his

wife, but my father's service went beyond both natural obedience and natural love. He saw within my mother the light of the Divine. He sought her advice on all things and treated her lightest word as an oracle. He brought her often gifts of flowers or of some little thing that he had made for her like one who brings an offering to the Temple. For our Lady has written:

I am every priestess and every mother, each princess and each lady of the earth, and none has authority save in Me. Therefore obey Me in thy lady, for I am thy Lady in she.*

My mother was deeply conscious of his devotion and I am sure that it gave her a particular feeling of responsibility. She strove ever harder to make herself a perfect temple for our Lady; struggled still more valiantly to bring under control such faults as she might possess.

Thus she was the flame that lighted his way toward heaven, the image, in his eyes, of the Spirit Herself; whilst he, by his devotion, inspired her on toward perfection; each of them loving the other more dearly because the very heart and core of their love is the love of God; and loving God more dearly in their love of one another. This is the love of maid and man, and the reason why marriage is a sacred contract and a true vocation.

The energy of this love flowed into the devotion of the whole household. Most strongly would I feel this in an evening when my mother took her seat by the fire. My father would sit at her feet, and I upon his knees, while she would have my little sister on her lap. About the fire would be her pupils and other

* Teachings 8:14.

members of the family. Her clear voice would lead us in devotional songs and chants or she would read from the scriptures or recite one of the many passages she knew by heart.

Even when she told her wonderful tales and histories of the past, she showed in every word how God is at work in human affairs; how She lives in the valour of the great ones like Queen Colwyn, Cordelia, Morrigan the Falconer; how the beauty of the beautiful, the courage of the noble, the strength of the strong and wisdom of the wise were all manifestations of the glory of God. Even my father's beloved Shearwind was a yerthing (descent, coming-to-earth) of Sai Nimwë, the trickster aspect of Sai Mati.

Marriage, however, was not my father's sole vocation. He was an adept in several of the mysteries of agriculture, and in particular he was a fine ploughman. Ploughing is perhaps the men's mystery par excellence. Part of the art lies in making the furrows utterly straight, and so it has not a little in common with the mystery of archery,* but it is also bound up with the relationship of the ploughman with his horse,† the governing of the soul by the Spirit. The earth on one level is the world of matter, through the resistance and support of which our spiritual progress is made, yet on a deeper level it is the Dark Mother, Who is the Ground of all being. This is but a hint at the inner mystery of ploughing. It is a craft which engages the whole physical being of the adept. As my mother said: men,

* A note to the original directs the reader to 'The Symbolism of Archery' (vol. 3, pp. 890 ff.).

† A note to the original directs the reader to Donna Chrysothemis' treatment of the symbolism of the horse and the unicorn (pp. 421 ff.).

even more than maids, often need to feel their mystery in their very blood and bones and muscles in order truly to realise it.

All of my father's vibrant animal spirits were poured into this craft, and it brought him closer to our Lady day by day.

I sometimes wonder what my father would have been like if he had not been a Madrian. Deprived of a meaningful craft, of the guidance, governance and love of a true matriarchal marriage, cut off from the way of obedience and the support and comradeship of a traditional community, he would have been forced to live, like so many other poor creatures, a life without depth or meaning or true purpose; dwelling alone with a wife who could offer no guidance or direction and children who would soon go off into the world and become almost strangers, oppressed in the depths of his heart by an aching sense of the futility of it all. And the world would have lost one of the finest and most beautiful men that has ever walked the surface of the earth.

And I wonder also how many fine and noble souls walk among the grey disconsolate masses of the modern world, crushed by the weight of the materialist machine, hating its lies, and yet continuing to believe them, who, had they not been brainwashed from the age of five, would have had the power to look upon the great ridiculous sprawl of modernity, and laugh.



It is a strange paradox, though perhaps not a surprising one, that in the modern world, where every emphasis is laid upon 'personality' and 'individuality', individual people become ever less distinguishable from the common mass; while in a traditional society, which cares nothing for 'personality' and its

development, strong, vivid and compelling characters are the rule rather than the exception.

Growing up in a Rhennish matriarchal community, I was surrounded by these characters; proud and noble, irascible and loving, witty and wise. More dignified than any modern person would dare to be, and yet able to join in a game of tag or hide-and-seek with the exuberance of eight-year-olds. Larger than life the modern world would call them; but that is only because modern materialism has made of human life a thing smaller and shoddier than it was ever meant to be.

A people that lives in the light of Eternity is not bounded by the provincialism of the present. The distant past and the far future were a part of our daily thoughts. The battles of the Chenti (Western Amazons) and of the Rhennisleague (British Amazons) were fought again by our firesides, and passions ran high over the 'current events' of forty centuries ago. If a Rhennish family was robbed of land by the patriarchy a thousand years ago, you may be sure that they know it to the last yard and intend to have it back even if they must wait another thousand years. After so many centuries we did not and do not accept the legitimacy of the patriarchal tyrant one whit more than if he had invaded our shores and sacked our temples the day before yesterday. Hard, unyielding, loyal, patient; 'a people of granite' the prophet Mother Alethea called us. These were the people that I grew up among.

Yet tough as they were, they were graceful in their ways and manners, as all matriarchal people are graceful; and tough as they brought us up to be, they were more loving than any Blentish (non-Madrian) community can be. Love surrounded us as children—the love of our parents, our aunts and uncles, our

teachers, my mother's craft-pupils—almost everyone I knew. Love is a scarce resource in Blentish society. It is rationed out to spouses, children, immediate relatives and possibly a close friend or two. In a Rhennish community, love is all around us. It is in the air we breathe. Embraces are frequent and heartfelt. There are real tears from the whole household when a friend has to leave. When a Rhenne takes you to her heart, you have a friend for life; there is nothing she will not do for you, no trouble in which she will not stand by you. Overspreading and underpinning all this love is the love of Inanna Herself, Who is the Friend of everyone and the Source of all love. Amid this love, coupled with firm discipline, the Rhennish child grows up with a feeling of complete security and an inner strength which endures throughout her life. Neurosis, depression and all the mental ills endemic in the modern world are unknown to the Rhennish people, despite the fact that great hardship is sometimes involved in the struggle to preserve the traditional way of life against the onslaught of modernist patriarchal tyranny.

But to return to my subject. Of all the characters that surrounded me in my childhood, the strongest—although she was also the quietest—was Mayamijai. That was what I called her. it means literally 'honoured great little-mother'; most people called her that. Mayamijai was the oldest person I knew. She was said to be over a hundred. Her hair was silver and there was not a tooth in her head. Her face was serene and beautiful. I think I was closer to her than anyone, for there is a special bond that unites the very old and the very young. The very old have a second childhood; but childhood is revered by the matriarchal peoples, for our Lady tells us to come to Her

as little children.* Very rarely do the old become stupid, for that is largely the effect of living in a materialist society which forces them to feel purposeless as soon as they are no longer materially 'useful'. The elder in a traditional community has followed the spiritual path of a sacred craft and had a long and ever-deepening participation in all the activities of traditional, God-centred life. Every year has brought a deepening of her understanding of the festivals, the seasons and every other aspect of traditional life. The human animal reaches her prime relatively early and thereafter suffers a long, slow decline into pathetic uselessness. Modern maid, living purely on the animal level of material gratification, suffers precisely this experience. But the soul in maid, if she is treading the spiritual path of an authentic traditional life, ripens and matures to the very end. She is a richer, deeper and better person at sixty than at forty, at eighty than at sixty.

Thus it was that I had from the beginning a special reverence for Mayamijai. Half-blind though she was, I knew that she saw more than any of us. She saw the subtle spirits of the trees and flowers, and showed them to me. I saw their bright, unearthly colours and their strange, intricate dance. I could always see them when she showed me, and sometimes I saw them on my own. But as I grew older the vision dimmed and finally died away. 'You shall see them again,' she reassured me, 'if our Lady preserved you to be old.' Well, I am past the middle of my life, I imagine, and I have not seen them yet; but I know when they are there and work closely with them on the land. I think I shall start to see them one of these years.

* Mythos 7:4.

Long hours we sat and talked, Mayamijai and I. How many things she told me, her darkened eyes ranging the landscape, seeing all things in a luminance brighter and purer than the daylight of this world, her long, lilting Rhennish sentences soaring like birds in flight. At school we were taught to recite the Scriptures and Rhennish epics. I had a head start upon the others from my times with Mayamijai. Others came to see her, of course, for her wisdom and magic were much in demand. Occasionally she would ask them to come later, saying: 'Bide thee a while, for I will talk with this little ranya. She has good seed in her.' I was so delighted; and although I have not become a ranya, I hope I have in some small degree justified her faith in me.

All that I can say can hardly convey the depth and intimacy of those conversations. I try to discover what it is that binds together the very old and the very young, for in a traditional matriarchal community, people at all ages have a childlikeness (as well as a maturity) unknown to the Blentish world. Many Rhennes, if such is their path never lose the child within them, and none ever 'grow up' in the Blentish sense (for Blentish grown-upness is simply an immersion in the most superficial and worldly pursuits—a species of spiritual infantilism). So what is it that binds together the very old and the very young? I think it is that, being so close to the two gates of this world, they are not wholly of it. Thus they have a depth and inner seriousness that is hard to maintain in the midst of life. I think that the very old and the very young, provided they have not been poisoned by the modern world, are (apart from saints and contemplatives) the only spiritual adults in the world.⁹⁵

A RHENNISH NATIVITY

Nativity, at my childhood home, centred always about the Great House and the little Temple established within it. The Great House, as everyone called it, was the home of the first family of the village. There it was that Communion was taken and several of the great communal festivities of the season were held. I was very familiar with the Great House, for I spent no little time there in the company of the children of the family, and it was there that I received my schooling; for although my mother was a carpenter, we were a Raihira family—that is to say, were of the old Rhennish nobility—and therefore equal in rank to those of our kindred who retained the material position of the squirearchy as well as the birthright.

For this reason we went early on Nativity Eve to the house to assist in directing the festivities. I remember vividly the sights and smells and atmosphere of those few hours before the congregation arrived for midnight communion (they came well before midnight to drink and talk). The hall was rich with the sight and scent of hanging greenery, bright with candles, ribbons and trinkets. The long table was laden with beautifully decorated sweetmeats and savouries; the fire roared and a rich aroma floated from the mulling ale and also from the very special liqueurs which were only taken at Nativity and other very special occasions, and which we children never tasted.

Our parents talked with the *mestré* and *daun* (Lady and master) about the serious business of Nativity; though a pure and childlike excitement is never far from the surface, for no Rhenne ever ‘grows up’ in the modern sense. We children, however, were bubbling over. Never far from our thoughts were

the Star Fairy, the bright, regal princess of the airy sylph-folk, who drives her chariot abroad on Nativity Eve with its seven white mares giving presents to all who have deserved them. There was also the possibility that she might leave nothing but a rod, which our mothers, knowing by this that we had not been good throughout the year, would use to beat us. This possibility, however, seemed to us diminished by the fact that we had all been purified on Brichten-Day, when every child is ritually whipped. Brichten-Day is the culmination of that strange and beautiful period of Advent, which Ekklesia defines as semi-festive and semi-penitential. The purpose of the whipping is to drive out all the keres (demonic entities) and to make us ritually pure for Nativity, and also to infuse into us the virtues of birch (which belongs to the Mother) and willow (which belongs to the Daughter), the Brichten itself being a rod made of twigs from these two trees. In actuality all the children looked forward to Brichten-Day. For it was a day of great festivity and, being the day before Nativity Eve, marked for us the beginning of the real Nativity period. The element of fear (gleefully exaggerated and play-acted by us all) only added to the excitement. The whippings rarely hurt more than a little, although it did depend on an (usually rather generous) estimation of how badly we had behaved during the year. It was not rare for a child to ask for a hard whipping so that she might 'be pure for Inanna', though I must confess that I never did this. Sometimes a child got rather more than she expected on Brichten-Day; but I have never met one who had a rod instead of presents from the Star-Fairy.

The other great event of Brichten-Day was the ordination of the Kindip'retre (child-priestess). The child who was chosen

for this office was nearly always destined to enter the Temple in later life and often to become a real Priestess. For the period of her reign—until Duodecima—she stands theoretically above the priestess herself (although she takes advice from her). When all the adults are at communion she conducts the Rite of Sacrifice (a thing that no child under fourteen may usually do) for the children, and at the evening service on Nativity she preaches a sermon after communion to the adults in the temple. Everyone kneels and kisses her hands, and the height of her career comes on the sixth day of Nativity when she celebrates the Rite in the temple itself and preaches another sermon. But on Duodecima, when the high are made low, she becomes the servant of all. Even so, she is entitled to celebrate the Rite up until the Feast of Lights, and is the head of the children for the rest of the year.

Our talk of the radiant Star-Fairy was always cut short by the sound of the first arrivals coming up the path. This was a sound that never failed to thrill me, for they always came singing 'Mari-Anna, Inanna'—an ancient and beautiful Nativity chant. The chant grew louder and clearer as the first families arrived at the door and from that point onward the chant did not fade from our ears until the last of the families was inside in the firelight. The Nativity fir-tree was not customary in my community in those days, but we did have the Ashy Faggott or Ashenlog. The Ashy Faggot was a bundle of ash-wood bound together with withes. It was customary to bring one into the house and burn it in the hearth on Nativity Eve. Each time a withe burst, a new flagon of ale would be breached. But in the Great House we had the much larger Ashenlog, a huge log dragged ceremoniously home with plough-horses, followed by

the children (and sometimes ridden on by the smaller ones). The other centrepiece was the Kissing Bough, a great spherical device covered with holly, ivy and mistletoe, and supporting a circle of white candles, which was suspended from the ceiling in the centre of the room. The greenery of the bough was often dipped in flour and water paste to make it look snowy. Anyone kissing under the bough could make a wish.



Nativity began early with the children anxious to see what the Star-Fairy had brought for them. She brought nuts and candied fruits, little wooden tops and fivestones, a red pencil, a string of wooden beads, sour little plums, an especially beautiful feather which might be used for a quill or for plucking a stringed instrument, coloured ribbons, an orange, a gingerbread maiden. The Star-Fairy came not only to the children, but to the paccia (servants), the apprentices, to most maids (and men) who had a mistress, 'to all who are children in their hearts'—and all of these were as excited as the children, or very nearly so. We gathered in the kitchen to examine our presents, the children still in nightgowns (a rare indulgence); but we had rarely finished before we were hurried into best dresses and white stockings for the dawn Rite at the Great House.

Later in the day we would give and receive larger presents. One year my mother gave me a little chicken, another year she gave me a small patch of garden all of my own; and I shall never forget the year she gave me my first long dress—in fact, it was not quite my first, for I had two long everyday dresses at my Initiation earlier in the year, but this was my first formal

long dress, in blue velvet with silver trimmings, and in the true Raihira style.

Most of the families went to their homes after the Rite (having paused for a drink or two). But we were among the select group who stayed for Nativity in the Great House. It was by no means a quiet and lazy day, as I believe it is among urbie (non-Madrian) households. We played many energetic games and lots of quieter ones too, and we always went into the village during the afternoon to pay visits. The whole community was a criss-cross of visits on Nativity afternoon.

The high point of the day was the great dinner. There were several dishes, many of them containing traditional Rhennish preparations such as frighas and curd, but the central piece was usually the great goose. Mestré Anna said that in the old days it was always a wild boar, and that the boar hunt had been one of the great pre-Nativity events. One year she brought in a boar, which was hugely successful. Plum pudding and mince pies, of course, were to follow; after dinner each person in turn had to sing a song, perform a trick or tell some little story. Like Nativity Eve, and the whole of the Twelve Days, Nativity was a time for singing the many beautiful Rhennish carols and for telling stories. Ghost stories are popular at this season—but not on Nativity itself, when no ghosts are ever abroad. Certain special tales were told by my mother and mestré Anna, and others, every Nativity. They were never told at any other time. After the evening rite the whole community stayed for the tales and for certain quieter games, including, sometimes, the perilous and not-so-quiet Snap-Dragon—though this is really more a Nativity Eve game. Usually it was a late night and Maskiday (the day after Nativity) did not begin so early.



Little work was done for the whole of the Twelve Days. Maskiday was the day when the traditional Nativity plays and dance-dramas were performed. Musicians, dancers and actors had practised for many weeks toward this day. Then there was Wren-Hunt Day, Drispeal Day, Wexell Day (when the Rhennismare was taken carolling the families). There were usually visits to and from nearby Rhennish communities, and often the Day of Sai Herthe fell within this period. We all tried to eat a mince pie on each of the Twelve Days, which would bring luck for the first twelve months of the year (the thirteenth day, like the thirteenth month, is a fast). Finally there came Duodecima, the topsy-turvy day, when mistresses served their maids and the highest became lowest. The famous evening party was also held at the Great House, and was the most uproarious and hilarious event of the whole year. Before midnight struck, every decoration that did not grow on a tree had to be removed (the greenery remained up until the Feast of Lights).

The day following Duodecima is a fast, but the fast does not begin until dawn. The removal of the decorations is a traditional interlude in the Duodecima party, which then carries on for much of the night.

The thirteenth day fast is probably the easiest fast of the year, since one has fed well until the early hours of the morning, and usually sleeps until well into the day. My mother always made us keep the fast strictly, behaving quietly, reading and copying from the Scriptures, and creating the atmosphere of Moura for a few hours. She would bring out her switch to remind us of the seriousness of the occasion and curb any resid-

ual hilarity. I was always glad of this brief period of whiteness and purity after Nativity, for greatly as I enjoyed the twelve days of festivity culminating in Duodecima, a slight feeling of satiation began to develop which was quite dispelled on the thirteenth day. In any case, it has always seemed to me a very wise way of ending Nativity. Rather than drifting vaguely back to normality in a climate of anticlimax, we were pulled sharply up against the discipline of Moura and then released with a sense of relief into the semi-festive post-Nativity period, which always contained a few treats and surprises.

Although Nativity was a time of high festivity in which much energy was spent on enjoyment, we never forgot the serious and profound Reality which lay behind it; indeed, the idea of purely secular enjoyment is wholly alien to the Rhennish mentality. Our games, our songs, our stories, even our food and drink, all had ritual significance. The profoundest spirit of Nativity is typified for me by the *Morrow Song*,* which tells the early part of the Nativity story. It is so called because it is especially the song of Nativity Eve (when Nativity is the morrow), although it is considered lucky to sing it on each of the Twelve Days, which our family always did. Both the tune and the words are heavy with a keen sense of the primal mystery of the world's oldest story, with the deep darkness of Maid's fall and the bright light of God's descent; superficially this solemn and haunting mystery may seem a hundred miles from the warmth, colour and gaiety of Nativity, but in truth it is its very heart.⁹⁶

* Vol. 1, pp. 262 ff.

DISCOVERING DEA

SHERÉE CAVERS[†]

My name is Sherée Cavers, I am 19 and have just finished being an insurance consultant. I have been a Madrian for just about a year, and the reason I am writing is that I'd like to tell you how Dea came into my life.

About two years ago I had just come through an emotional trauma, and as a result I had been to stay with a friend in Lincoln and had there met a man to whom I was strongly attracted. When I returned I sat in my room with the curtains open upon the full moon and started to write to him. I completed the letter and re-read it.

To my great astonishment, it seemed to be a letter not by me but to me, with very mystic and encouraging phrases in it.

For the next few months, I was able to help people I scarcely knew in a very odd mystical way. It didn't seem to be me talking at all. It was very strange.

Then a book about Wicca suddenly appeared, given to me by an acquaintance. The chapters devoted to Diana made a great impression on me. For the first time since being a Chris-

[†] One 'Sheree Cavers' (without accent) is listed as having been a member of the Christian Action Front in Rugby, Warwickshire sometime between 1972 and 1977 (Andrew Kennedy, 'Christian Action Front (Rugby) List of Members 10th January 1977', *Christian Action Front* [website], n.d., <<http://www.netpages.free-online.co.uk/cafmemb.htm>>). As the author of this testimonial, published in 1977, identified as having been an active Christian prior to her conversion and seemed to view a trip to Oxford as a significant expense, it is likely the same individual.

tian, I began to pray properly. I asked that it all might be speeded up as I felt lonely in my faith. By this time, I knew I was being guided.

Three weeks later, a good friend rang me with Lux Madriana's address. I immediately wrote, and a short time later was provided with the means to visit Oxford.

While I was there I read the Crystal Tablet and the Mythos. I sat with a silly grin on my face. I had come home.

It hasn't all been easy since then. But looking back I can see that She has in fact been guiding me all my life, and this sustains me through bad times. As the Catechism says: 'She is always guiding the soul that turns to Her.'^{*}

I was lucky; She guided me before I even knew She existed. For that, and for guiding me now, and for other mercies too numerous to mention, I can never thank Her enough.⁹⁷

SELINA

For me, Madrianism was not a sudden conversion experience, but the end of a long search. I have always had a deep 'religious' feeling, and for some time vaguely considered myself a Christian. But studying the Christian gospels as history, I became aware that they are inaccurate and full of inconsistencies to an extent which must rule them out as genuine Divine revelation. From then, I studied most of the major religions, and in each of them, I found something that rang true. But in each also, something seemed to be missing. Besides, if one was true, what became of all the others? It is often said that all religions are basically one. I felt in some way that must be true. But such a

^{*} Question 83 (vol. I, p. 100).

simple statement ignores all the very real contradictions between religions.

When I first heard of Madrianism, it seemed unlikely that a small religion I had never heard of could hold the answer. But one thing impressed me from the beginning. It wasn't what Madrians said about religion—it was what they said about everything else. It suddenly made me realise what was missing in all the other religions. By a coincidence, my last Literature Circle paper put it so neatly that I cannot do better than quote it here:

Except when they are speaking on specifically 'religious' subjects, they invariably express views indistinguishable from those of the materialist... they have no specifically spiritual analysis of the world.[†]

Madrians see everything in the light of the Spirit—and that is what really made sense to me. If a thing as vast as God is true, it must change everything. How could we possibly go on with the same philosophies, the same politics, the same attitudes as those who believe that the world is a formless mass of accidental 'facts'? Everything begins and ends in Spirit. Spirit is the cause and meaning of human life. Spirit is not an optional extra to the 'real business of life', it *is* the real business of life. Politics, industry, physical science: these are the optional extras.

But I soon realised that Madrianism also solves the problem of the different religions. All religions are not one now, but there was one fundamental religion in the beginning, given to us by God Herself. Later, at the end of the great matriarchal period, the religions split up. The East kept the knowledge of reincarnation and all sorts of important Truths which the West

[†] 'The Normal Life' (vol. 3, pp. 1210).

lost. The West kept the truly personal nature of God, the Mystery of the death and resurrection and numerous other truths which the East lost. Neither of them is complete without the other.

Archæology, comparative mythology and other studies show us that this original religion, all over the world, was the religion of the Goddess—what we now call the Madrian faith.

Madrianism is the key to the puzzle—the only thing which makes sense of everything else. Without it the whole thing is a meaningless tangle. With it everything falls into place. I knew that my search was at an end.

Yet in reality, this was only the beginning, for it was only when I had sorted out these intellectual difficulties that I was really able to let Dea into my life and to know the joy of Her Presence.⁹⁸

JOHN SHIMWELL

My first contact with Lux Madriana was at their stall at the Aquarian Festival held in London in Moura of last year. I had a brief discussion and came away with 'God the Mother' and Moira projection booklets. They seemed quite interesting, but they were put away for a couple of months and all but forgotten about. Eventually I wrote to Oxford, starting a correspondence with Chrysothemis and Angelina which still continues, until I felt it was time to come and see them in person. I had written out two pages of questions, and we spent a whole afternoon discussing them. In the end they were all answered, and I began to feel a lot happier. I was invited to stay for supper, after which my interest in the Moira technique resulted in my being

able to experience it at first hand, and could hardly believe it had really worked for me. My involvement with the Findhorn community during the previous two years had made me very aware of nature spirits, reincarnation, and direct attunement with God—and here was a religion that was not only the way of life on this planet for thousands of years, but it actually included all the aspects of the etheric that I had already accepted, and then some!

Now the Pentacle and the Rosary are old friends, I have a shrine to Our Lady in my bedroom and every day brings a new joy. I still can't quite believe that it's all really happening, and although I am not exactly sure yet just what it is I have let myself in for, my life is firmly dedicated to Dea and there is no turning back. As Lao Tzu says: 'The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step', and I suspect that this will be the most difficult, joyous and rewarding journey of my life.⁹⁹

DAVID HOLTON*
PRACTITIONER OF
HOMEOPATHIC & BOTANIC MEDICINE

The effects of the vast abyss of religious emptiness are apparent in practically every aspect of modern society and most cer-

* Mr Holton's signature of himself as a 'practitioner of homeopathic & botanic medicine', which would seem to identify him as the same David Holton of Crockerton, Wiltshire, who played a role in the so-called 'Warminster Mystery' in 1965 (see Steve Dewey and John Ries, *In Alien Heat: The Warminster Mystery Revisited*, Anomalist Books, 2006, pp. 73–80). He appears to have relocated to Hereford sometime before 29 June 1977, when his name appears in the local paper, the *Hereford Brand* (p. 10), and to have

tainly contribute to the varied psychological and psychosomatic disorders suffered by so many today. 'There is just nothing to turn to...' is a phrase I am hearing all too commonly nowadays.

Throughout my life, for all my study and practice, I had deep, profoundly disturbing religious difficulties until the Madrian religion came my way. I struggled to come to some understanding of Reality, and realised such truths as reincarnation. But this brought no inner satisfaction. It seemed detached and disjointed. There was no conscious involvement with Deity. No sense of belonging to the great scheme of the Divine.

The Madrian faith brought everything in my life into perspective. The great love of Dea strikes out from the depths of the soul and illuminates all the fears and dark corners of ignorance and doubt. The inner torments vanished like mists before the rising sun. I came to realise that I had never known true religion or philosophy, true peace or tranquility, before.

The deeper I go into the Madrian faith, the more profound is the peace that I feel. Deity seems so near at hand, and the love of our Lady sweetens my bitterest thoughts in my weakest moments.

Madrianism brings resurrection into a dying masculinist world. As the shadows deepen in a civilisation darkened by its own materialism, the age-old Light and Love of our Lady shines forth anew.¹⁰⁰

renounced homeopathy sometime before 2011, when he appears (with address still in Hereford) on a list of signatories calling for the removal of homeopathic products from a prominent health care brand in the UK (The Merseyside Skeptics Society, 'An Open Letter to Alliance Boots,' <<http://www.1023.org.uk/an-open-letter-to-alliance-boots.php>>).

MARY SCARLETT

One of my earliest childhood memories is leaving Victoria Station in a train bound for Surrey, to visit my grandmother. I would always sit on the left-hand side, waiting with a kind of fascinated dread for the huge towers of the gas-works to pass by. I did not understand what they were. I remember the horror that these edifices inspired in me. I felt these towers were alien, horrific, not of this planet.

When I was sixteen, I painted a series of inspirational pictures. A woman kneeling on an open plain beneath the full moon. A woman with uplifted arms, whose power had split cliffs asunder, and by whose grace, dead bodies were crawling up onto the ground from chasms, resurrected. A woman kneeling, looking into a pool, a tree on a hill behind her.

I remember my religious feelings; the painting of the woman beneath the moon was named 'Supplication'. There I was, praying to the sacred symbol of our Lady, the moon, catching a glimpse of the Resurrection, with no one at hand to tell me of our Lady and of the glory of Dea.

For this I feel sad—the child who understood intuitively the evils of 'men's' ways, the adolescent who searched but found no harbour, no one to enlighten her darkness. If only I had been able to become Madrian at seven, at seventeen. For as a child and a young adolescent, I was shy, quiet, caring, well-behaved; until I could take my fumbling, rejected self no longer and deliberately sought to become confident, outspoken.

And so I rejected my yearnings as 'my adolescent religious phase'. I hardened through humanism into revolutionary mouthings. Eventually, through the Women's Movement I

found an awareness of the Goddess. But, oh dear, how different from the true Eternal Faith. A silly, paganised distortion of the Mother, gained by me and other feminists from looking back to the remains of degenerate matriarchies. An earthy, almost savage image, closer, I imagine, to the wiles of Irkalla than to our dear Mother.

And this, I feel, though it led me eventually to Lux Madriana, severely damaged my initial ability to accept the Faith. I had always known that maids were 'stronger' than men, so it made sense to recognise their spiritual responsibility and rightful place as the head of the household. I had always known that the world was on a path to destruction, so I could let go easily of the myth of 'progress'. I had not always known about discipline and obedience. I had been against hierarchies, seeing the way power is used in urbie society. But I found that I came to accept and understand the necessity and duty of obedience and discipline. I understood a hierarchy based upon spiritual purity and responsibility; was glad of being a lowly link in the golden chain stretching to Heaven itself. I had no idea about humility and modesty, but as I dwelt on these far-distant ideals, I felt the stirrings of longing; longing to be less under the domination of my arrogant false self.

I said recently to a friend that the artist in each of us would know that Madrianism must be true, just by the sheer beauty of it. The Scriptures, the Teachings, the meditations, the rhythm of festivals and fasts, the flowers, the fairies, the Rite of Sacrifice—every part of Madrianism radiates beauty as well as Truth.

Discovering Dea, in Her true and undistorted form, has been arduous, painful, joyful and beautiful. And now, finally, I

am ready to strive to be a good child of the Faith, secure in the knowledge of Her almighty love. The journey begins here.¹⁰¹

BOZENNA TEDDER *

One is overwhelmed by the realisation that the whole patriarchal culture is not our history but merely a transient phase. This more than anything has changed my attitude towards life and made me more optimistic. I once asked my father why there was suffering and torture in the world. He could only reply that people were like that. Now I no longer feel an inevitable slave of history; I feel that I can help to reshape it. I feel a sense of pride in my true Madrian heritage; I now know that I had ancestors who achieved great things and were not savages and apes. I feel that I can look back in time, and indeed forward too, and see that whichever way I turn, I will move closer to Her. I am so glad that She chose to reveal Herself to me; I now realise that until that time life was meaningless. Thank you once again for all your help.¹⁰²

* Extracted from a fundraising appeal that 'quot[ed], with permission, from a recent letter from Bozenna Tedder, a correspondent of just over a year's standing' (TCA 19:17). See also Bozenna Tedder's letter to *WomanSpirit* (vol. 3, pp. 1483 ff.).

MADRIA OLGA

FOLLOWING OUR LADY'S TEACHINGS A PHILOSOPHY FOR LIFE

These notes are offered as a guide to, primarily, the Teachings of the Daughter, but also they include guidance on some of the basic codes a Madrian is to follow. The Teachings, as well as the Book,* and more precisely, the Crystal Tablet, give those who follow Dea obediently all guidance necessary for all aspects of our daily lives.

It is the outstanding feature of the holy texts that they are simply put and easy to understand—what Dea wishes us to know is very clear, there is no ambiguity or equivocation. Yet at the same time, it is authoritative guidance; it is an invitation, lovingly expressed, for us to obey, to take up the advice and follow it. We are not dictated to nor hectored, nor threatened. She is the only One Who may command, Who has the true authority in the world, but She speaks to us like the gentle, tender and loving Mother that She is. The Daughter knows we have free will, and this is respected at all times—it is our choice what we take up, what we comprehend, what we adopt into our daily living.

We do need to think deeply on each sentence, to study and contemplate the texts for ourselves, time and time again, and so these notes are given as something to start you on this process. They cannot cover all possibilities and eventualities—that is

* Madria Olga's term for the Creation, Mythos, and Crystal Tablet taken together.

the joy of living each day in a spiritual way, discovering new vistas and new perspectives. It is up to you, how much you make this your way of life; how much of the stultifying clutter of the materialistic society you are prepared to throw out and replace with the pure and sweet breath of the Spirit. It will require courage, honour and fortitude—a lifetime's work for the soul. But this wealth you will be able to take with you after death.

So the key words for the noble life are:-

Humility

Emptied of ego and pride, we are able to let the Spirit fill us. Unassuming, not boasting, when we are empty we may be filled, but when we are full of ourselves in the wrong way, we are not with the Spirit.

Gentleness

Love is gentle, but firm, forgiving but not weak, tender as a mother's love and unashamed to show itself.

Meekness

Love has no anger, no animosity, no rancour, no violence. We may have great differences with others, seemingly insurmountable chasms between those who shun the ways of gentleness, but we must not turn on them with disgust or contempt or hatred. Mildness is difficult, it is not weak.

Self-discipline — Self-control

If we want to be noble, we have to learn to control the mind, the emotions and the body. This also brings about grace and beauty. We need to control our speech—our words should certainly not include profanities, swearing or obscenities. Perhaps you already find these repugnant. They are now commonplace around us and it is difficult to go through one day without having to hear one from at least one source or another (unless you live like a hermit!).

This merely shows how lowered and degraded our western society has become. It is even considered quite acceptable to use obscene words; for some people it is quite admirable to use ‘strong language’—it is not deemed ‘foul’ language.

Chastity — Purity

This is not concerned with sexual abstinence (only for someone treating a higher path), but it is reminding ourselves that our bodies should not rule us, they should be a temple of the Spirit, that we should not use the physical appetites or ‘instincts’ to justify giving them free reign, to degrade ourselves or others. The more you are aware of yourself as a soul—‘all robed in white, more lovely than the sun’*—the less inclined you are to view the impurity around in society as ‘normal’.

Dignity

As Inanna tells us, this is not the stiff holding of oneself with pride at having status or a role in the world, but a deeper, inner

* Teachings 2:19; 10:16.

feeling of self-worth and self-love.[†] This core love of oneself as a creature and child of Dea means we do not allow others to treat us as less and we can then extend love and respect to others.

Respect – Courtesy

We show respect and courtesy with words and attitude. So it is not a superficial politeness which is not based in love. We should have respect not only for those close to us but for everyone we meet by relating to them and treating them with love that is centred in the Spirit, which recognises that each person is a child of Dea. Sadly, modern society requires us to drop such courtesies as respectful ways of addressing each other, but if we remember the inward attitude we may continue what should be custom.

Generosity

This includes materially giving to charity or to anyone who needs it.

Also hospitality—we may look to other cultures to see wonderful examples of this to inspire us. Then there is the generosity of heart which means being forgiving, giving people the benefit of the doubt and so on.

Now all this is balanced by love of truth—

People are often reluctant to adopt these qualities for fear of being seen as weak, ineffectual, naïve or easily manipulated.

[†] Probably referring to Mythos 7:4.

There is no doubt you will go against the grain of what is around you very often; anyone with principles will do that. But one has to look beyond the momentary to what is lasting and there will always be those who appreciate the good qualities.

Love of Truth

Love of truth gives you strength, fortitude, courage. This is assertiveness at its strongest because it is based in the authority of the Spirit, not the false self. It is love of truth that does not stand by cruelty or injustice mutely, that does not let a friend continue on a wrong path unchallenged, that does not comply with one's conscience tells one is unethical or immoral.

And also balanced by the Golden Mean—this is also known as the middle path between two extremes, so that one quality is not carried to an extreme where it becomes distorted and ceases to be a virtue. We let wisdom guide us in exercising the virtues so that we do not become over-zealous—how much harm has come about through a wrong zeal, too much passion; righteousness becomes a rigid, intolerant self-righteousness and before we know it we are looking at others with scorn and contempt, pride takes over and all the good is lost. Or else a necessary self-denial turns to asceticism without joy. And the one thing the virtues do give you is joy to overflowing.¹⁰³

[LETTER FROM MADRIA OLGA TO
JOEY MCEVOY III, 2 AUGUST 1999]

100 Epping Way
Witham

17th Brighe
8.2.99

Dear Joe,

I have received your letter which I did not find tedious in the least; on the contrary I was touched that you are able to be so open and honest in it—your sincerity is plain to see.

I shall deal with the most important thing first. As you can see I have sent you a whole package in reply to your question. What I have sent is the Teachings of the Daughter which are the second holy text of the Madrian Faith. They are good as an introduction to the primary holy Book (more of which at a later date). Firstly I would recommend a good period of study for the Teachings. They are not human words but directly inspired by the Daughter, Who is part of the Trinity of the Three-in-One Dea. (Obviously this is where Christianity got the idea from.) The three aspects of the One Deity are:

The Absolute

The Great Mother (Madria Dea) (Mari)

The Daughter, Inanna, Princess of the Earth and Queen of Heaven.

There is naturally much more to this but for the time being, the Daughter is the part of Dea that is most accessible to us.

The key text that will answer your questions is the one which begins 'Upon the Heaven are these words inscribed'.^{*} This is the only religion that has this 'guarantee' from God that our holy texts are a 'clear recital of the celestial voice.'[†] They are as She wants them to be, not as any human being might alter them or add to them. If we examine the Christian Bible, what is made up of? A greater part is the history of the Hebrew tribes and one of their prophets. There are direct words of God, but these in fact are very few and often distorted by the patriarchal mind-set of the prophets. The Koran is also very long, longer direct speech from God, but then also words that have originated in men's minds, and often the distinction is wholly unclear.

Joe, this is the only religion or faith or spiritual way that has the whole direct revelation from the Divine. If you study everything, you will see that this is so and that is why I adhere to it. It is truly awesome that you can hear Dea speaking directly to us.

Please keep these texts, whatever you wish to do, and after a while if you wish to read the story of our Creation, of our fall and our redemption by our Saviour (the *true* version), as well as the Crystal Tablet which gives you all the guidance you need for spiritual progress, then let me know. There is no charge for any of this; I am only too happy to be of service in this way. Just excuse my handwriting, but these texts are sacred and should truly only be printed in a ritual way, so failing that I prefer a second or third best of writing them out myself. They are not for mass production.

* Teachings I.

† Paraphrase of Teachings I:5.

We are coming into a very holy period of the year, equivalent to Lent, so it is quite fitting that you should have these texts now. There are only one or two words that may be unknown and the language is a little archaic but as it says, the Truth is such that a child may understand it. However, I am here if you want to discuss any of it or query it.

There are communities that follow a traditional, matriarchal way of life in this country and Europe but we have not means of contact with them as they wish to continue to live in secrecy and I fully respect this. In fact, there is nothing we need from them; their way of life is not for us, one has to be born into it and one cannot adopt it later on in life. We have everything we need in the holy texts; it is just up to us how far we are able/willing to follow it. We can do this in our daily lives as they are now, any changes that need to take place are made within ourselves, not necessarily in the outer circumstances. I have some more articles, written by those in Lux Madriana, which sometimes describe a more traditional life, and give us other useful information.

There are two or three people I am in contact with who follow the Teachings, more or less. Sadly, most people are so involved in the modern world that they cannot disentangle themselves enough to contemplate the Truth, and thus it is a pioneering path at present, of necessity.

There is a part in the Teachings which talks about the way of simplicity, the essential prerequisite for a true spirituality, and it will tell you the doctrine on chastity and the expression of physical love. I'll leave it for you to read about it before I go into the subject further, but I have noted everything you have said in your letter. You are a very open-hearted person yourself,

but perhaps you may find it difficult to meet someone else who is equally so—many people are afraid of intimacy on a soul level or are not ready for it. One has to come to know oneself first.

Anyway that is all for the time being. I have included a brief glossary for the texts.* May She guide and enlighten you in your reading.

May She be with you,
Olga¹⁰⁴

THE PROCEDURE FOR DEVOTIONS

As you come before your shrine/altar, bring your hands together before you and bow, then kneel. Make the Sacred Star over yourself and then recite the Silver Star. If it is morning say the Morning Prayer. After this you may add any other personal prayers or remain for a few moments in quietness. If it is the last thing before going to bed, then recite the Evening Prayer and again you may give thanks for what the day has brought and what it has taken away. To finish recite the Silver Star and then make the Sacred Star. Stand up and bow, and then leave.¹⁰⁵

TO MAKE THE SACRED STAR OR PENTACLE

The five-pointed star is a deeply sacred symbol which you will learn about. First practice either drawing it or following the

* Madria Olga's glossary has been incorporated into the glossary provided at the end of this volume.

lines with your fingers till you are familiar with it. Madrians make this sign on themselves either over the heart area or the whole front. For the latter you start in the middle of the forehead with your right hand (usually then go with the first three fingers to the left hip, then to the right shoulder, then to the left shoulder, to the right hip and back to the forehead). It is as if you were drawing in light the Pentacle over yourself, and indeed it does have a reality and will afford protection.¹⁰⁶

THE ROSARY

Come before the altar, composing yourself in quietness and reverence as usual. Make the Pentacle, say the Silver Star and make yourself comfortable. You may kneel, sit on a special stool or sit comfortably on the floor, whichever suits you best (or sit in a chair or similar if necessary).

Start off with the Rosary Prayer:

Beloved Kyria, Who have suffered in a way I cannot understand that You might come to me, I offer You my hand; lead my soul into the garden of the Rosary, that she may rest among the mystic roses of Your love.

For each bead of the decades we say the Silver Star, and for each single bead we say the Prayer of Eternity.[†]

These instructions give the initial, basic level of the Rosary, and one may progress, over time, to further levels.¹⁰⁷

[†] A note to the original directs the reader to the text of the mentioned prayers (vol. I, p. 108 and vol. I, p. 113, respectively).

STEPS FOR DRAWING UP A SACRED CALENDAR

Step 1

Write the numbers from 1 to 28 (choose red or a contrasting colour) next to the dates on an ordinary calendar, continuing on from last year's calendar.

Dec.		Jan.		
30	31	1	2	3
5	6	7	8	9

Keep track of the months, writing them on:

CULVERINE, MAIA, HERA, ROSEA, KEREÄ, VASKARAS,
ABOLAN, VOIS, WERDĒ, ASTRÆA, HERTHE, BRIGĒ,
MOURA

After 28 Moura, don't forget Hiatus.

Step 2

Write on the New Moon and Full Moon, checking with a reliable source such as *Whittaker's Almanac*.

Step 3

Day of Artemis—count on from the New Moon to the fifth day thereafter, e.g.

13 th (1)	14 th (2)	15 th (3)	16 th (4)	17 th (5)	18 th (6)
New Moon					Day of Artemis

Step 4

Half Moon Day—this falls on the Monday that is nearest to being equally distant from the Full Moon and the New Moon (study your old calendar for this; there may be one month when two Mondays are possible—just choose one).

Step 5

Circle the 13th (sacred) of each month as a fast day. Each Friday is a fast day.

Extra fasts: the day after Duodecima, each Monday in Moura, Hiatus.

For other optional fasts see the large Sacred Calendar.

Step 6

Sacred days—high days and holy days.

a) These are the same every year:

Resurrection of Our Lady [Eastre]	1 Culverine
Day of Our Sovereign Lady	5 Culverine
Maia's Day	1 Maia
Exaltation of the Queen of Heaven	14 Maia
Anthea's Day	10 Hera
Day of All Helati	9 Rosea
Regeneration (Renewal) [Chelanya]	22 Kerea

Day of Sai Werdë	16 Vaskaras
Festival of Divine Life	17 Abolan
Rosa Mystica—Our Lady of Fátima	11 Vois
Tamala—Feast of the Dead	1 Werdë
Festival of Artemis, Mother of Ekklesia	23 Werdë
Athene's Day	7 Astræa
Day of All Janyati	28 Astræa
Day of Sai Herthe, Our Lady of the Vestal Fire and Hearth	6 Herthe
Lichtfest—Festival of Lights [Luciad]	10 Brighe
Sancta Rosa Lucia—Our Lady of Lourdes	20 Brighe
Eve of Moura	28 Brighe
Sacred Passion of Our Lady	28 Moura
Hiatus—Twilight	the day following 28 Moura*

b) These are movable:

Rosa Mundi (Festival of the Rose of the World)—first New or Full Moon of Rosea after 9 Rosea.

Advent—first New or Full Moon after 1 Astræa.

Nativity of Our Lady (Holy Birth)—first New or Full Moon after 24 Astræa, unless the day falls before the close of Astræa, in which case it is the first Natural Rite. Please also note: You will need to find out the New/Full Moon (and possible Half Moon or Day of Artemis) dates for the next profane year as Nativity may well fall outside the month of December.

* A note to the original reads 'If there is a leap year, there will be two Hiatus days.'

Duodecima—twelfth day after Nativity (count including Nativity Day itself).

Purple Monday—first Monday of Brìghe.¹⁰⁸

*The Opera Omnia of the Madrian Orders
continue in the next volume.*



GLOSSARY

Abolan (AH-buhl-uhn)

pn 1) The seventh month of the Filianic ritual calendar.
Etymology unknown, but cognate to **Avala** and Proto-Indo-European words descended from **ab(ē)l-*.

Abolrai (AH-buhl-ray)

pn 1) Atlantis.

aðamë (uh-THAH-may)

n 1) Antonym of **ðamë**. Alternatively spelled athamë.

aðamic (uh-THAH-mick)

adj 1) Having the quality of aðamë. Alternatively spelled athamic.

Aristasia (arr-iss-TAY-zhuh)

pn 1) Short form of ‘Aristasia Pura’, see **Sai Herthe**. 2) Short form of ‘Aristasia-in-Telluria’, an offshoot movement of the Lux Madriana household at Burtonport, active c. 1993 – c. 2005.

Astræa (a-STRAY-uh)

pn 1) The tenth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. From Greek *Ἀστραῖα*, meaning ‘star maiden’. 2) Alternate form of the name of Sai Ouranya, the **Janya** of the sky.

Avala (AH-vuh-luh)

pn 1) The ‘jeweled paradise’ of the Daughter, to which devout and virtuous souls that have not yet fully escaped the Wheel of Werdë go to rest between incarnations. Etymol-

ogy uncertain, but cognate to **Abolan** and Proto-Indo-European words descended from **ab(ē)l-*.

Blentish

adj I) Non-**Rhennish**, non-**Madrian**.

Brighe (BREE-ghuh)*

pn I) The twelfth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Compare Sai Brighe, the **Janya** of gates, bridges, and liminal spaces.

Chelanya (chel-AHN-yuh)

pn I) The first of the three Filianic harvest festivals. Etymology uncertain, but *chel-* seemingly related to **Herthelan** words with meanings connected to ‘golden’.

Cuivanya (kwee-VAHN-yuh)

pn I) The second of the three Filianic harvest festivals. Etymology uncertain.

Culverine (CULL-ver-een)

pn I) The first month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain.

Dark Mistress/One/Queen

see **Irkalla**

Dea (DAY-uh)

pn I) God. From feminine form of Latin *deus*, meaning ‘God’.

* The ‘gh’ sound here may have been a voiced velar fricative (ɣ; this is similar to the ch in Scottish *loch* or German *Bach*, but voiced), or possibly a sound like standard English ‘y’.

donna

n I) Title given to a householder.

Duodecima (DOO-oh-DESS-ih-mah)

pn I) The twelfth day after **Nativity**, also known as the Epiphany of Our Lady or the Feast of the Epiphany. From feminine form of Latin *duodecimus*, meaning ‘twelfth’.

Ekklesia (eh-CLAY-zee-uh)

pn I) The body of all Filianic believers, living and dead, connected across time, space, and all planes of existence—the ‘universal Church’. From Latin *ecclesia*, meaning ‘church’, itself from Greek *ἐκκλησίᾳ*, meaning ‘assembly’ or ‘congregation’.

Exaltation

pn I) The festival marking the Daughter’s assumption of full sovereignty over heaven and earth following the Resurrection.

Fátima (FAH-tee-muh)

pn I) A town in central Portugal where a series of visions of the Blessed Virgin were given to Sister Lúcia dos Santos, St. Francisco Marto, and St. Jacinta Marto in 1917. The last of these visions, on 13 October 1917, was witnessed by several thousand pilgrims who had come in expectation of the event.

Haielea (HAY-uh-luh)

pn I) The first estate, comprised of priestesses and scholars.
adj I) Of or pertaining to the first estate.

helati (heh-LAH-tee)

see **hera**

hera (HEH-rah)

n 1) A spiritually advanced soul who has gained enlightenment or Realisation and is able to perform miracles. Plural **helati**. Etymology uncertain—possibly from Greek *Ἥρα*, the queen of the gods, or a feminine neologism from English *hero*, itself derived from Greek *ἥρωες*, which may be cognate with *Ἥρα* from Proto-Indo-European **ser-*, meaning ‘to watch over’ or ‘protect’.

pn 2) The third month of the Filianic ritual calendar.

Herthe (HAIR-thuh)

pn 1) The eleventh month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Compare **Sai Herthe**.

Herthelan (HAIR-thuh-lahn)

adj 1) Of our pertaining to the world or plane of existence known as **Sai Herthe**.

pn 2) A language spoken on that plane.

Hiatus

pn 1) The day that does not exist on the Filianic calendar, in between **Kala** and Resurrection.

Impie (IM-pee)

see **keres**

Inanna (ih-NAH-nah)

pn 1) The primary proper name of God the Daughter.

Irkalla (ihr-KAHL-lah)

pn 1) The Queen of Hell and the lower realms. Alternatively known as the Dark One, the Dark Mistress, or the Dark Queen.

Janya (JANE-yuh)

n 1) A beneficent, divine spirit. 2) An aspect or emanation of God. Plural **Janyati** (jane-YAH-tee). Broadly parallels both the Abrahamic concept of ‘angel’ and the Dharmic concept of ‘deva’, without being wholly synonymous with either.* Alternatively spelled Genia. Etymology differs dependent on spelling: in the first spelling, etymology may be from Sanskrit *janya*, meaning ‘derivation’ or ‘emanation’, especially with reference to Carnatic music, in which the term indicates a melodic structure derived from one of the 72 basic melodic forms; in the second spelling, etymology from Latin *genia*, feminine form of *genius*, indicating the divine essence at the heart of any material object or cultural concept.

Janyati (jane-YAH-tee)

see **Janya**

Kala (KAHL-uh)

pn 1) The first day of the Eastre festival, marking the Daughter’s death upon the **Pillar of the World**.

* Further reading: COMG, ‘Goddess Religion: An Introduction to the Seven Janyati’; ‘The Angelic Being and Her Nature’.

kear (keer)

n I) A crack or flaw—the chasm or abyss that lies between Dea and each soul, which opened when each of us turned away from Her. Broadly parallels both the Abrahamic concept of ‘sin’ as well as the Dharmic concepts of ‘ignorance’ or ‘suffering’ (*dukkha*), without being wholly synonymous with either.* Alternatively spelled khear. Etymology uncertain.

Kerea (ker-AY-uh)

pn I) The fifth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology unknown, but possibly derived from Latin *Ceres*, goddess of agriculture akin to Greek *Demeter*.

keres (KIR-eez, first e like the i in kit)

n pl I) Evil, malicious creatures of a sub-human level, like devils.† Sometimes also called ‘impies’. From Greek *κῆρ* (*ker*, pronounced like *cur*), a class of taloned death-spirits considered sisters to the Fates and associated particularly with concepts of doom and violent death.

Kindred

pn I) Members of the second estate, the **raihira**, especially those who, as a result of societal breakdown, no longer occupy the political and civic positions to which their estate corresponds.

* Further reading: COMG, ‘Christianity, Original Sin, and the Love of Our Mother God’.

† Further reading: COMG, ‘Demonology and Feminine Religion’; ‘Can Demons Create?’.

Kyria (KYE-ree-uh)

n I) Lady. A title given to **Inanna**, also known as ‘our Lady’ because She is our supreme Sovereign, i.e. the Princess of the World and the Queen of Heaven. From Greek *κυρία*, feminine form of *κύριος* (*kýrios*), meaning ‘lord’. Note that the English pronunciation traditional to the Filianic Ekklesia differs from the Greek.

lief (leef)

adv I) In the expression, ‘as lief’, meaning ‘as soon; as readily; as easily’.

Lourdes (loord)

pn I) A town in southern France where a series of visions of the Blessed Virgin were given to St. Bernadette Soubirous in 1858.

Luciad (LOO-see-ad)

pn I) The festival of the Daughter’s taking on of fate. Also known as the Feast of Lights. Etymology uncertain.

Madria (MAH-dree-uh)

n I) Mother, from Latin *mater*. Used with reference to God in Teachings I4:I, but more commonly as a title given to Madrian priestesses.

Madrian (MAH-dree-uhn)

n I) A member of any of the religious orders practicing forms of what is now called Filianism in Britain, Ireland, or France from c. 1976 to 2008, including Lux Madriana, Ekklesia/Rosa Madriana, the Sisterhood of Artemis, the

Silver Sisterhood, and others. 2) *archaic* Any adherent of a religious tradition focused on worship of God as Mother.
adj 1) Of or pertaining to any of the above-named orders.
2) *archaic* Of or pertaining to any Mother God tradition.

Magdala

pn 1) The third estate, comprising craft-workers, including farmers.

n 1) A member of the third estate. See also **magdalen**.

adj 1) Of or pertaining to the third estate.

Magdalen

n 1) Masculine form of **magdala**.

Maia (MYE-uh)

n 1) The principle of nescience or illusion by which manifest existence is maintained. Etymology uncertain—cognate to Sanskrit *माया* (*māyā*), meaning ‘illusion’, with special reference to the power by which the universe is made to appear. See also **Sai Maia**.

maid

n 1) In its broadest sense, any creature endowed with the power of moral choice, such as to be able to move deliberately toward or away from God, including humans both female and male as well as select other beings across the numberless worlds and planes of existence. 2) In a narrower sense, contrasts with ‘man’ to refer specifically to a woman.

Mestran

n I) Master, as the masculine counterpart of **mestré** (i.e. ‘mistress’).

Mestré

n I) Mistress, as the feminine counterpart of **mestran** (i.e. ‘master’).

Moura (MOO-ruh)

pn I) The thirteenth month of the Filianic ritual calendar, which comprises a special ‘fifth season’ of fasting and spiritual renewal. Etymology uncertain.

Nativity

pn I) The Filianic midwinter festival celebrating the birth of the Daughter.

Paccia (PAK-syah)

pn I) The fourth estate, comprising those in bonded service.

n I) The plural of **paxit**, a member of the fourth estate.

Paxit (PAK-sit)

n I) A member of the **paccia**.

Pillar of the World

pn I) The *axis mundi*, or world-axis, that joins all the planes of existence from the highest heavens to the lowest hells.

Raihir (RAY-here)

n I) Empire.

Raihira (RAY-here-yuh)

pn 1) The second estate, comprising the landed aristocracy and those in civil and military service. See also **Kindred**.

adj 1) Of or pertaining to the second estate.

Ranya (RAHN-yuh)

n 1) A spiritual mistress; a teacher or guide, especially in spiritual matters. Similar to a Hindu *guru* or Sufi *murshid*.
Rhennish.

Raya (RYE-uh)

n 1) 'Lady' as the feminine form of 'lord'. **Rhennish**.

pn 2) The name of the solar Janya, Sai Raya.

Rayin (RYE-n)

n 1) A sovereign queen.

Rhennish (HREN-ish)

adj 1) Of or pertaining to the 'Rhennes', a legendary people of the British Isles. 2) Of or relating to the Novarhennya, or 'New Rhennes', a movement of Madrians taking inspiration from the legendary Rhennes.

pn 3) The language of the Rhennes, as used by the Novarhennya.

Rhennismay (HREN-iss-may)

pn 1) A **Rhennish** maid.

Rosa Mundi (ROE-zuh MOON-dee)

pn 1) The Filianic midsummer festival of mystical union with the Mother. From Latin *rosa mundi*, meaning 'rose of the world'.

Rosea (roe-ZAY-uh)

pn 1) The fourth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain.

Sai Alethea (say uh-LEETH-ee-uh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of Divine Truth. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and Greek *ἀλήθεια*, meaning ‘truth’.

Sai Athene (say uh-THEE-nuh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of scholarship and learning. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and Attic Greek *Ἀθηνᾶ*, the goddess of wisdom.

Sai Herthe (say HARE-thuh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of hearth and home. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and ‘Herthe’, of uncertain origin. 2) A world or plane of existence higher than our earth on the **Pillar of the World**, known in older literature as ‘**Aristasia Pura**’. Seemingly named in reference to the **Janya**.

Sai Maia (say MYE-uh)

pn 1) The **Janya** of the illusion (also understood as Divine nescience) that underlies material manifestation. As such, she is considered the spinner of the thread of fate, and forms the first person of the **Sai Werdë** triplicity. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and ‘Maia’, of uncertain origin, but cognate to Sanskrit *माया* (*māyā*), meaning ‘illusion’, with special reference to the power by which the universe is made to appear.

Sai Mati (say MAH-tee)

pn I) The **Janya** of intelligence and knowledge. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and **Mati**, of uncertain origin. Possible cognates in Sanskrit मति (*matī*), meaning ‘thought’, ‘idea’, ‘mind’, ‘intelligence’, ‘prayer’, and ‘sacred utterance’ (among other things). Also Nahuatl *mati*, meaning ‘to know’, ‘to perceive’, or ‘to understand’.

Sai Werdë (say WURD-uh)

pn I) The **Janya** of personal fate. Appears in triple aspect as **Sai Maia**, Sai Werdë proper, and Sai Kala. In the narrowest sense, Sai Werdë is the spinner of the thread of fate, set between **Sai Maia**, the spinner, and Sai Kala, the cutter. In the broadest sense, however, all three forms collectively are addressed as Sai Werdë. From **Rhennish Sai**, an honorific prefix related to ‘saint’, and ‘Werdë’, a **Rhennish** term cognate to Old English *wyrd* and other words descending from Proto-Indo-European **wer-*. See also **werdë**, **Wheel of Werdë**.

Sr

abbr I) Abbreviation of ‘Sister’ as a religious title.

Star Fairy

pn I) The queen of the elemental air sylphs, said to visit homes at the time of **Nativity**, presiding over celebrations and bearing gifts.

Stravë (STRAH-vuh)

n I) A maid dedicated to the contemplative life, a mystic understood as lying outside the four estates.

Straven (STRAH-vuhn)

pn I) The class of contemplative mystics who have renounced participation in the four estates to pursue realization.

Tamala (TAHM-uh-luh)

pn I) The last of the three Filianic harvest festivals, also known as the Feast of the Dead. Etymology uncertain.

ðamë (THAH-may)

n I) The divine order. 2) Proper conduct. **Rhennish**. Alternatively spelled *thamë*. Cognate to both Greek *θέμις* (*themis*), meaning ‘law’ or ‘custom’ (itself from an unknown pre-Greek source) and Sanskrit धर्म (*dharmā*), meaning ‘morality’, ‘law’, ‘custom’, and ‘duty’, among other things.

ðamelic (thah-MEH-lick)

adj I) Of or pertaining to **ðamë**. **Rhennish**. Alternatively spelled *thamelic*. Possibly archaic, see also **ðamic**.

ðamic (THAH-mick)

adj I) Of or pertaining to **ðamë**. **Rhennish**. Alternatively spelled *thamic*. See also **ðamelic**.

Vaskaras (VAS-car-uhs)

pn I) The sixth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain.

Vois (voysh)

pn I) The eighth month of the Filianic ritual calendar. Etymology uncertain; said to be cogante to Proto-Indo-European words descending from **gʷou-*.

werdë (WURD-uh)

n 1) The fate or destiny accruing to a soul as a result of its moral choices. **Rhennish**. Loosely comparable to some understandings of karma. Cognate to Old English *wyrd* and other words descending from Proto-Indo-European **wer-*. See also **Sai Werdë**, **Wheel of Werdë**.

pn 2) The ninth month of the Filianic ritual calendar.

werdic (WURD-ick)

adj 1) Of or pertaining to **werdë**.

Wheel of Werdë (WEE-uhl uhv WURD-uh)

pn 1) The cycle of birth, death, and rebirth governed by the principle of **werdë**.

ENDNOTES

Entries in the endnotes are keyed to the abbreviations and bibliography found in the *Critical Apparatus to the Eastminster Library*, freely available at www.filianicstudies.org.

- 1 TCA 1:24–6.
- 2 TCA 2:6–8; image TCA 2:28.
- 3 TCA 2:11–14; MLC.
- 4 TCA 3:9–10.
- 5 TCA 4:4–7.
- 6 TCA 5:8–10.
- 7 TCA 6:8–10.
- 8 TCA 7:6–8.
- 9 TCA 8:16–18.
- 10 TCA 9:8–10.
- 11 TCA 9:21–2.
- 12 TCA 10:3–5.
- 13 TCA 11:8–10; first image TCA 11:13.
- 14 TCA 11:17; MLC* | TCA's printing was of excerpts only.
- 15 TCA 12:10–11, 14
- 16 TCA 13:14–17; COMG, 'Mother Holle, or Cliona and the Three Caskets'; TCA 13:20–2; COMG, 'The Secret of the Three Caskets: A Metaphysical Commentary on Mother Holle, or Cliona and the Three Caskets'.
- 17 TCA 14:3–5.
- 18 TCA 15:3–6; *Amazon Intelligencer*, n.d., <www.amazon-intel.com/eternal-truths.html>.
- 19 TCA 16:3–6.
- 20 TCA 17:6–7
- 21 TCA 15:14–16; MLC*; image TCA 15:1.
- 22 TCA 18:3–6.
- 23 TCA 19:3–6.
- 24 TCA 20:3–6.
- 25 *Ecologist*, vol. 9, nos. 8/9, Nov/Dec 1979, p. 304.

- 26 MLC.
- 27 Bryony Evans, 'Lux Madriana', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/72>>.
- 28 TCA 1:8–9.
- 29 TCA 2:9–10.
- 30 TCA 2:11–14; MLC; '[TCA Articles Kept by Madria Olga]', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/86>>.
- 31 TCA 3:23–5.
- 32 TCA 5:27–9.
- 33 TCA 6:6–7.
- 34 TCA 8:6–7, 9.
- 35 TCA 9:6–7.
- 36 TCA 10:10–11.
- 37 TCA 11:21–3.
- 38 TCA 12:6–7.
- 39 TCA 13:10–11.
- 40 TCA 14:10–11, 14.
- 41 TCA 15:10–11.
- 42 TCA 16:10–11, 14.
- 43 TCA 17:18–19.
- 44 TCA 18:8–10; 19:6–8.
- 45 TCA 20:18–19.
- 46 TCA 2:8–9, 18–20.
- 47 TCA 3:17–20; MLC.
- 48 TCA 5:11–13; image TCA 5:1.
- 49 TCA 6:10–11.
- 50 TCA 7:8–9.
- 51 TCA 8:3–5.
- 52 TCA 9:3–5.
- 53 TCA 9:11.
- 54 TCA 10:6–8.
- 55 TCA 11:3–5; additional image TCA 11:1.
- 56 TCA 12:3–5.
- 57 TCA 13:3–5.
- 58 TCA 14:18–19.

- 59 TCA 16:8–10.
60 *WomanSpirit*, vol. 7, no. 25, Fall 1980, p. 64.
61 TCA 17:8–10.
62 TCA 18:6–7.
63 TCA 19:8–10.
64 TCA 20:6–8.
65 MLC.
66 TCA 1:20–2; MLC; 2:20–2; 3:26–7; 4:26–7; 5:25–6; 6:21–2;
7:21–3; 8:21–2; 10:18–20; 11:18–20; 12:18–19; 14:20–3;
15:20–2; 16:14–16; 17:20–2; 18:20–2; 19:20–2; 20:20–2.
67 TCA 7:10–11.
68 TCA 8:10–11, 18.
69 TCA 9:18–19.
70 TCA 10:21–3.
71 TCA 11:6–8.
72 TCA 12:20–2.
73 TCA 13:8–9.
74 TCA 14:8–9, 16.
75 TCA 16:6–7.
76 TCA 17:10–11.
77 TCA 18:18–19.
78 TCA 19:18–19.
79 TCA 20:10–11.
80 TCA 1:5–7; MLC.
81 TCA 2:4–6; MLC.
82 TCA 3:4–8, 24–6; MLC*; OLP.
83 TCA 4:9–13.
84 TCA 2:22–4.
85 TCA 4:20–2.
86 TCA 5:5–8.
87 TCA 5:22–4.
88 TCA 6:3–4.
89 TCA 1:16–19.
90 TCA 10:8–9; image TCA 2:1.
91 TCA 13:17, 23.
92 TCA 14:23.

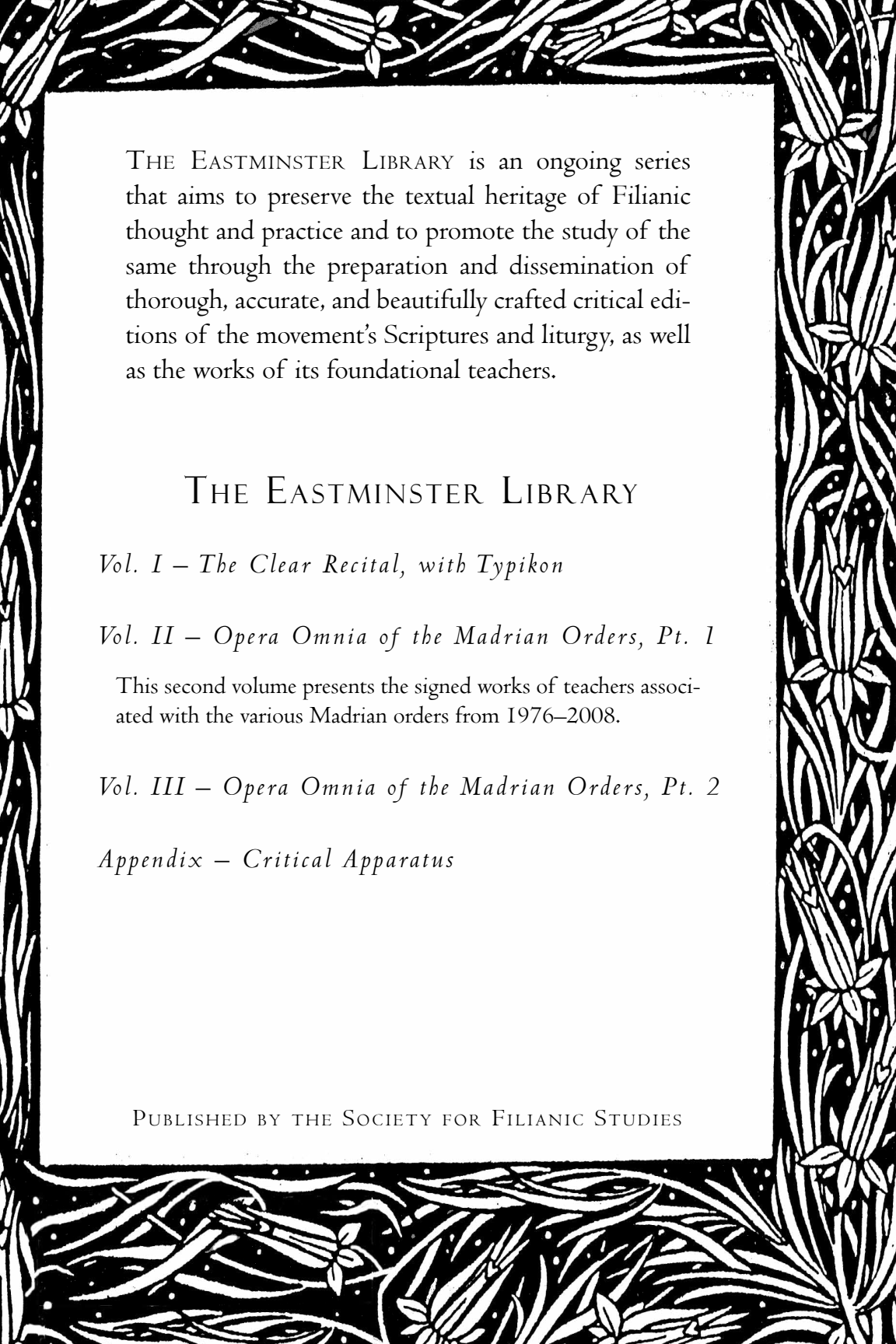
- 93 TCA 17:23.
- 94 TCA 7:3–4, 6.
- 95 TCA 12:8–9; 14:6–7; 20:8–10.
- 96 TCA 17:3–5.
- 97 TCA 6:7–8.
- 98 TCA 7:20.
- 99 TCA 9:7–8.
- 100 TCA 13:11, 14.
- 101 TCA 15:9–10.
- 102 TCA 19:17.
- 103 Quoted by Sr Sophia Ruth, 'Re: A Filianic Philosophy of Life',
IDD, 10 December 2016, <<http://deanic-conversations.freeforums.net/thread/62/filianic-philosophy-life>>.
- 104 Olga Lotar, 'Letter from Madria Olga to Joey McEvoy III, 2 August
1999', <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/87>>.
- 105 Olga Lotar, 'The Procedure for Devotions', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/79>>, p. 1.
- 106 Olga Lotar, 'The Procedure for Devotions', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/79>>, p. 2.
- 107 Olga Lotar, 'The Rosary', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/101>>.
- 108 Olga Lotar, 'Steps for Drawing up a Sacred Calendar', n.d., <<http://dafs.filianicstudies.org/s/digital-archives-for-filianic-studies/item/100>>.

COLOPHON

The body text of this volume is set in Bruce Rogers' *Centaur*, with headings and chapter numbers in *Felix Titling*. Hederæ are set in Kelvinch. Greek and Devanagari text appears in Times New Roman.

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Appendix – Critical Apparatus

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